

















# THE PORTFOLIO

*AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL*

EDITED BY  
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

*WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS*



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# THE PORTFOLIO

JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

## I.

SIXTEEN years ago the Editor of PORTFOLIO gave his readers a short article from the pen of Mr. F. G. Stephens, on one of the most eminent 'English Artists of the present day'—eminent as a draughtsman, colourist, and etcher, pre-eminent as a painter of the sea.

Comparatively few of the *habitués* of the Academy who, year by year, gazed with delight at the waves which really seemed to crash at their feet, or at the beautiful landscapes which carried their minds far away from the crowded rooms of the Exhibition to remote Norwegian Fjords or the fair woodlands of Surrey, had ever seen the man to whom they owed so much. His old friend, Mr. Edward Opie (a relative of the Academician), had painted him when comparatively young, but there was no portrait which showed him when at the very zenith of his powers—a little grey in years perhaps, but vigorous as ever in heart and mind and body.

At last it was proposed to Mr. Hook and to Sir John (then Mr.) Millais, by their mutual friend, the late Mr. Macdonald (a well-known collector of Aberdeen), that they should exchange pictures. Sir John was to receive one of the inimitable seas for which his old fellow-student was renowned, and in return, was to paint his portrait. It was 'a transaction commemorating the mutual esteem of two distinguished artists.' Each determined to give the other the finest possible example of his work, and each kept his resolution.

The first room of the Academy Exhibition of 1883 contained the portrait, a reproduction of which faces this page.\* At last the painter of *Luff Boy* and *Mushroom Gatherers* stood before the thousands

to whom he had been familiar through such and many other works. It was no conventional likeness, —no version of the sitter made subservient to any technical method or picturesque costume, but the very man himself, gravely looking at us as he does when he speaks or thinks of those vital things about which the many do not exercise themselves, or when he denounces folly and injustice. Even translated into black and white the likeness is a close and a happy one, but the picture itself gives the healthy tones and rich colour of the strong, active farmer and fisherman; the yellowish hue of his hair and beard merging into grey; the penetration of his clear eyes beneath the furrows that time has traced at last on the prominent forehead, and even the woolly texture of the comfortable, brown home-spun, in which he paints or oversees his farm and gardens. Is not this the look of a man who is thoroughly in earnest who turns to his work or his amusements with a will, and enjoys them both as much as can be?

Those who saw this memorable portrait hanging before them at the Academy, could judge for themselves of Mr. Hook's powers as an artist, for on either side hung one of his own works—*Catching a Mermaid* and *Love lightens Toil*. Both are pictures of the splendid sea which buffets the hard rocks of Cornwall,—rocks clothed with plants and lichens scarcely less brilliant than itself—the windy gardens of the gull and the cormorant. The subjects are good examples, one, of the humorous, the other of the pathetic leanings of the artist. The 'mermaid' is a ship's clumsy figure-head washed on shore by the rough waves, and there, by means of a line and boathook, triumphantly captured by fisher children. The other

\* The processes by which reproductions are made from works of art nowadays, are innumerable; and as even experts appear to be sometimes at a loss to distinguish between them, I will say at once that I first photographed the portrait in question at Mr. Hook's house, 'Silverbeck,' and worked there afterwards and at home till I reached the limits of retouching. M. Dujardin having then made me a copper photographure, I took this also to

hospitable 'Silverbeck,' and finished it with the graver; when it was delivered into the skilled hands of Mr. Goulding. The wondrous advances of photography, have, since I did this work, gone far to overcome its chief difficulty—colour; but without these modern resources to fall back upon, the difficulties involved in the transaction of a Millais were enough to appal the most resolute disciple of the camera.

canvas represents a woman who might be the mother of just such children, and who has been working away with twine and mesh to mend the nets on which the livelihood of herself and her family depend. 'As looks the mother on her lowly babe,' is the quotation; and who can tell what depths of love lighten the toil of the woman's strong hands and dwell in that look as she raises her eyes perhaps, from the little face she holds close to her own, to the boat far below, where her husband rocks on the mighty 'cradle of the deep'?

Neither of these pictures was intended for the exchange with Sir John Millais; but in the following year he received *The Mirror of the Sea-mew*, noteworthy as being the first sea Mr. Hook had painted without the accompaniment of figures, although it was so much admired that he was afterwards induced to repeat the experiment.\* If we love the wild coasts where we may look in solitude upon old Ocean and hear the weird cry of the sleek fowl who trim their feathers by the pools or seek their meat on the sandy shallows at low tide, we shall not regret the absence of human beings and habitations, however picturesque.

The portrait was destined for a publicity far greater even than that afforded by the Royal Academy. Scarcely had it reached 'Silverbeck,' the home of its possessor, than he was requested to lend it for an exhibition at Birmingham; and afterwards it was shown successively at Edinburgh, Dublin, the Grosvenor Gallery, and Berlin, its appearance at the two last places being by Sir John's particular desire.

We will pass, however, from the picture to the original, yielding to the temptation to make ourselves acquainted with the outline of his life with the personal character and the pursuits of one of the most gifted and successful artists of the age.

JAMES CLARKE HOOK was born on the 21st of November, 1819, in Northampton Square, Clerken-

well (equidistant between St. John's and Goswell Roads), the first child of Mr. James Hook. This was a gentleman of culture and taste. He was a merchant who for years was in the habit of travelling to and fro between England and Africa, successfully withstanding the notorious climate of Sierra Leone, then not very long settled by the English, and a very undesirable place of residence. Here, however, he lived for months together, and, having been appointed a Judge Arbitrator, shared the labours of the Mixed Commission Court. This office could have been no sinecure, for the exertions of such devoted men as Clarkson and Wilberforce were but just beginning to bear fruit. The slave-trade was illegal, and the society for its suppression had been formed, but, in spite of this, the annual exportation of human

merchandise from Africa was still enormous. The good cause, however, was slowly gaining ground, and the judge at Sierra Leone corresponded with its promoters; while he knew personally, it is said, the explorers Clapperton and Mungo Parke, before they journeyed away, with musket and compass, to privation, danger, and death beneath the



AT DUVERTON. FROM AN EARLY WATER-COLOUR.

sultry sun. One of his amusements was found in the rearing of two lion cubs, which played about the house till they had grown to years of discretion. But one day, having successfully disputed the possession of a joint of meat with a scared butcher, they were taken to England, and (being declined by Mrs. Hook) ended their days in Exeter Change, after one of them had been etched by Landseer.

From his maternal grandfather our subject inherited a respect for nonconformity and took a celebrated name, for his mother was the second daughter of a man familiar to all exegetical scholars and the pride of the Wesleyans. Dr. Adam Clarke, having left Millbrook, resided at the time of his grandson's birth, at Haydon Hall, Eastcote, near Pinner, a fine old house, with gardens abounding in tall trees, whose branches the boy explored energetically during his many visits. While the Judge was absent in Africa his family lived in the village, and thus Mr. Hook preserves many pleasant recollections of those early days and of the old divine. Among other reminiscences

\* A somewhat similar subject exhibited in 1885—*After Dinner rest awhile*—was commissioned by the Duke of Westminster.

of his childhood are sea-trips with his father in the Leith and Berwick smacks, *The Stately*, *The Sir William Wallace*, *The Earl of Wemyss*, and others, to see his grandmother, who lived near Holy Island. They were small but well-appointed coasters, and the adventures of these voyages, lasting, as they did, from a week to a fortnight, probably originated the boy's intense love of the sea. When, delayed by contrary winds, they lay at anchor, he would sometimes pass hours at the masthead with a telescope, watching the other shipping, or would listen delightedly to his father's stories of the wreckers and smugglers of the Eastern coast, the wilder for their truth. In those rough days (or times a little earlier) the shrunken carcasses of pirates, mutineers, and murderers, swung in creaking chains on solitary gibbets, a ghastly warning to all evil-doers; but in some places wrecking still remained a covertly acknowledged calling, and a familiar toast among the men who devoted themselves to this dreadful occupation was 'A hundred sail and a thundering gale.' On uninhabited stretches of coast,

as the story goes, where there was small fear of detection, they would even hobble an old horse, by tying up one of his fore-legs, and, having fastened a lantern round his neck, drive him round and round on dark, windy nights. The regular, undulating motion of the light resembled, to those at sea, that of an anchored vessel, and lured not a few devoted sail to destruction and plunder.

The young Hook at this time was being educated at the North Islington Proprietary School, where, among his other studies, he acquired a knowledge of the elements of drawing. A favourite of his master, he soon justified his good opinion by carrying off the first prize, a volume of particularly mannered outlines after Sir Benjamin West, which, with its appropriate inscription, is still preserved at 'Silverbeck.' The father, who was a keen admirer of painting, hailed his son's evident talent with the greatest pleasure, and consented willingly that he should adopt a profession for which he seemed naturally so well fitted. Receiving encouragement and help, not alone from the Chalons, and from Constable (who had a house

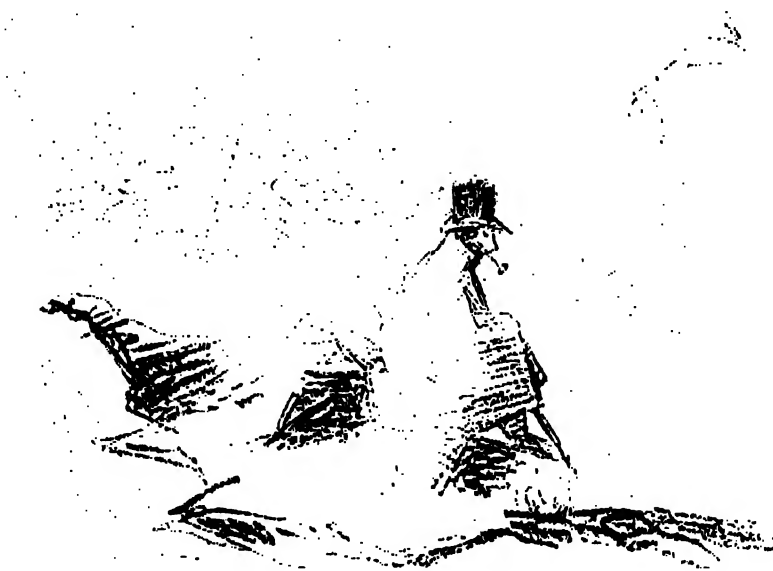
and gallery in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square), he took his early productions to Jackson, the portrait-painter, an ardent Wesleyan and a great friend of the family. The bold and extraordinarily rapid method of this artist may perhaps have impressed the young student, whose work from the first seems to have been free from hesitation and timidity. In 1834, when fifteen years old, he left the Islington school, and for a year or more was left pretty much to his own devices, ranging far and wide over the north of London, and sometimes bathing, many times a-day, in the New River. At this time, too, he often lay awake at night scheming how to make his allowance of a halfpenny a week, cover the expenses of his guinea-pigs and rabbits, a difficulty which led to more than one vegetable foray. Ultimately he began

a course of study, chiefly at the British Museum, from the Elgin Marbles. Thence, a year later, he sent in a drawing for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy (then under the keepership of Hilton, to which he was admitted by making a second drawing and the usual anatomical dia-

grams, in December, 1836. Both studies\* are fortunately preserved, and are remarkable for their breadth, delicacy of modelling and relief on the light side, and for the intelligent care with which the extremities are finished. Thus began a career of success almost unchecked, and well deserved, as a return for industry and energy before which all difficulties seemed to melt away.

Jointly with a fellow-student Mr. Dobson (the future Academician, he had enjoyed the advantage of a year's sound preliminary instruction in oil-painting from Mr. Edward Opie, himself the pupil of Briggs the portrait-painter; and three years' diligent work in the schools led to such proficiency that, besides having been awarded three medals by the Society of Arts, the young man in 1839 painted a picture which gained a somewhat exalted position in the exhibition of the Academy. This was *The Hard Task*, and represented two of his sisters, one helping the other through the difficulties of a lesson.

\* One *The Drunken Faun*, the other *The Dancing Faun*.



A FUTURE R.A. TRYING THE MERITS OF A NEW MACINTOSH.



The address given in the catalogue is '18 South Lambeth.'

About this time he found his way to Ireland, where, for eight months or more, he painted kit-cat portraits in oil. This occupation was not sufficient to keep him constantly at work, and in the intervals he filled his sketch-books with water-colours painted direct from nature—painted, too, in a manner which shows that even then he possessed an appreciation of colour (perhaps a little saddened by the tradition of the Girtin and Varley school), and had gained a mastery over the method, which few suspect who know him only as an oil-painter.\*

The visit was prolonged over a winter, during which the young artist who revelled (as he revels now) in healthy out-door amusements, rode to hounds, and enjoyed snipe and rabbit-shooting to his heart's content. Besides this, there were boating expeditions, equally dear to his amphibious soul, and the inevitable overturn and swim ashore, brought

of the exciting competition among many well-known artists of the time, for the honour of decorating with frescoes the walls of the Houses of Parliament,—a competition to which the student contributed 'a chalk drawing of Satan in Paradise.'

In 1844 his first historical subject was hung at Trafalgar Square, chosen from the 'introduction to Boccaccio in his novels,' and 'representing *Pamphilus relating his Story*. The same year a picture was sent to the British Institution, the subject being taken from Burns' lines:—

'Her voice is like the evening thrush  
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush,  
An' she's twa glancing, sparklin' een.'

On the evening of the 10th of December, and in the year of the competition for the Historical Medal, a fever of excitement fills the students of the Academy. The competitors have staked much



NEAR PUTEOLI. APRIL 27, 1847.

about in this case by a visit with some friends to the skipper of a vessel off the coast.

The large volume which contains these Irish sketches, holds also water-colour memorials of expeditions (often with fellow-students) to other parts of the kingdom, particularly Kent and Somersetshire, where Bagborough Vicarage (then occupied by an uncle, the Rev. Joseph Clarke) formed very pleasant head-quarters. Thence he journeyed (sometimes with his aunt and uncle, and on horseback), sketching in various directions, and paid several visits to Sydney Smith at Combe-Flory, where he drew the church and some cottages in the village made famous by the great Edinburgh Reviewer.

That this extensive water-colour practice was not prejudicial to Mr. Hook's method in oils, was proved, not only by the appearance in the Academy of 1842 of his second picture,—a portrait sent from 58 Newman Street, but by his securing in the same year the first medal in the School of Painting for a copy from a Guido, in addition to another in the Life School, the latter being for a chalk study. This was the year

in time, and even a good deal in money (for models and a studio are costly), but no one has an inkling of his fate till the successful man (or woman nowadays,) is called upon by name. On this evening in December 1845, the name of James Clarke Hook was called; and before his friends, fellow students, and the whole body of Academicians and Associates, he walked up to Mr. Jones, the President's substitute, and received at his hands the heavy golden disc. The subject was *Finding the Body of Harold*; but besides painting this picture, he had exhibited, the same year, others at the British Institution, and *The Song of the Olden Time* at the Academy, which last has been very badly engraved.

There was now but one more honour to be obtained from the Schools—a distinction which has been described as their 'blue ribbon'—the Travelling Studentship, then distinct from the Historical prize. The successful competitor was sent abroad to study for three years at the expense of the Academy, one of the conditions being that he should send back a picture as evidence that his time was being well employed. Once again the award fell to Mr. Hook, for a subject of his own choice, and representing *Rizpah watching the Bodies of the Sons of Saul*.

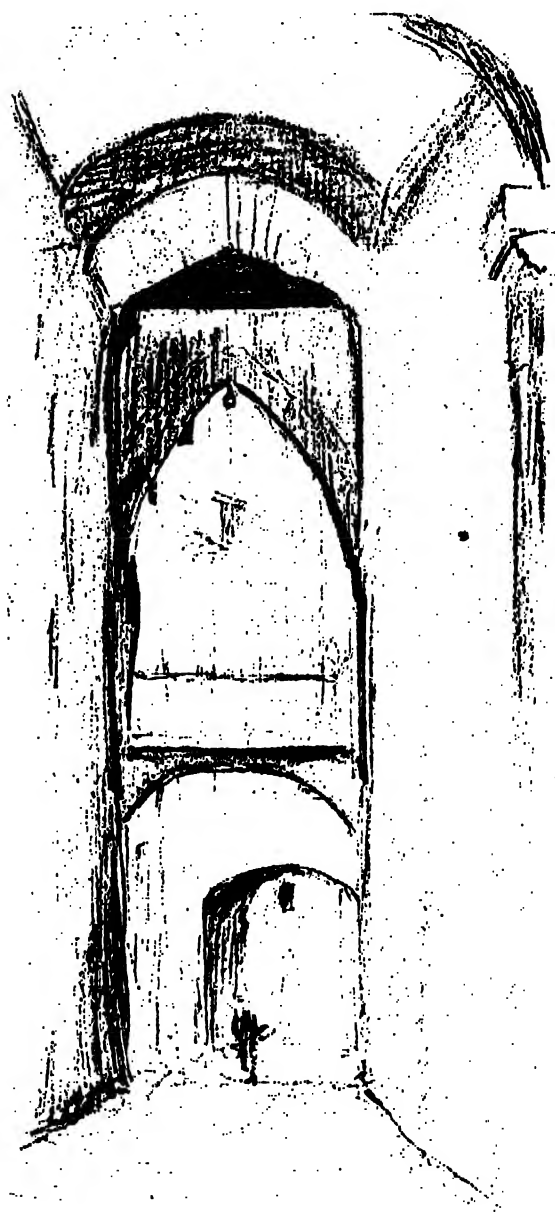
\* I give a reproduction from one of these early sketches, Dulverton, near Exmoor.

This large picture, by dint of very early rising and hard work, he painted in a month. In this year also (1846) he had sent *Reading a Merry Tale—A Thought from England's Happy Days*, to the British Institution, and *Cottage Quizzing* to the Society of British Artists.

Now in his twenty-seventh year, full of energy and perseverance, and without anxiety as to his future prospects, he determined that the proposed journey should be also his wedding trip; and on the 13th of August, 1846, he married Rosalie, the third daughter of Mr. James Burton, a prosperous lawyer. Equally beautiful in mind and person, placid and gentle in her ways, strong, and thoroughly domestic, this young lady was the most fortunate choice the painter could have made, as we shall see hereafter. She was also a highly trained and successful artist, who would probably have become well known, had she not preferred devoting herself heart and soul to secure her husband's advancement and happiness.

They crossed to Boulogne on the 15th, and having stayed a few weeks in Paris (where each copied a picture in the Louvre), they started by *diligence* for Geneva, a journey which occupied three days and two nights. The road was at first monotonous and wearisome, but as they neared the Alps they met slow yokes of oxen drawing by their horns cumbrous carts among the vineyards, spreading on either side (as Mrs. Hook tells in her most interesting and prettily illustrated journal) like 'immense turnip-fields,' and full of grapes 'that might tempt the sternest moralist to steal'—a contrast to the frozen territory of St. Bernard, to which they paid a visit. After passing Mont Cenis on the 20th of September, and having a stormy passage over the Gulf of Spezia, they reached Florence on the 26th, where they called on Mr. Watts, who was then living at the Villa Orsi. In this city Mr. Hook painted *Bassanio commenting on the Caskets*,\* a picture exhibited at the Academy of the following year, while Mrs. Hook made copies of Titian's *Flora* and *Holy Family*—by the sale of which (with others she did during the journey) they were glad to increase their very moderate income. Here they passed a miserably cold, wet winter. Leaving for Rome on the 24th of February, 1847, they crossed the Appennines, partly with strong and willing oxen, but afterwards with such wretched horses that they were continually down, and one fainted on a moonlight night far from help, according to the *vetturino*, just as 'any Christian might.' Then came the Campagna,

with 'now and then some solitary creature minding his goats and sheep with that strange goat-skin covering about his legs,' or 'a man on horseback with long spear, driving his rebellious oxen along, and now and then chasing the runaways.' The post-horses and the roads were worse than ever, and the former often stood still from sheer weakness,



SIENA. NOVEMBER 10, 1847.

while the driver lashed them unmercifully. Thus, with brutal floggings, darkness, and heavy rain, the travellers' 'entrance into the long-looked-for city was anything but a triumphal one.' After a stay of some weeks in Rome during the Easter festivities (Mr. Hook being very ill the while), they left for Naples on the 18th of April, and ascended Vesuvius, then in eruption. Visiting successively Pompeii, Civita Vecchia, Pisa, and Leghorn, they once more found themselves at Florence on the 1st of May. Here (with a short interval spent

\* Now in the possession of Mrs. Hook's sister, Mrs. Kennedy of Balham.

at Siena) they stayed till November 27, and the young painter again set seriously to work. The way he went about it showed how well he understood the value of time and method—how to secure the greatest possible advantage from his opportunities. From Florence he sent home the picture prescribed by the rules of the Academy, and illustrating the pretty story from the Chronicles of Giovanni Villani of the Maid Gualdrada and the Emperor Otho IV., a subject which gave the artist full scope in the representation of female beauty. This was hung in the Exhibition of 1848, making in all, with *The Controversy between Lady Jane Grey and Feckenham* (1846), eight works already shown in Trafalgar Square.

By way of Bologna they now passed on to Parma; and at half-past five on the 17th of December, 1847, were sitting at dinner, when all the bells began to toll. 'Poor Maria Louisa had ended her eventful life and there seemed to be much grief felt for her loss, for she herself had done her utmost to alleviate the distressed and to improve her territory; and the tyranny exercised towards the people was entirely the fault of her ministers, who were disciples of Austria.' She afterwards lay in state, dressed in white silk, with her crown at her feet, in a room draped with black, and with three altars at which priests ceaselessly performed masses. So says the journal. Leaving Parma on Christmas Eve the travellers had a snowy journey to Mantua, which they found very strongly fortified and full of Austrian soldiers. Here is a hasty note in Mr. Hook's sketch-book, scribbled during his short stay of a few hours:—

'Mantua. Some picturesque arcades. All the columns different; some of them very old, and the arches of different heights, and some of the capitals of columns exceedingly large, giving the town an irregular and very unusual appearance. The Piazza pictures give small, but no great things. Shops with very primitive square holes for windows, with wooden shutters, one above shutting down, the other, hanging below the sill, shutting up. Goods stuck all about. Palazzo del Tè a regular imposition; lots of whitewash, gilding quite faded, and beastly fat figures in the most academic style possible. Room of the Giants regular stuff and nonsense.'

Arriving at Verona the same evening another entry seems to have been added in a better temper:

'Verona has a very Italian stamp about it; tombs and monuments about the streets, of red marble; some capital bits for palace scenes. Marble staircases with arched coverings on small red marble pillars. Arches seen through arches, and peeps of doorways and statues beyond. Handsome palaces with square court-yards and balconies all round. In the front on the top, rows of figures in marble and stone standing off brightly from the clear sky. The churches are very fine; S. Zeno the most interesting; the en-

trance pillars of red marble on large lions. The façade something the shape of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. Bronze doors exceedingly picturesque; square compartments; scripture subjects mixed with griffins' heads of very early art. A chapel and tombs under the church. Statue of S. Zeno, with quaint short thighs and black face, with a mitre on his head. Arena in fine preservation. The mountains beyond the city have very picturesque forms of purply tone. River Adige winds round the bases of the palaces. Bridge picturesque, large arches diminishing to small.'

'We left Verona,' wrote Mrs. Hook, 'with regret, and full of the hope of seeing it again for a longer time in the spring—a hope, as we shall see, not destined for fulfilment. After a few hours at Padua, they took the train to Venice, where, on the 27th of December, they settled down in the Casa Cataneo—a curious rambling incomprehensible house' much affected by artists as being not far from the Academy.

Her husband's labours centred in Florence and Venice, not in elaborating a few copies from traditional masterpieces, but in making a large number of bold, rapid sketches from pictures, or parts of pictures, whence he knew he could learn the most; and among these he devoted himself to a few of the greater lights of the Venetian school, more especially to Carpaccio, 'the painter whose quaint charm is irresistible to those who peer into the past, taking glimpses of Venetian men and women which to us are revelations of another age.\*' The sketches were painted on sized brown-holland, with no particular regard to the durability of the pigments, and with ordinary carriage-makers' copal as vehicle. Thanks to this vehicle, however, these studies, which now cover the walls of an upper room at 'Silverbeck,' are as fresh and brilliant as the day they were made, and enable us to admire no ordinary power of colouring, of touch, and of drawing with the brush. For the most part quite small (though some are life-size), each occupied about half a day. Mr. Hook himself attributes not a little of his appreciation of colour to this early and earnest study of the Venetian masters. 'The sketches I made,' he says, 'of the finest Venetian pictures, taught me more than anything—they taught me the *material*.' In this city he discovered, says Mr. Stephens, 'his technical mission and the models of his manner of painting. In the Venetian masters he found sunlight after his own heart, perfection of expression, and that splendid illumination which, already predicted by his earliest works, has found glorious distinctness in a hundred English scenes.†

Somewhat amusing evidence of his being a worthy chip of the good old nonconformist block, is

\* F. G. Stephens.

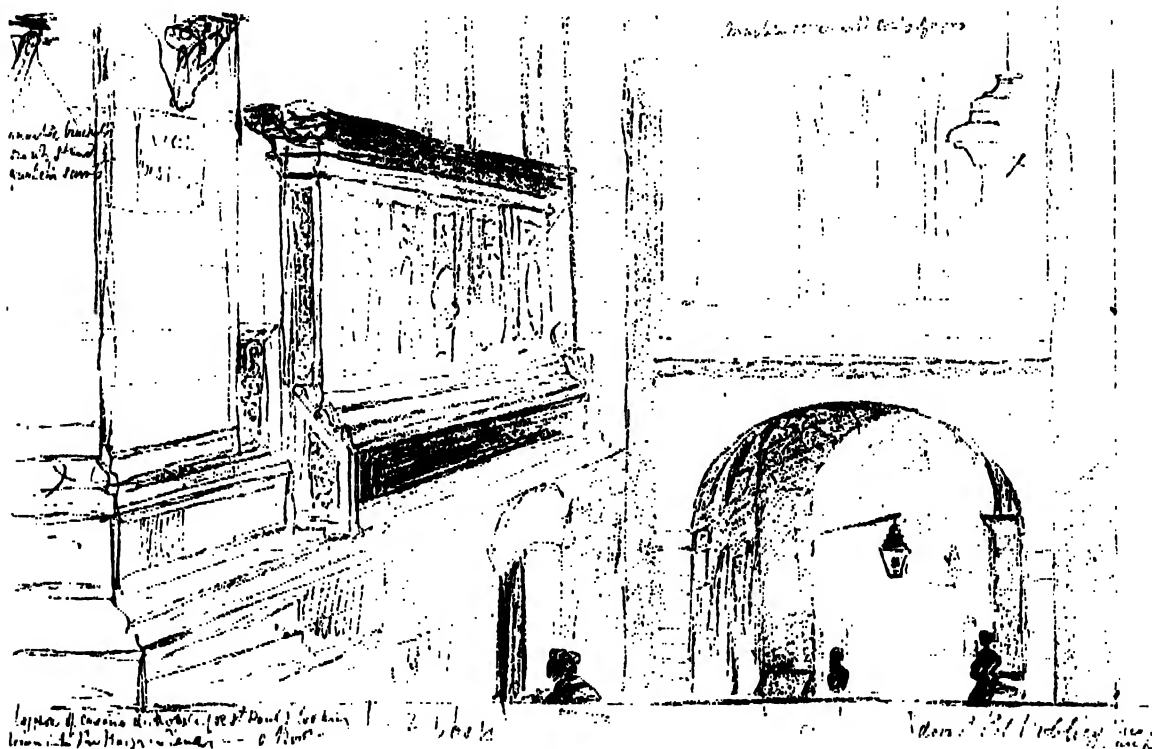
† 'Modern Artists.'

given by this note beneath a sketch of a Venetian chapel:—

‘Romish hocus-pocus’	{	‘Favourite chapel, with offerings on each side. San Marco.
		‘Silver rosaries and hearts in the cupboards.
		‘Silver candlesticks with points for tapers.’

The young couple had chanced to light upon troubled times. The old city having been handed over by Bonaparte to the Empire of Austria, remembered still the glories of the ancient republic he had so ruthlessly extinguished, and the day, fifty-one years before, when their last Doge, Manin,

imagine, and without an idea of military discipline. They were ranged all along the quay, and then marched through the town. The poor Venetians looked very down-hearted at the sight of more troops, however bad they might be. *Thursday, 9th March.* This evening we found a patrol walking the streets in order to oblige the shopkeepers to have their shops open till eight o'clock. They were forbidden to sell anything that bore the portrait of the Pope or his Keys or Colours, and the people would buy nothing else. So the shopkeepers declared that they would not waste the gas by keeping their shops open when no one would buy; and the police insisted that they should be kept open till eight o'clock, and therefore the patrol to oblige them. . . . There was great discontent through the town and murmurings against the Austrians everywhere. . . . *Sunday, 12th March.*—Walking about we saw *aristos* from



SFENA, NOVEMBER 10, 1847.

a short time before his death had swooned as he tendered his oath of allegiance to Pesaro.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hook first arrived, the citizens joined as usual in all the amusements which might be passing; but by the 6th of February 'there was so much discontent caused by the Austrian Government, that the people seemed with one consent to refuse to join in the gaiety.'

'The theatres,' continues the journal, 'are deserted, and only frequented by a troop of Austrian soldiers sent to preserve order. On the Sunday when first we came here the Piazza was quite a gay promenade, all listening to the band. Now the ladies refuse to listen to Austrian music, and when the band makes its appearance they walk to their homes. . . . *Sunday, 13th February.*—When we walked to the Riva we saw that two packets were just come in and landed a fresh supply of soldiers to send on to Padua [where there had been a collision between the troops and the people]. They were from Croatia, and the most miserable, half-starved race of beings it is possible to

the Emperor to the Venetians, threatening them with severe punishments.'

The discontent soon grew to open rebellion. Under another Manin, and following the example of Milan, Venice now rose in insurrection, the beginning of a period of warlike demonstrations and intense excitement much to the taste of the impetuous young Englishman, who entered into the spirit of independence shown by the citizens, and applauded even if he did not assist them, when they threw the Austrian sentry-boxes into the canals and ran up the Republican standard. A little sketch of his of the rising moon and gondolas bears on its margin this interesting note:—*22 March, 1848.* Saw the Venetians cut down the colours and arms of Austria from San Marco and carry them in triumph to throw them into the sea. Viva Italia! Viva San Marco! Viva la Republica! This was the very day the insurrection began. Treating his wife to a sight of another

side of the picture, he took her on board one of the armed Venetian barges lying outside the Casernes waiting their turn to begin; and the sailors showed her the grape and canister with the grim joke that they were good meat for the stomachs of the 'Tedeschi.'

The pair, however, soon awoke to the prosaic fact that housekeeping, even in the midst of the pleasures of a revolution, is costly.

Their money had run short, and, under the existing anarchy, credit was at an end. Applying to the English Consul, he offered them a passage in the steamer by which he himself was soon to leave; but, as the time of his departure was uncertain and the danger daily increasing, they preferred to embark for Gibraltar in *The White Mouse*, a little Dartmouth schooner bound for England, heavily laden with marble and glass beads. Having

laid in a good stock of poultry by way of provisions, they went on board off Malamocco on the evening of the 31st of March, and no doubt promised themselves a pleasant voyage, but in this they were grievously disappointed. They set sail on April 2nd, in company with a vessel whose captain had been shot in the city; and having nearly grounded on the bar, lay throughout the 3rd in a dead calm, listening to the distant thunder of guns at Venice. For five weeks after this they were alternately labouring dangerously in heavy seas and utterly becalmed under the scorching Mediterranean sun. The poultry having soon been swept overboard, there was nothing to live upon

but indifferent salt pork and rice, a diet which speedily disagreed even with Mr. Hook himself. Still more unfortunate, his wife in the frequent gales, lay helpless in the tiny cabin, able to take nothing but rice administered with a teaspoon, but in calm weather creeping on deck to make notes in her journal, sitting in the scanty shadow of a pork-tub.

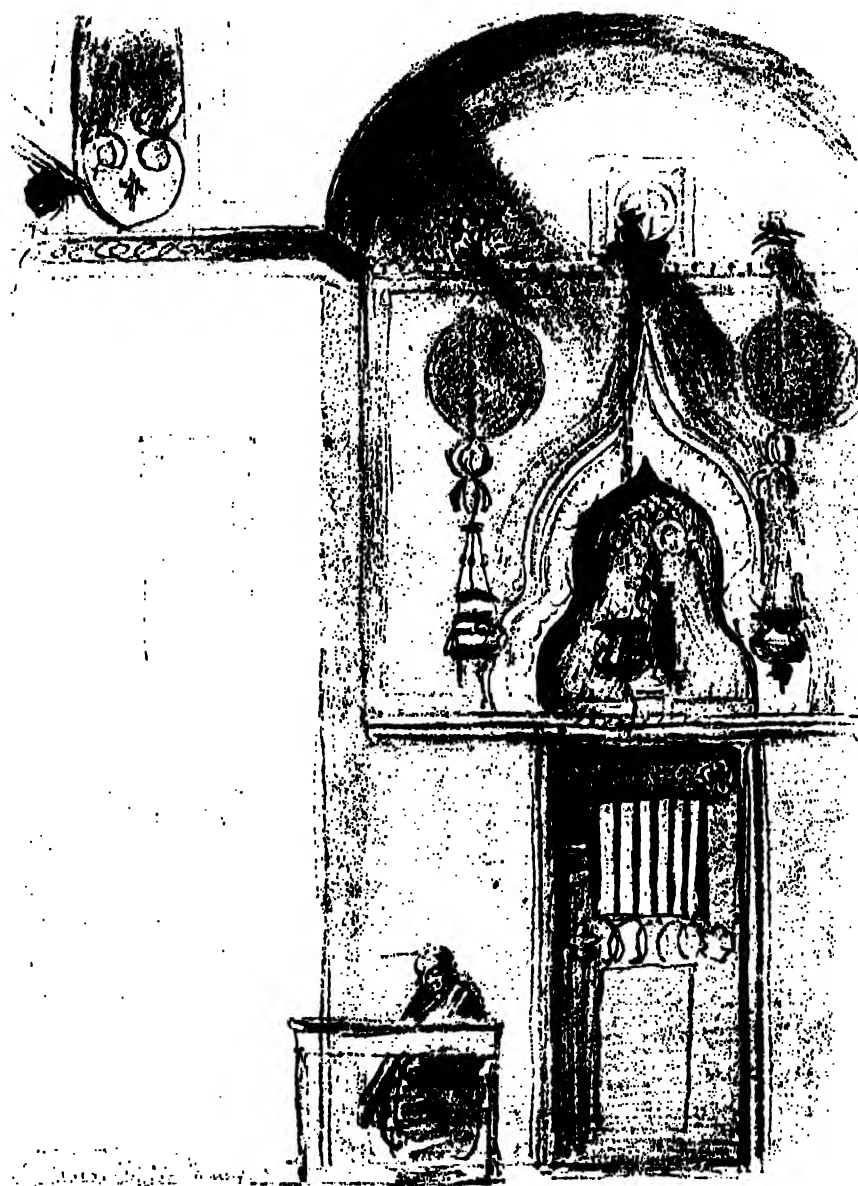
At last, on the 8th of May, they came to anchor

off Gibraltar, where they hoped to raise money enough on their watches to pay their passage. The skipper declined to let them both land upon trust, so Mr. Hook went ashore alone, and, by good fortune, encountered a friend, from whom he obtained the necessary supply of cash, which enabled him, with his wife, to bid adieu to *The White Mouse*.

I have mentioned that the travelling studentship at this time was allowed to extend over three years. But the disturbed state

of Europe convinced Mr. Hook that he would now be more profitably employed in his own country, and he wrote home to the authorities for leave to abridge the term of his residence abroad, a request they graciously granted. This was the origin of the alteration in the duration of the studentship afterwards permanently embodied in the rules.

At the foot of a pencil-drawing of some aloes in the Alamada Gardens at Gibraltar, dated May 24, 1848, are these notes:—'Could not stay to finish it for a little rascal of a grey black-cap wanted to feed his family, and kept on a most incessant screeching on the foreground geraniums. The mosquitoes, too,

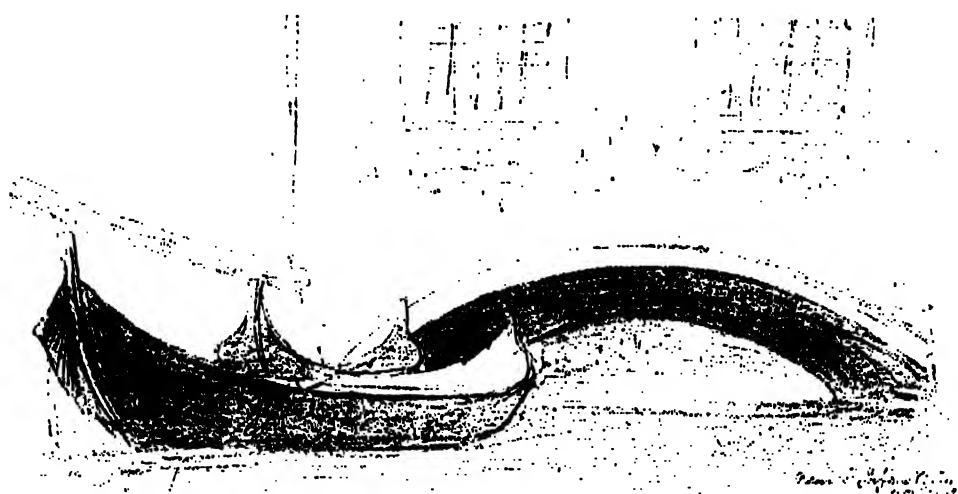


SAN MARCO. MARCH, 1848.

bit like *anything*. . . . We had enough of travelling, and so returned home by the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company's ship *Madrid*, going ashore at Cadiz and Lisbon, and getting a peep at Vigo, Oporto, and all the Portuguese coast. A good stiff breeze across the Bay of Biscay, Cape Ushant light bearing E.N.E. Got up in the morning. Bravo! the cliffs of old England in sight. Portland Bill. Landed at Southampton ten o'clock. Clean bed!!!' This emphatic exclamation of delight must not be taken as casting a suspicion on the beds of the *Madrid*, for Mrs. Hook speaks still of the marvellous luxury of

that vessel, where wines (even champagne on Sundays) were included in the passage money, as compared with the stifling cabin and monotonous rice of the little schooner. These hardships, in fact, brought even her usual robust health so low, that it was two years before she regained it. It must also be admitted that Mr. Hook, though, as he says, he 'took to Italy very delightfully,' suffered much in health and spirits during his first visit. His energy and vitality carried him through, but he pined all along for 'the cliffs of old England,' whose appearance he hailed so gladly.

A. H. PALMER.



## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### I.—THE SANDBYS.

PAUL SANDBY has often been called 'The Father of the Water-colour School,' and the title is a good deal more appropriate than such titles are apt to be. At the time he began to paint there was certainly no such thing as a water-colour school, and he cultivated the art with great assiduity, as he did everything he undertook. Nevertheless, there were water-colour drawings in England long before his day, and water-colour landscapes also. In the use of transparent washes a high degree of skill had been reached, especially by architectural and military draughtsmen; a certain skill in drawing in sepia and neutral tints was a common accomplishment of the educated classes. George III. had had his lessons from Kirby, and the Prince of Wales from Alexander Cozens. Moreover, though the latter painter did not settle in England till 1746, he was then a trained artist in water-colours, as far as the accomplishment of the day went, and therefore it is evident that the method of landscape-paintings in water-colours, which

had been practised by Dutch artists in the seventeenth century, was by no means confined to England in Sandby's youth. That a wide range of the very pure and bright colours in this medium was attainable even in the reign of Charles II. is evident from the brilliant and delicately executed flower-pieces of Verelst, and of their employment by English miniature-painters from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those with which we are now concerned, there is no doubt. If, indeed, it were a mere question of the employment of water as the vehicle of pigments, we should not stop even when we had got to the frescoes of Italy and Ancient Rome, but should have to go back to Egypt and the Pharaohs; but it is of the water-colour school of England that these papers are to deal, and more especially with that great development of water-colour landscape art at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, which, rightly considered, is the most original and national of all art movements in England.



Although, as was recently very plainly seen at the great Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester, we may claim a very distinct individuality in other branches of painting, especially in portrait and *genre*, in landscape we may claim to have founded an entirely new school, new in sentiment, new in colour, new in method, presenting the appearance of nature far more fully and truly than any before. It was by the early artists in water colour that the foundation of this school was mainly laid; and it may be remarked, in passing, that some of the greatest of these water-colour painters, such as Turner, Cox, and De Wint, were also the greatest of our landscape-painters in oil. As before said, there were water-colour painters in England before the Sandbys, and no doubt in the formation of Paul's style and knowledge his precursors, like Samuel Scott, Brookings, Zuccarelli, and others, had their part; but perhaps the artist who could most justly challenge Paul Sandby's claim to the title of the father of the English school of water-colours in the production of faithful landscape, is

William Tavener (1703-1772), an amateur, not unknown to Dr. Smollett, who praises his drawings in 'Humphry Clinker.' It is generally stated that his works were principally in body colours, imitating the Italian Masters, and there is a drawing of this character in the South Kensington Museum, and others elsewhere; but Dr. Percy possesses a view from Richmond Hill executed by this artist in transparent colours, an extensive and beautiful landscape. In the same collection is also a view of a sandpit at Woolwich by Tavener in body-colour. Both of these once belonged to Paul Sandby, and the latter might easily be mistaken for his work.

At all events, Paul Sandby was not without models, and good models of water-colour drawings in the old fashion, and both he and his brother must have been well trained in the use of line and wash. From whom they got their first instruction in drawing there is no record, but the place was Nottingham

where they were born,—Thomas in 1721 and Paul in 1725. Thomas is said 'to have been attracted to the pursuit of architecture by the approbation bestowed upon a drawing of his native town, made by him as a self-taught artist upon a system of perspective which he had discovered and carried to great perfection.' This drawing was an *East Prospect of Nottingham, taken from Sneinton Hill*, afterwards engraved and published in Dering's 'History of Nottingham.' The date of it was 1741, when he was twenty years old, and his brother Paul sixteen, and in this year they both (by the help, it is said, of their borough member) entered the drawing-school at the Tower. According to Redgrave's 'Dictionary' they had previously kept a school at Nottingham, and obtained employment in

1741 in the military drawing office at the Tower. At all events their talents must have been appreciated, for in 1743 Thomas was appointed draughtsman to the Chief Engineer in Scotland, and in 1746-8 Paul was engaged with him as draughtsman in the survey of the Highlands. It was the fortune of Thomas to be



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE, WITH MISS KEPPEL AND THEIR COMPANION. AFTER A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY. IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM SANDBY, ESQ.

the first to convey to the Government the intelligence of the landing of the Pretender, and thereon to be appointed private secretary and draughtsman to the Duke of Cumberland. He was present at the battle of Culloden, and made sketches of the field of battle and of the camp, which are now in the possession of Her Majesty. He accompanied the Duke to the Low Countries, and on his return in 1746 was made Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, an appointment which he held till his death in 1798. The construction of Virginia Water was the most noticeable achievement of his Deputy Rangership of fifty-two years, and he did not fail to record its beauties in drawings in water-colour, eight of which were engraved (some by his brother Paul) and published in 1754. Both the brothers joined the Incorporated Society of Artists, and both were foundation members of the Royal Academy, of which Thomas was also the first Professor of Architecture. His

career as an architect scarcely concerns us except for the beauty of his architectural drawings (of Old London and from his own designs), which can be studied at the British Museum and the Soane Museum. It has been asserted that Thomas possessed more spirit and artistic feeling than his brother, and though this will not be admitted by those who have studied the range and variety of Paul's work, there can be no doubt that in architectural drawing, and in precise draughtsmanship, and the skill of laying even and finely gradated tints of colour, it would be difficult for any artist to greatly excel Thomas. His figures also were carefully drawn and well introduced, and in a view of *The Lodge, Windsor Great Park* (engraved), some deer, ostriches, and horses are drawn with great truth and spirit, and the trees show careful study from nature. He also had no little skill in rendering atmospheric effect. This is well seen in a little view of *Covent Garden*, from the east corner of the Piazza, in which the sunshine is warm and clear, the shadows transparent, and the square with its church and houses melts away in the distance. Mr. William Sandby has numerous sketches of waggons and guns drawn by Thomas with great accuracy, and also a rowing boat, which is a marvel of exactitude. He has also this drawing of the Piazza, and some other architectural drawings, including a beautiful interior of Freemasons' Hall (since partly burnt down), which was perhaps his most important work as an architect.

On the whole, however, these drawings show the draughtsman rather than the pictorial artist; or the draughtsman whose tendencies to be a painter only show themselves as it were accidentally here and there. With Paul, however, it was quite different. His profession was not that of an architect, but a painter—a 'draughtsman' who, from dry record of fact, proceeded to pure art, who began by embellishing his drawings of architecture with effects of light and air, and ended by turning topography into landscape. Nor was he only a landscape-painter. Even during his early employment as draughtsman to the Survey in the Highland, he made numerous sketches, not only of scenery, but figures, which he drew in after-life with grace, freedom, character, and humour. His portraits (always small) in chalk and watercolour, done for his own pleasure only, have often the grace and simplicity of Gainsborough. Mr. W. Sandby has several of these portraits of Paul's family and friends; his wife, Mrs. Mercier and her son, Lady Salisbury and Miss Evans, Lady Maynard, Lady Betty Harcourt and her husband, Mrs. Cosway, and others. It was his custom to introduce portrait groups into the foreground of his drawings, where we may see the portly Capt. Grose on the terrace at Windsor, the architect Gandon and his wife before Montagu house, and (it is

said by some and doubted by others) Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale in Hyde Park. He was greatly interested, also, in technical experiments. He, like other artists of his day, had to manufacture his own colours, both transparent and opaque, and such works of his as have been well kept attest by their perfect preservation and power (especially those in body-colour) his skill and knowledge in this matter. In engraving, especially in aquatint, he was an adept. He is said to have been the first to introduce aquatint into England, and he certainly practised it with remarkable skill. It was a process admirably adapted to reproduce the water-colours of the period. The monochrome line and wash it could imitate to perfection; and as this then formed the foundation of all colour drawings, the aquatints had only to be



SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS AND MR. DESELIANS. AFTER A DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY. IN THE POSSESSION OF W. SANDBY, ESQ.

coloured by a skilful hand to appear as *facsimiles* of the original. Many hundreds, probably, of such tinted aquatints have been sold as water-colour drawings, and in his method of teaching he laid even a more dangerous trap for careless or ignorant collectors.

Except that he resided with his brother for some time at Windsor, and that Sir Joseph Banks bought a large number of his drawings of the Castle and town, and that he made several tours in Wales with this patron and the Hon. Charles Greville, we know little of his means of livelihood before the year 1768, when he was appointed Chief Drawing Master of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Here, as probably with many former pupils, his practice was to give the students an original drawing of his own to copy, providing them with an etching in outline of the subject. The trees, buildings, &c., were lined very finely, as with a very sharp pen, just as they were in the drawing itself, and the copies, when well executed (some were done by Sandby himself) are much more



difficult to detect than the coloured aquatints. Paul Sandby was also the author of a few caricatures, but these can only be mentioned here as one of the many manifestations of his versatile talents. Enough has been said to show that his aims were far more pictorial than those of his brother.

Though his business, apart from teaching, lay probably most in the way of architectural and topographical drawing, his tendency was always to make a picture, choosing the view which composed most happily, embellishing it with accidents of

have triumphed. The only great landscape-painter of England was Richard Wilson, and both he and his forerunner, George Smith, of Chichester, probably owed what fame they had to their Italian style. Ideals ruled art everywhere. In figure Michelangelo and the Caracci, in landscape Claude and Poussin, shut out nature. Notwithstanding a strong love of beauty in certain of its phases, and an enjoyment, genuine and widespread amongst the cultivated classes, for 'scenery,' the desire to express the local character of British landscape, and the power to



COMPOSITION AFTER A DRAWING IN SEPIA BY PAUL SANDBY. IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM SANDBY, ESQ.

light—venturing even on a sunset now and then, and always enlivening the scene with figures. These were the sort of drawings for which there was probably most demand, and Paul Sandby was a man of such cheerful temperament, and so well-balanced a mind, that it is probable he enjoyed whatever kind of work he had in hand. Nevertheless, it is evident that the bent of his talent was towards landscape-painting, as a distinct fine art.

At this time there was really no national school of landscape-painting anywhere. What landscape art there was in the world was traditional, and founded on the schools of the seventeenth century, principally the Franco-Italian school of Claude and the Poussins, with a dash of Salvator Rosa. The faithful school of the Dutch had little hold on the fashion. It was the scenic school which triumphed, if any can be said to

express it, seem to have been absolutely wanting. The scenery of Scotland and Wales was probably greatly admired, and many artists or draughtsmen were employed to make records of it, but no one arose capable of presenting its special beauties in artistic language; and for public and artists alike England had to be translated into Italian (and base semi-poetical Italian) before either one or the other was satisfied that the thing was a picture. It is the truest claim of Paul Sandby to be the father not only of English water-colour, but of English landscape, that he frequently took off these Italian spectacles.

But there were two sides to him, even as there were to Turner. Few artists like Girtin, Gainsborough, and Hogarth, can get rid at once of the dominant artistic influence of their time, and in the

work which we may presume Paul Sandby did more especially for his own pleasure—work which was farthest away from topography—we generally find foreign and traditional influences strongly at work. He had an ideal landscape, Italian and scenic, with its stage trees in the foreground, its hill and town in the middle distance, its sky flooding all with afternoon sunshine. But he also had as strong, if not a stronger tendency, towards naturalism, the faithful interpretation of the scenery of his own country. He evidently recognised two distinct classes of landscape,—the classical landscape founded on Italy and

pathy. Like Turner, though of course not to so wonderful an extent, he showed himself sensitive to a number of influences from divers painters, and capable of learning something from each. His Italian or Claudesque manner he adopted probably at second-hand, from Taverner, Zuccarelli, George Barret the elder, Wilson, and others. Of direct study from 'Old Masters' (French, Italian, or Dutch) there is little trace in his work, but he entered into the aims of many distinct individualities of his time. Wilson and he were friends, and many a hint of the older man thrown out in a few touches, Sandby would elaborate



STUDY OF AN OAK. AFTER A DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY IN BODY COLOUR. IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM SANDBY, F.R.S.

Claude and the laws of composition, the home and human landscape founded on the Dutchmen and personal observation. Somewhat in the relation of poetry and prose the two styles may have appeared to him, the one ideal, imaginative, aspiring to beauty, the other faithful, imitative, and bred of loving familiarity. That the latter style could ever become the more deeply poetical of the two he probably never thought, but he was fond of it, cultivated it, and made it grow for the first time in England.

But though we may roughly divide Sandby's purely landscape art into two such classes or styles, one of which, the classical, is seen (notwithstanding its modern figures and cattle) in our etching, and the other in that famous study of an oak, which might almost have been done by Old Crome himself, it would need a much more searching analysis to do justice to the variety of his artistic talent and sym-

into a suggestion for a picture. Of his fellow feeling with Gainsborough, a distinct record exists in a number of sepia drawings in the possession of Mr. William Sandby, one of which we reproduce; and, not to multiply instances, in his latest drawings it is evident that he was not too old to learn something even from so young a genius as Girtin.

Altogether, Paul Sandby stands out as one of the most interesting and important, if not as one of the greatest, artists of the English school. There are few things that he could not do in a manner above the average; nothing, perhaps, which he did supremely well. He was thoroughly national, and very accomplished, with a range of artistic sympathy exceeded by few.

During his long and honourable life the influence which he exerted must have been very great. Through the latter half of the last century, and for

some years in this, his genial, accomplished, vigorous personality was in constant contact with men in various classes of society, from the King down to his pupils, from the nobility to his brother artist, Dominic Serres, who lived next door to him. He knew William Hogarth and Richard Wilson, he outlived

studied, and its curious raised garden full of flowers and children; then we have the humorous sketch of Sir Francis Bourgeois and Mr. Desenfans, the founders of the Dulwich Gallery, snoring on their passage across the Channel, and we are reminded of the wit and humour of the man, to hear whose latest story the



STUDIO AND GARDEN OF PAUL SANDBY. AFTER A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY PAUL SANDBY.  
IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM SANDBY, ESQ.

John Robert Cozens and Thomas Girtin; most of the artists of whom these papers will treat were born within his lifetime; some of them were his pupils; none of them, not excluding the greatest, but owed much to his labours and his talents. Of his genial, prosperous, happy life our illustrations will afford a few glimpses. First we have a charming one of the studio belonging to his house in London (still existing as 23 Hyde Park Place), with its poplars carefully

King would (it is said) break off more serious conversation with more distinguished individuals; and in that charming group of the daughters of Earl Waldegrave, Miss Keppel, and their companion, we see his love of children, and his delight in their simplicity and freshness. We are also reminded that these children, when of a larger growth, furnished the subject of one of the masterpieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## LONDON AND VENICE.\*

THE new set of etchings by Mr. Ernest George, which illustrate Venice, have induced me to examine the plates of his London series again, with a view to comparison, so the two may be the subject of one paper.

\* 'Etchings of Old London' and 'Etchings of Venice,' by Ernest George, published by the Fine Art Society, 1884 and 1888.

My impression on receiving the 'London' was that Mr. George had reached the complete maturity of his talent as an etcher, and the 'Venice' confirms this impression. It shows no decline, certainly, but at the same time there is no advance; and it is, indeed, difficult to conceive how a talent such as that of Mr. George could go in any way beyond

the 'Etchings of Old London.' Every special gift can be cultivated up to certain point, and no further; it has its limits in its own nature. It is not intended as a disparagement if we say that Mr. George had from the beginning a gift of a special and rather narrow order, which a clever man might cultivate to the utmost even in the intervals of another profession. Notwithstanding the variety of his subjects, there is a great sameness in his work, and this sameness is due to the fact that he has acquired an art exactly adapted to the expression of certain selected truths and recurrent feelings which are always essentially the same. This may account for the remarkable perfection which Mr. George has attained in his own style, though it does not in any way detract from the value of it.

A few years since Mr. George was rather apprehensive that anything approaching to minute finish in etching might be detrimental to his eyesight. He therefore made some experiments with a view to the adoption of a simpler and broader manner. The earlier experiments of this nature included heavy lines in shading, which seemed to me dangerous, and I was apprehensive that the artist's style might be permanently clogged and burdened by them, but this fear has not been realised. Mr. George has now a method of shading in foreground work with very strongly bitten, but not often very broad, lines, which, with a tint between them, give richness without either heaviness or opacity. The plates are very judiciously printed for works so bitten. They are printed in sepia, and the coppers have been simply wiped, not cleaned, so there is a fine light sepia tint all over them which gives great support to the etchings. The paper, too (strong Japanese), is of the best possible tone, so that the works are seen to advantage in every way, which for things of art is by no means a trifling matter.

The most conspicuous merit of Mr. George's style is the entire absence of anything like mechanical rigidity. This is remarkable in a professional architect, who would, we might suppose, be naturally tempted to think in pure lines. As an etcher, however, Mr. George has such an aversion to rigidity that by his treatment of even comparatively severe buildings he takes away the degree of stiffness which they have in reality. I have sometimes been blamed for my doctrine that the essentially personal and most artistic elements in art could not find expression without some sacrifice of truth, and that if art were compelled to be rigorously truthful it would become scientific and monotonous, and lose its individuality and its charm. This doctrine, which is simply a plain statement of a fact very familiar to all who have studied art closely, is illustrated in the works of Mr. Ernest George. If the reader will compare his etchings of Venice

with photographs he will soon perceive that the charm of the artist's style is due, in great part, to the skill with which he avoids hard and disagreeable truths. By an easy kind of apparent negligence he passes them over with the slightest possible notice. Suppose Mr. George has to deal with a big oblong stone, in itself entirely without interest, how will he get over the difficulty? The thing is dreadfully rigid and angular, and a novice might conscientiously express these qualities, an entirely inartistic person would even insist upon them. Mr. George is far too *rusé* to do that. First he will dissimulate the awkward angles as much as possible by avoiding straight lines; then he will shade the thing with lines in different directions, so as to lend it a variety which belongs only to the etching. Or how will he deal with a brick wall? Will he draw the bricks individually? He does it sometimes, so that you can count a few—eight or ten together, as in the Ponte Colonne at Venice—but after that he is careful to confuse them. The columns of the Renaissance palaces are rather suggested than drawn; a tower against the sky has never a clear outline. The result is much pleasanter than the truth could ever be.

Mr. George told us that his object in the London series of etchings was 'not to give views of London or to set forth its public or leading buildings, but rather to furnish a few examples of the old houses that remain, telling us how the street or riverside appeared in former days.' In Venice he expressly disclaims the intention of viewing the city as an architect, nor does he 'allow himself to moan over the havoc of Time or of architectural innovations; rather would he accept these and revel in the pictures that present themselves on every hand, as perhaps in no other city of the world.' In both London and Venice Mr. George is simply the artist, who is alive to what is interesting artistically, and, for the moment, indifferent to all else. The text of the Venice book shows that the colour there impressed him quite as strongly as if he had been a professional painter; indeed we believe that he almost invariably works in colour from nature, and that his etchings are translations of water-colour drawings.

The Venice series is truer to that city as a whole than the London series is to our own 'wilderness of brick.' A picturesque selection is really representative of Venice, but it cannot be representative of London. The service that an artist like Mr. George can render to a Londoner is to make him aware that there are many interesting remnants that he may easily overlook, and which, in fact, are lost in the vastness of the monotonous modern agglomeration. Mr. George did not illustrate Regent Street, but a poor little fish-shop in Foubert's Place close by. He did not draw the club-houses in Pall Mall,

but 'Crown Court,' a narrow alley not far from the princely Marlborough House. If he etched the Houses of Parliament it was only as a background to a picturesque bit of Thames-side at Millbank. He neglected Oxford Street, but was attracted by the now demolished Oxford Market. He did not draw Westminster Bridge, but preferred the old wooden structure at Battersea. In this way Mr. George made his selection on a principle the opposite of representative. His own feeling is not at all on the side of pompous and severe building, he greatly prefers what is interesting, varied, and picturesque. He finds a bit in the Middle Tower so homely that it seems worth illustrating. 'Wooden shanties have grown about the severe stone walls to increase the domestic comfort of the warder, while a flight of stairs leads down to the river.' After expressing his admiration of the Tower generally as 'vast in extent, beautiful in composition, and valuable for its architectural examples,' Mr. George goes on to say that 'the severity of the building is softened and beautified by the various store-houses and other additions, some of brick and some with high red

roofs, that have grown up within the walls of the Tower, this undergrowth helping to give antiquity to the stern stone walls above. We were distressed to find a clearance being made of these, that modern "mediaeval" fortifications might be carried out—a supposed restoration, in a very hard manner, of the pre-Cromwellian building.'

We note the condemnatory expression 'in a very hard manner,' that vice of hardness being what Mr. George always avoids in his own work, whether as etcher or architect. His success is a remarkable example of the value of reticence in art. By not attempting too much, by thoroughly understanding what he attempted, and by working contentedly within fixed limits, Mr. George has made himself completely master of his own form of art. In another way his example is encouraging. He has drawn what interested himself, not caring about popular 'views,' and so it turns out that the remnants he has found in London and the out-of-the-way corners in the smaller canals of Venice come to us with a freshness that fully justifies these new publications about very old and very well-known places.

EDITOR.

## UNE CRÉOLE.

PAINTED BY J. J. HENNER. ETCHED BY M. LLE. POYNOT.

WE have given the original French title of this picture because it cannot be translated at all correctly or adequately in less than a sentence. 'Une Créole' means a woman of white race born in the Colonies, but 'a white Colonial Woman' would certainly not be an adequate rendering, for that would apply to the Canadians, and the French would certainly never call a Canadian woman *une créole*.\* They always understand by the word a person accustomed to a hot, enervating climate, and quite different from Europeans in habits and ideas—the daughter of some West Indian planter, for example. Again, as the *créoles* who visit Paris are for the most part rich, there is an association of ideas between the word that designates them and

surroundings of luxury and indolence. They are not unfrequently beautiful, and all these characteristics, together with the romance of a distant clime and a more ardent sun, combine to give them a certain poetry that the popular French imagination feels, though it could have been perfectly expressed only by a Byron or an Alfred de Musset. These associations may have had their influence in determining M. Henner's choice of a subject.

Everyone who is acquainted with modern French art knows the characteristics of M. Henner's work—its strong oppositions of light and dark spaces, its generally sombre, yet rich, colouring, and its peculiarly fine technical qualities of style, including a *morbidesza* like that of certain old masters. In the serenity of his artistic temper, and in the artistic purpose independently of the simple imitation of nature, M. Henner recalls the times when art rested on its own foundations, and had not been called to account by literature and science.

EDITOR.

\* The etymology of the word *créole* is given by Littré as derived from the Italian *creolo* from the Spanish *criollo*, but the origin of the Spanish word is unknown.

In Buttura and Renzi's Italian Dictionary *creolo* is defined as *nome d'Europeo d'origine nato in America*.

## BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

THE following study has been cast into the form of dialogue for the reader's convenience. The subject is one that has to be considered from different points of view, and it is tiresome to be continually told that from another point of view it has another aspect. In dialogue this transition is effected frequently and instantaneously by simply changing the speaker. In the present instance the too frequent practice of introducing a speaker who utters opinions only that they may be controverted is avoided by limiting the argument to the strong points on every side. In order that there may be no ambiguity about my own opinions, and that I may not seem to avoid responsibility by getting behind different *dramatis personæ*, I may say that the art-critic is the writer purely and simply, whereas the other personages express opinions which the writer puts forward, not necessarily as his own, but as well deserving to be taken into consideration. The scientist (I dislike the word, but it is convenient and not less legitimate than 'artist'\*) expresses what I have heard said by scientific men in real life; the artist is of the picturesque order and opposed to scientific views. The poet represents imaginative literature generally, and has that want of sympathy with the graphic arts which so often accompanies a purely literary culture, whilst he is positively hostile to science,—a natural antipathy that Professor Bain will admit to be consistent. The critic is in some degree a reconciler, not by desiring the others to abandon any position that they have a right to hold, but by inducing them to consider the interests of others.

## CONVERSATION I.

## THE RIVALRY BETWEEN ART AND LITERATURE.

POET (*opening a volume on the table, and shutting it at once contemptuously*). Another illustrated edition of a popular poet! I wonder he tolerates these things.

ARTIST. Perhaps he feels rather flattered. At any rate, an illustrated edition is a confirmation of his fame. Publishers do not select unknown men for illustration.

POET. That is one of the numerous advantages of obscurity.

CRITIC. When you are dead you will probably be illustrated also, and appear amongst the Christmas books with some astonishingly showy binding. Add to this the gilt edges, the toned paper, the faultless typography, and the 'exquisite illustrations by the first artists of the day,' as the advertisements have it.

POET (*with a look of anguish*). Say no more, I pray you, those dreadful words have already added a new bitterness to death! And to think that a dead poet is powerless to prevent this, and that if his works live it is almost certain to happen!

CRITIC. Almost? Why not say *perfectly* certain? It is as certain as anything can be in this world, that when your copyrights have expired there will be illustrated editions of your poems. Then will the arts of the draughtsman and the photographic reproducer be married to immortal verse!

POET. There ought to be a law to preclude the possibility of that.

ARTIST. May it not occasionally happen that the illustrator perpetuates a poetical reputation that would perish without his help? There is the well-known case of Rogers, who purchased immortality with a definite sum of money, by going to Turner and the wonderful vignette engravers of that day; just as you may buy a kind of temporary fame by paying for advertisements in the papers.

POET. A most undesirable and unnatural kind of existence after death. It is like paying for being

embalmed. Rogers' poems are really dead, yet instead of being permitted to pass into oblivion quietly, according to the kindly natural law, there they are, existing still like mummies! A poet needs no help from illustration. If his works have not vitality enough to do without it, they gain no advantage from the kind of factitious immortality that illustration may confer.

CRITIC. I may, perhaps, be able to suggest a case in which illustration would do a real service to a poet's memory. Suppose the case of a poet who had genius deserving durable fame, yet who might be overlooked and forgotten by a mere change of fashion. He has, however, the good luck to be illustrated by an artist who remains in fashion during a generation indifferent to the poet. This would carry the poet through a time that would otherwise be fatal to him, and afterwards he might be really appreciated for himself.

POET. The illustrator, in that case, would be a sort of camel carrying the poet across a stretch of desert, a sort of *nef* that would be death to him if he were alone. The worst of it would be the difficulty of getting rid of the camel afterwards. It is an inversion of the fabled 'Old Man of the Sea,' in that story the difficulty was to get rid of the rider.

ARTIST. Nothing can exceed your ingratitude to the Fine Arts. You seem to look upon them not merely with indifference, but with antipathy.

POET. I can attain to indifference when the Fine Arts keep to their proper place, and illustrate subjects of their own; I mean subjects that the artist finds for himself in nature, and especially on condition that the illustrations be kept out of the books and exhibited separately as pictures are at the Royal Academy, or like etchings that are published by themselves. What I dislike is to see the text of a poet encumbered by illustrations.

\* How inconvenient it would be to say 'man of art' every time we say 'artist'!

ARTIST. We have here, as it seems to me, a case of jealousy. The Poet is jealous of the illustrator, and of the attention that the illustrator attracts to himself.

CRITIC. There may be a reasonable jealousy. In this case I think the poet may reasonably be jealous, as the illustrator, under pretext of doing honour to the poet, really gets upon his shoulders and attracts most of the public attention to himself.

POET. We can do without illustrators as ships can do without barnacles. The old poets did without them for ages.

SCIENTIST. The best way to elucidate this question would be to take some particular instance. May I suggest Doré's illustrations to Dante as a case in point?

CRITIC. Certainly, one of the best instances you could have selected. We have only to examine that single case to get to the bottom of the whole subject.

POET. As for me, the mere juxtaposition of the two names leaves me no patience for argument. Doré and Dante! The names by themselves are enough. The preposterous Frenchman stands for grotesquely impudent pretension; the illustrious Italian represents all that is most august in the grandeur of the human mind.

CRITIC. I have nothing to say against your high estimate of Dante, but you are harder on Doré than you would have been if he had only illustrated authors you cared for less. Your objection to Doré as an illustrator of Dante would, in fact, apply to all illustrators that are inferior to so great a poet; and what illustrator is not?

POET. Well, I could be content to regard Doré with simple indifference if he had not used Dante as a convenience to attract attention to himself. It is a terrible example of the rivalry between the illustrator and the poet. Nobody ever thinks of *reading* Dante in the huge, unwieldy edition with Doré's illustrations. The mere size of the page and weight of the paper are insuperable obstacles to quiet reading. All that people do with these editions is to turn over the leaves and examine the cuts. My contention is that the artist, under the utterly false pretext of glorifying the poet, does, in reality, 'exploit' him in the sense of the French verb *exploiter*. He makes use of him for his own perfectly selfish purposes. My view is that an artist like Doré, with his coarse interpretations of the poets, is an active evil in literature. He makes use of the poets simply as a matter of business to sell his illustrations better. It is a nefarious pact between artist and publishers. They plot together to get up a trade: they trade on illustrious names.

SCIENTIST. Is it not possible that the artist may help to keep alive the reputation of the poet?

POET. I hope you do not mean to imply that Dante stands in need of Monsieur Gustave Doré's good offices.

SCIENTIST. The readers of Dante are not very numerous, except in Italy. There every educated man has read the 'Divina Commedia,' and many women, too, like the Countess Guiccioli, are Dantean scholars; but in France and England, the countries Doré worked for, how many know the Italian poet at first hand?

CRITIC. I have known about half-a-dozen Dante scholars in England.

SCIENTIST. And how many in France?

CRITIC. One.

SCIENTIST. My experience has been much the same. Now, I venture to remark that Doré has made the principal scenes in the 'Inferno' known to thousands in both countries, and this may have induced many to read at least a translation, or enough of it to understand the pictures. Doré has acted in a manner analogous to that of a professor or commentator who draws attention to a great poet; but he has been a hundred times more efficacious because a hundred times more attractive than a prose commentator could ever be. I confess, for my part, that many of the scenes in the 'Inferno' have been fixed in my memory more permanently by the illustrations. The tortures in the drawings are at any rate horrible enough. I don't profess to be a judge of art, but when I see several men with their heads fixed in a frozen lake, and still living, I feel cold and uncomfortable.

POET. Well, for my part I would rather my writings were totally forgotten than kept before the public by the speculations of an illustrator. The mere material aspect of illustrated books is too much for me. I hate their superfine paper, their excessive margins, their obtrusively big and fine typography, their showy bindings. My notion of suitable publishing is that which consults the convenience of the reader without attracting any attention to itself; consequently, the volume should be easily held in the hand, the print legible, the paper thick enough to hide what is on the other side of the leaf, but not thick enough to be heavy, and the binding simple, smooth, and light. I like Morris's 'Earthly Paradise' as a material book. It has all these qualities, and the great negative one of being without illustrations.

ARTIST. We might, perhaps, find a ground to agree upon. Illustration is sometimes quite subordinate, and when it is so even you might possibly tolerate it. For instance, in Hood's 'Whims and Oddities,' the little pen-sketch woodcuts are of quite secondary importance, and do not interfere with the literature in the least. On the other hand, when illustrations become big and important, why not



publish them separately from the text in albums? When this is done, the reader may enjoy his poet in a handy edition, and refer to the illustrations when he chooses.

CRITIC. The publishers do not take to the last system you propose. In fact, it would embrace two different branches of trade,—book-selling proper for the readable volume, and print-selling for the album. There cannot be a doubt that the question of rivalry between literature and art really exists, though few of us feel so acutely on the subject as our friend the Poet. I remember the case of a young writer of verse who had a certain modest degree of accomplishment as an artist, so he published a book of poems with his own illustrations. The consequence was that without at all intending it, he set up a conflict between the two. He told me that the reviewers invariably compared the poet with the artist, and generally sacrificed one to the other. One reviewer would sacrifice the poet, another the illustrator. His own intention had been to make the illustrator auxiliary but subordinate.

SCIENTIST. The conflict you speak of cannot be avoided. It is in the nature of things. But what strikes me as remarkable is that when literature and art are put together it is generally literature that suffers. People do not read splendidly illustrated editions, and the fewer and more insignificant the illustrations the better is an author's chance of being read. Why should pictorial art have this advantage over literature?

CRITIC. The reason is simply because an engraving can be understood at a glance, whereas to read a page requires a little effort, and also a little time. In some cases a sustained intellectual effort would be necessary. We have talked about Dante and Doré. Nobody, however intelligent, can read Dante without close mental application, but any one can glance at the woodcuts. Therefore the woodcuts receive at once the slight degree of attention that they claim, and the poet, as we see, is neglected.

SCIENTIST. This accounts for the great prevalence and great success of illustrated books in the present day. People take a certain faint interest in a number of subjects, and engravings supply their demand for knowledge.

ARTIST. You might add that there is really a much stronger appreciation of the fine arts than there used to be, so that engravings or reproduced drawings have an interest for the present generation which they could not have for a generation ignorant of art.

POET. Then there is the stronger reason for jealousy on the side of literature, for if illustrations are appreciated for high artistic reasons they are the more dangerous as rivals, and we who write have the

stronger reasons for keeping them out. I say nothing against pictorial art in its own domains, that is, on the walls of an exhibition or in a portfolio of prints, but I want to keep it out of ours.

ARTIST. No one knows better than an artist the great importance of avoiding conflict in any appeal to attention. No real artist would tolerate an ornamental engraved border round a print of any artistic merit. Even the ordinary engraved letters under a print are an injury to it, and are avoided in the early proofs as much from artistic reasons as any other. When lettering is given it is always purposely made as light and thin as possible so as not to catch the eye. Only imagine the effect of heavy lettering under a delicate print!

SCIENTIST. We have said nothing yet about colour. We have talked about the attractiveness of engravings, but even these lose their power of catching attention when works in colour are to be seen. In exhibitions the rooms set apart for black and white art are invariably empty when galleries of coloured pictures are close by; and these, notwithstanding their vastly greater extent, are often crowded. We may therefore suppose that the recent introduction of coloured illustrations, printed with sufficient delicacy and taste to make them admissible in works of a high character, must be an additional blow to literature.

POET. There can be no doubt that the work of the old illuminators was anti-literary. Can you imagine any one really praying from an illuminated missal with elaborate borders and miniatures? Such things could only distract attention, unless the ornaments had become so familiar that they were entirely forgotten, as we forget the designs in the coloured glass of a church that we go to every Sunday.

SCIENTIST. Your feeling on this subject might be described as a kind of literary asceticism, the rejection of the luxury of the eyes for the higher needs of the intellect.

POET. 'Asceticism' is, perhaps, hardly the proper term, as I am grateful for every luxury that is a help to reading. I like good print, good paper, a volume that can be held pleasantly, an easy chair, and a well-shaded lamp. These are delightful luxuries. But I don't want superfluities that seem to me inimical to reading any more than, on going out for a walk, I should care to be encumbered with the Lord Mayor's state robes. In placing the *perfect* convenience of the reader above every other consideration, I speak not only as an author but as a reader too. The bibliophile may think differently. My reasons fall to the ground when books are purchased merely to be looked at and very carefully handled.

SCIENTIST. You are wonderfully rational, for a



poet. The voice of Reason herself seems to issue from your lips.

ARTIST. All artists are rational when the interests of their own art are concerned, because they understand them. Our friend is like a painter, who wants a good frame and a good light, but would rather not have the attention of his visitors distracted by anything remarkable in surrounding colour or architecture.

SCIENTIST. Or you might say that he resembles a musician, who likes a room with good acoustic properties and hates conversation, however intelligent, that goes on during a musical performance. This kind of jealousy is most reasonable. Let us have talk or music, one or the other; we cannot attend to both at the same time.

POET. Nor to poetry and illustrations.

ARTIST. You mentioned a case in which a poet was his own illustrator. When that is so there can be no occasion for jealousy, as the attention of the public could only be diverted from himself to himself. We admit that you might be reasonably jealous of me if I illustrated your books, but if *you* were to illustrate them would you be jealous of yourself?

POET. I should do as Rossetti did. I should keep the two talents separate. Have you not noticed how careful Rossetti was to publish his poems without illustrations? All he did in the way of graphic art was to decorate the back of his volumes and design the paper lining with a sort of unmeaning pattern.

SCIENTIST. But might it not be very advantageous in various ways that an author should illustrate his own works if he could draw well enough?

CRITIC. That is one of those suggestions which always seem excellent at first. I remember hearing a very distinguished author say that it was most desirable, but there is a fallacious idea underlying every fancy of this kind. The fallacy lies in the supposition that the artist's talent would answer in every respect to the author's, because the two were united in the same man. It would do nothing of the kind. All examples show the extreme narrowness of gift and accomplishment in the graphic arts. I presume, to begin with, that you would not desire the illustrations to be bad, as art. Very well, if you admit that, you must accept the narrow range of all successful work, and a probable want of connection between the graphic and the literary performance.

ARTIST. In most cases the author who illustrated his own works would not be, as Rossetti was, an artist. He would only be an amateur like Thackeray, and therefore unable to draw. Amateurs are *never* able to draw in our sense of the word.

CRITIC. Thackeray's illustrations have a great interest, but it is only psychological. His books, with all their satire, are kindlier in their views of

human nature than his drawings. The people in the drawings are generally disagreeable, besides being defectively drawn. They have a habit of looking mean, or else of wearing a peculiarly vapid expression. No one would infer from Thackeray's drawings that he possessed a powerful intellect, still less that his nature was really and deeply sympathetic. A critic who judged Thackeray from his drawings only might possibly not under-estimate the works of art, but he would be sure to under-estimate the artist.

POET. In another way the same may be said of Thomas Hood and his rude little pen-sketches. They are always comic, whereas his genius as a poet was serious and sometimes profound. Hood's sketches are the playful exercise of a small part of his mind. For one thing they have no delicacy, yet there was much delicacy, as well as tenderness, in his work as a writer.

ARTIST. That is true, and still I like Hood's sketches far better than those of most amateurs; they are unpretending, and quite sound and straightforward in method. He used a simple kind of art, which is better than attempting something beyond his power.

CRITIC. There are two other instances of authors whose drawings may be compared with their literary work—Mr. Ruskin and Victor Hugo.

ARTIST. Ruskin is not an artist; he draws like an amateur.

CRITIC. I knew you would say that; but you are rather unjust. Mr. Ruskin does not draw as an artist could because he has not the same purposes. An artist's object is simply to produce a good work of art—not to teach people anything about nature. Mr. Ruskin's drawings are observant and didactic; sometimes strictly scientific. At the same time it is not fair to speak of him as an amateur, because that word may be taken to mean a feeble imitator of the style of artists without their knowledge, and that Mr. Ruskin is not. He has no *style* as a draughtsman; yet his knowledge has always been sufficient for the clear statements of fact which are all that he has attempted to make. It would be just to call him a student—a student of nature.

POET. Still, the difference between Ruskin as a writer and as a draughtsman is very striking. He is a powerful writer, fond of strong effects and able to produce them; in short, he seems to be gifted with poetical power, but so far as I can see anything in drawings I should not say that his drawings display poetical power.

CRITIC. As Mr. Ruskin has himself said, the literary and artistic faculties cannot be both cultivated to the same extent. He is an artist when he writes, a student when he draws. In writing he unhesitatingly sacrifices accuracy to effect, and that

is quite characteristic of an artist. In drawing he seems always anxious, above all things, to be accurate, and that is characteristic of the painstaking and conscientious student.

SCIENTIST. It must follow from what you say that the draughtsman, in Ruskin, only accompanies the writer half-way.

CRITIC. Exactly, or even less than that. The drawings express little of the artist's idiosyncrasy, which is the more remarkable that they are evidently sincere.

ARTIST. Anyhow they are not impudent like Victor Hugo's.

CRITIC. 'Impudent' is a strong word. Victor Hugo's drawings are violent; they express at the same time an energetic and a vain disposition, but there is in them no false pretension to artistic refinement. They are a savage utterance, partly made in fun, like the thumping on the piano of some vigorous but uncultivated amateur who has a rude notion of music, and who turns round and laughs at his own performance. There is a sort of grim humour and a real turn for the grotesque in Victor Hugo's drawings. They show one side of his mind.

SCIENTIST. We seem in each case to arrive at the same conclusion, namely, that when an author illustrates himself he will do it very partially.

CRITIC. Quite as partially and imperfectly as any other artist. There is no practical advantage in illustrating one's own works, beyond a certain convenience. A critic likes to see drawings by an author just as he likes to read writings by an artist, because they may gratify his curiosity by revealing another side of a mind that interests him, but that is all.

SCIENTIST. If a novelist illustrated his own novels we should at least get an idea of the outward appearance of the people that he imagined. We

might see his creations as he saw them in his mind's eye. No other illustrator could give us that kind of authenticity.

CRITIC. The seeker for this kind of revelation in Thackeray's drawings would generally come away disappointed. He would feel that the character in the drawing was poorer and more vapid than the character in the text. Frederick Walker's illustrations to 'Philip' are more satisfactory, because more living than those which Thackeray began to make. It is difficult to believe that he would have given us a better Colonel Newcome than Doyle's. Yet Doyle, as a draughtsman, was not to be compared for one moment with such a consummate artist as Charles Keene, for example. Had Thackeray possessed the technical and artistic knowledge of Keene, he would have held in his hand an instrument as good as his pen, and we should have seen his characters as he conceived them. I cannot believe that Thackeray was able to realise his own conceptions in drawing, indeed, there is distinct evidence in one of his letters that he knew his own weakness as a draughtsman—at least in some degree. He thought that he had not the knack of giving lively touches. In reality the drawings were weak throughout, and no mere touches could have strengthened them.

POET. Then your conclusion is that authors do better not to illustrate their own works.

CRITIC. I think the rivalry we have been speaking of as existing between literature and art displays itself in a peculiar way when the author is his own illustrator, and it is more prudent to follow Rossetti's example than Thackeray's. This refers, however, chiefly to imaginative literature. When matters of fact are in question an author may give useful illustrations. Utility is worth considering, but it lies outside of the subject of our present conversation. We may talk about it another time.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE high credit of the now veteran Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours is maintained by the exhibition of sketches and studies now open, although several distinguished members are absentees. According to graceful usage, a tribute is paid to the memory of a member recently deceased by massing on one wall a small block of drawings by the late Mr. Collingwood Smith, an artist of merit on the more artificial side of romantic landscape, and long an officer of the Society. Against the absence of other of the elder members it is pleasant to find the brothers, Messrs. G. A. and Alfred D. Fripp, in their widely diverse styles, each at his best. There is no loss of his accustomed fine accuracy of drawing and matured study of atmospheric tone and graduated genial colour in the beautiful drawings, *View from Archhutton* and *Woodbridge*, by the elder artist, while Mr. Alfred Fripp has never, to our thinking, surpassed the study on the Dorsetshire coast, at *Arishmoel*, for those peculiar qualities of subtle atmospheric truth in which he is unsurpassed when at his best; here dealing with the effect of pure sunlight in a colour scheme of etherealised daintiness

of tint. From such and from kindred work, by Mr. Albert Goodwin, *Lucerne in Evening Light*, or the seas and clouds of Mr. Powell, and some delicately laboured studies by G. Wilnot Pilbury, one leaps wide to admire the broad, vigorous, tawny landscapes of Mr. Colin Phillip in *Skyc*, or the crude, but spirited, Scotch subjects and Jubilee sketches of Mr. Robert Allen, who is too fond of inky blacks, like most of his countrymen. Between the extremes we have taken lie all the fresh, essentially English landscapes of Thorne Waite, the crisp sketches of Herbert Marshall in Cornish fishing towns or amongst the wharfage at Limehouse, a really splendid, rather blotchesque study of chiaroscuro in *Memorie over the Foyle*, and other poetic drawings by Mr. Eyre Walker, and a quantity of work, good in its own *genre*, by accustomed exhibitors. Mr. Tom Lloyd, who is prolific both in oil and water, partly because he is not tired any more than is the public of his mellow rural pastorals, wherein figures and landscape are in such unity of sentiment, may take us among the figure painters. Here we meet Mr. Henry Wallis within Eastern bazaars blazing con-

genially in a kaleidoscopic, but harmonious, effect; and Mr. Stacey Marks drawing and painting Puritan students and artisans and High-Church deans as if he were always in their company; the clerical dignitary chuckling over *A French Novel* is a sly, graphic joke after the painter's heart. Mr. Radford and Mr. Glindoni and Miss Phillott are contributors after their accustomed manners. Mr. Haag sends some old sketches; Mr. Bownall shows a good life-size portrait study of a lady's head, and has two clever sketches of weird landscape effect, *The Uttermost Parts of the Sea* and *Showery*. Miss Naffel's flowers are quite delightful for colour and texture and justify her recent election. Among Associates of known ability who have not so far accredited their admission is Mr. David Murray, whose water-colour work in this gallery is hardly up to the mark of that shown elsewhere. Mr. Holman Hunt has been elected full member. Mr. Alfred Hunt has been appointed Deputy President of the Society.

It is proposed to open this year, on the premises recently occupied by the American show, an Italian exhibition of Industrial and Fine Art. Should the development in Italian manufactures and handicrafts—the brocades and velvets and silken fabrics of the north, the glass of Venice, the wood carving of Siena, the mosaics of Murano, Florence, and Rome, the goldsmiths' art of Genoa and Rome, the corals and lava bijouterie and intarsio of Naples, the hand-lace of both north and south, the Tuscan and Adriatic pottery and faience, and other specialties of United Italy, be really well and thoroughly represented, the exhibition should, on this side, be full of interest. And in the fine-art section it is devoutly to be hoped that the products of the best studios and ateliers may be shown as examples of modern effort from the land of great tradition.

THE winter exhibition by the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is too much an *alla poltrita* of good and bad pictures to give much satisfaction. There is much excellent landscape, notably by Mr. East, Mr. Helcke, Mr. Waterlow, and, with figures, by Mr. Caffieri. The President sends a striking, solidly painted study of a lady, in profile, a proud, fine type, finely treated. Mr. Gregory, A.R.A., shows, in the full-length of *Master Geoffrey Phillips*, masterly brushwork and draughtsmanship and an amount of vivid character and rich colour sense worthy of Rubens. This little, truculent fellow, with his plain-featured, interesting face, seems ready to spring out of the frame. The other chief points in the gallery are the Hon. John Collier's *Priestess of Bacchus*, which despite the painter's command of means, strikes us as more ambitious and showy than artist-like; then *Remorse*, by Mr. S. J. Solomon, a swarthy-locked Delilah, of voluptuous contours, foreshortened with very clumsy effect in her heavy repose upon a couch of tiger-skins. The bust and grand arms and the texture of the furs are brilliantly and boldly painted; but the casting of the drapery and accentuation of the torso and limbs beneath are bad and in ill taste. Mr. Shannon is one of the rising painters who cannot be ignored, but we think he can do better portrait work if he chooses than any here, some of which is marred by that affectation of unconventional pose which seems a 'fad' with certain young painters and tends to a fresh affectation that is both ungraceful and ungracious.

AN appreciative note may be given to certain minor gatherings of pictures at various galleries. MM. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., at the Goupil Gallery, in addition to the interesting collection of drawings by the members of the Dutch Water-colour Society, had on view for a week or two a second group of studies and pictures on the River Bure among the Norfolk Broads, in oil, water, and pastel, by Miss E. M. Osborn, many of which had great charm both of effect and execution. In an adjoining room landscape work and figures on the Seine and Marne, by an American artist, Mr. Aubrey Hunt, were shown, under the introductory notice of Mr. F. Wedmore. Mr. Hunt's work is so unequal—alternating between a manner tentative, and even fumbling, and impressions sure and characteristic, as by one who possesses keen perception and responsive art

dexterity—that it is difficult to say where to place him, except among the large average of young artists of the day in whom a manner of seeing and painting that has grown out of study in French ateliers passes with the public, by its trick of the unexpected, for original.

AT the Fine Art Society's have been gathered a series of drawings at Eton and sketches on the Continent, Venice, the Pyrenees, Brittany, &c. The trait in all the drawings, whether at home or abroad, that most agreeably struck us was that Mr. Dowson evidently brings to his subject that impressionability of artistic temperament and sense of the fitness of things which makes him interpret each scene with appropriate colour and light effect, and the less or more of detail that brings out its character. The quiet portraiture of Eton quadrangles, towers, and gardens, would not so much indicate the presence of artistic instinct, but it is evident when these are taken together with the foreign sketches. We will name, as examples, *The College from 'Sixpenny,' Staircase in Brewery, Head Master's House and Garden, Eton Studies, and Whiffy from the East Pier, Pines, St. Raphael, Frijus, Twilight, Lavoir, St. Raphael, Deserted Church, St. Modt, The Old Fort, St. Vaast la Hogue.*

THE first large exhibition of paintings in water-colour opened in Germany has been held this autumn in Dresden, and proved a great success. Among the many nationalities represented, England, strange to say, was alone absent.

AN historical portrait gallery, or *Musée de Portraits*, is to be founded in Paris, and eventually housed in the Louvre. Our own National Portrait Gallery has served as example, together with the initiative enthusiasm stirred by the collection at the Trocadéro in 1878, and, later on, in Rue D'Orsay. The nucleus of the future collection is now gathered by M. Castagnary, Directeur des Beaux Arts, in the Rue de Valois.

IT is good news that the Belgian Academy of Archaeology has prepared a scheme, to be submitted to the Legislature, for enforcing the preservation of monuments. From Germany comes like sign of the times: the Bavarian Parliament having already voted credit for the inventory and descriptive statistics of art monuments and antiquities in Bavaria, under a commission presided over by Professor W. H. von Kiehl as 'General Konservator der Kunstdenkmäler und Alterthümer Bayerns.'

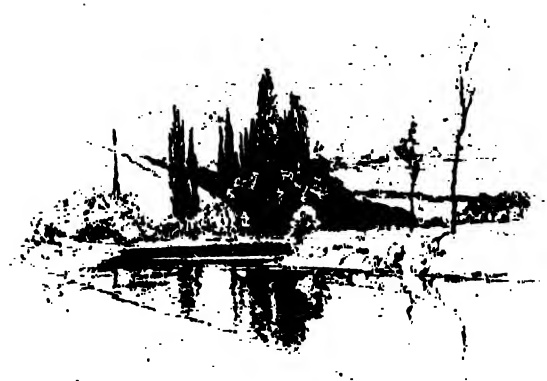
THREE thousand woodblocks, formerly belonging to the printing establishment of Signor Solari of Modena, have been bought for the municipality of that city by Cav. A. Venturi, Director of the Galleria Estense. The blocks range in date over from two to three hundred years and illustrate the manners and customs, as well as the history, of wood-engraving during that period. They were previously sold in 1865, and prints of about two thousand were taken, on which Herr Thode discoursed in the German Jahrbuch of two years since.

MR. HENRY WALLIS pointed out in an interesting letter to the 'Athenaeum,' dated from Smyrna at the close of November, on the archaic sculpture lately excavated at Athens, and now located in a wooden building on the Parthenon, what a valuable work would be accomplished by the student who should gather and arrange the various hints at type and form to be found in small terra-cottas, and bronzes, and in larger objects, such as the archaic vase, four feet high, now at the central museum, and should classify gods, goddesses, and heroes, and compare them with the finished works of the sculptors. Such a task, the artist writes, would furnish forth a record of pre-Phidian art unknown until recent excavations.

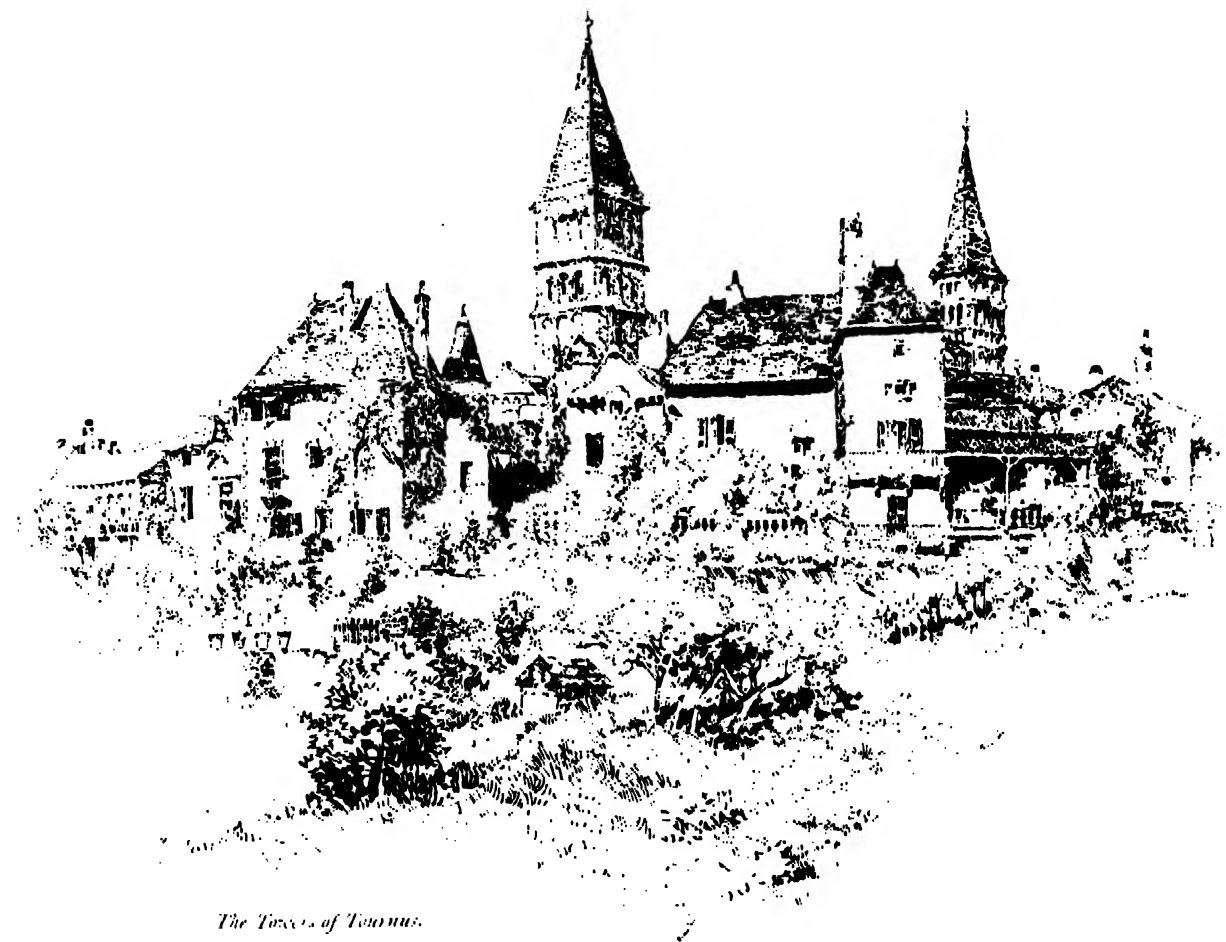
MR. HAMERTON'S new book, *The Saône: A Summer Voyage*, illustrated by himself and Mr. J. Pennell, was published in November last. The large paper copies were all taken up by the booksellers before it was issued. We give on the opposite page some of the illustrations.



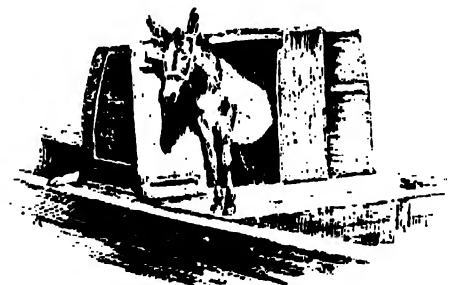
*The Church  
at Corre.*



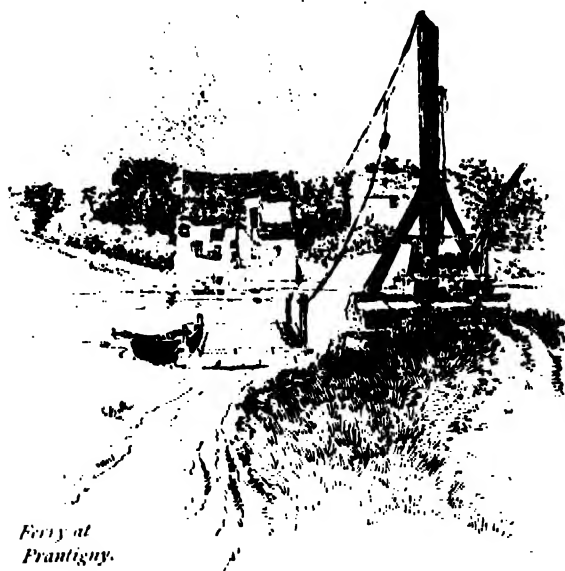
*The Seine,  
near Ray.*



*The Towers of Tournus.*



*Zou's Fairwell.*



*Ferry at  
Prantigny.*



*The River Bank,  
near Ray.*

DALMATIA, THE QUARNERO, AND ISTRIA: WITH CETTIGNE IN MONTENEGRO AND THE ISLAND OF GRADO. By T. G. Jackson, M.A., &c. (3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887.) - Mr. T. G. Jackson, the architect to whom modern Oxford owes so much, is to be heartily thanked for his volumes on the practically unknown country which skirts the Adriatic on the east. They include a history, an account of the country and the people, and a detailed description of the architecture and architectural remains. Nearly half of his first volume is taken up by the history of Dalmatia, in which its vicissitudes under the Romans, Byzantines, Huns, Venetians, Turks, and Austrians, are set forth from original authorities. Besides this Mr. Jackson gives a short *resumé* of the local story of each important town he visits, taking care, of course, to lay stress upon such points in it as have any bearing on the development of its architecture. Zara and its numerous churches occupy him first, after which Novigrad, S. Michele d'Ugliano, Nona, Vrana, and Sebenico, are successively visited. At Sebenico he seems to have been fascinated by its almost, if not quite, unique cathedral - a domical, three-aisled church, in which the whole of the construction is carried out in stone, helped by iron ties. Like everything else in Sebenico, this church of San Giacomo is entirely Venetian in detail. Its first architect, one Master Antonio di Pietro Paolo, set out the plan and began to build in Venetian Gothic; its second one, Georgio Orsini, a scion of the great Roman family of the same name, continued the work in Venetian Renaissance. In spite of its daring design the church showed no symptoms of instability until some forty-five years ago, when the nave vault and dome were taken down and reset. A few very curious details occur in this church. In the apse, for instance, there are some two-light Gothic windows, with elaborate geometrical tracery, in which the central mullion is a complete Corinthian column. As to the general effect, Mr. Jackson says he knows 'no other church of its size that creates so profound an impression.'

Spalato has found so many to concern themselves with its remains, that the eighty pages devoted to it by Mr. Jackson will be read first by not a few of those who take up his book. The famous palace of Diocletian was first 'vulgarised' for the modern reader by the Scottish architect, Robert Adam, whose searches were rendered, not easy, but possible, by the fortunate coincidence that another Scot, General Graeme, was then in command of the Venetian armies. 'Recent exploration,' says Mr. Jackson, 'has discovered certain inaccuracies in his work, but its general correctness is wonderful, especially when the difficulty of the task is considered. He had no previous plan to guide him, and the direction of many of the old walls could only be discovered by penetrating into the interiors of cottages and cellars.' To what Adam has already told us of the palace Mr. Jackson is unable to add much, but his account of the modern Duomo, an adaptation of the ancient *templum Jovis*, which balanced the *templum Aesculapii* in Diocletian's enclosure, would be of the highest interest, even without his own beautiful illustrations. The Duomo has been lately restored, but it is a consolation to find that the work has been done with intelligence, the old stones being left with their gathered signs of age, and not scraped and polished to match the new. The other temple - in which, however, Eitelberger recognises the mausoleum of the Emperor - is internally just what it was when Diocletian saw it, but its exterior has suffered. After leaving Spalato, Mr. Jackson's next long pause is at Ragusa, although at Traù he has to dwell upon the fine Romanesque Duomo, and at Curzola, upon the severer church in Venetian Gothic. At Ragusa it is the 'Rector's Palace,' the reliquary of St. Biagio in the Duomo, and the silver statue of that saint

in his own church, that interest him most, and give him the best opportunity for the use of his pencil. The third volume is given up to Cattaro, Montenegro, the Quarnero, and Istria. Apart from the few pages devoted to a *resumé* of Montenegrin history and an account of the princely family, the most notable things are the descriptions of the Cathedrals at Aquileja and Parenzo. As to the great basilica of Euphrasius, which is now the duomo of Parenza, Mr. Jackson takes the side of those who would date it from the sixth century. He notes, too, a fact in relation to it in which others than architects and archaeologists will feel an interest. At the high altar mass is still said from the east, the officiating priest standing with his face to the congregation.

The book is illustrated by about two hundred and fifty process plates and cuts, nearly all after Mr. Jackson's own drawings. They are so good that it is difficult to single any out for special praise, but speaking generally, their author is seen, perhaps, at his best in his drawings of detail. Of these, the *Choir Stalls at Zara* (Vol. I., p. 275), and the *Reliquary del teschio di S. Biagio* (Vol. II., p. 350), are among the finest.

'Como and Italian Lakeland,' by Rev. T. W. M. Lund, is a book destined to be of great utility to all lovers of art travelling in the district to which it relates. It deals not only with the towns and villages which border the lakes, but with all the chief cities of Lombardy, from Brescia to Novara. No better guide to these cities has ever been published. Milan is described at due length. Few persons have any idea of the artistic wealth contained in these cities. Milan is scarcely poorer in art than Florence, and yet where weeks are lavished on the sights of the Tuscan capital the capital of Lombardy is allowed only hours. The number of visitors to cities like Vercelli and Novara is out of all proportion small compared to the amount of beautiful sights they possess. Varallo, Saronno, Lavere, Busto Arsizio, Legnano, and other shrines of some of the finest of all Italian works of art, are scarcely known even by name to travellers who flatter themselves that they know Italy. The reason of this ignorance is probably that no convenient book has up to this time existed to direct them. 'Como and Italian Lakeland' supplies this want.

M. LOUIS GALLAT, who has passed from the *role* of living painters at the ripe age of seventy-eight, since our last issue, was no unimportant figure in the chronicle of modern art. He took up and developed the national historic school in Belgium, initiated by Wappers in 1830, and though his pictures to the critical judgment of to-day may seem overstrained and theatrical in sentiment, and showily academic in style, yet we must remember that he helped to lift the art of his country out of triviality or sordid homeliness on to its old and larger lines. His pictures, especially the *Last Moments of Egmont*, *Mad Johanna*, and *The Last Honours paid to Egmont and Horn*, made immense sensation in our own International Exhibition of 1862; and nothing marks more keenly the fickle fashion of much that poses as reliable art-criticism than a comparison of the loud laudations of the press of that period with the contemptuous notices of the current prints. He was plentifully decorated, elected honorary member into foreign academies, our own among these, and his pictures find honourable place in the National museums of Belgium and France. Although he studied in Antwerp and in Paris, he entered no *atelier*, and identified himself with no clique or school, aiming rather at romantic eclecticism, like his contemporary Paul de la Roche.

## PORTRAIT OF A JEW MERCHANT.

PAINTED BY REMBRANDT. ETCHED BY L. RICHTON.

THIS magnificent picture is one of the sixteen which were presented by Sir George Beaumont to the National Gallery in 1826, two years after its foundation. Among them was another work by the same painter—the small dark monochrome of *Christ*

*taken down from the Cross*, best known through the etching which Rembrandt himself made from it. Of the *Jew Merchant* there is no old engraving; but it is the subject of one of the plates after Rembrandt executed by J. Burnet. The picture is life-size.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### II.—JOHN ROBERT COZENS.

IF such a thing be ever attempted as a thoroughly exhaustive chronicle of the Water-colour Art of England and its innumerable professors, many names now hidden in obscurity will have to be mentioned, and many artists of some reputation will have to be treated at a length impossible in these papers. Then the skill of Charles Louis Clérissieu (1721–1820), that able and picturesque draughtsman of architecture and ruins, will have to be praised, although he was a Frenchman, if it be only to compare it with that of Robert Adam (1728–1792), the well-known English architect and designer of ornament, with whom he sometime travelled and worked. Then more than a passing allusion will have to be made to Samuel Scott (1710–1772), the friend of Hogarth, the painter of London and its river, ‘the English Canaletti,’ by whom there are some water-colours extant of much purity and delicacy of tint and tone. Then the clever Indian-ink sketches of shipping by C. Brooking (1723–1759), who obtained celebrity in his short life as a painter (in oils) of sea-pieces, and the coloured water-colours (marine and landscape) of his pupil, Dominic Serres, R.A. (1732–1793), marine painter to George III., poor though they be, will undergo analysis. Nor should a niche in such a work be denied to the Rev. W. Gilpin, the author of ‘Forest Scenery’ (1724–1804), who loved to draw his monochrome landscapes on a paper warmly tinted with reddish yellow; still less to his brother, Sawrey Gilpin, R.A. (1733–1807), the pupil of Samuel Scott, and famous as a painter of animals. These men were all contemporaries of Sandby, and most of them about the same age as he; but they did not seriously influence the process of water-colour or the art of landscape, and must give room now to more important men.

Among these was George Barrett, R.A. (1728 or 1732–1784), who, though his reputation has now dwindled to small dimensions, was one of the most successful landscape-painters of his day, and made his thousands while Wilson was starving. His manner was effective and new, marked by its de-

cisive drawing, and fresh if not very profound study of nature. He was the son of a clothier of Dublin, was apprenticed to a staymaker, and began his career as an artist by colouring prints. He, like Barry, owed much to the encouragement of Burke, who introduced him to the Earl of Powerscourt, in whose beautiful park he used to sketch. After gaining a premium of 80*l.* from the Dublin Society he came to England in 1762, and carried off the first premium of the Society of Arts two years later. His success was extraordinary, and his pictures sold for prices never given for landscapes before. Lord Dalkeith paid 1500*l.* for three of them, and for Mr. Lock he decorated a whole room at Norbury Park with landscapes. But his success was achieved as a painter in oils, and his interest from the present point of view consists mainly in the impulse he gave to the taste for natural scenery, in his employment of water-colour for picturesque views of ‘the country;’ and, perhaps more than all, in the fact that he was the father of George Barrett, junior, one of the greatest of English painters in water-colour.

Two other artists deserve mention for their influence on landscape art generally, rather than as water-colour painters. These are Gainsborough and De Loutherbourg, both Royal Academicians. The latter (1740–1812), the son of a Pole and born at Strasburg, was elected a member of the French Academy at the age of twenty-two, and some years after came to England, and was engaged by Garrick as his scene-painter. Though not a great colourist, nor a great genius, he was a sound painter, and there was a vigour in his storms and battle pieces, and a boldness of composition in his landscapes and seascapes, that made his individuality felt in spite of the conventions on which his art was based. Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788), on the other hand, introduced an original element into landscape art. Though the Dutchmen were his first models, he soon broke away to nature in a style and with a sentiment entirely personal. He may be said to have been



the first to paint English country in its relation to English country life—the first Englishman to express the beauty of familiar scenes, and to be inspired by the homely love of locality. His was the beginning in England of that modern art of landscape which differs from that of former times, in that it regards earth as the scene of man's existence rather than the stage of his imagination, and treats the phenomena of nature, sweet or awful, with reference to their effect rather on the fortunes and passions of the individual, than on the destinies of the human race. His own art was not highly charged with emotion, but what there was was personal. He painted what he saw as

(1752–1799) appeared upon the scene, there were plenty of styles for a young English artist to follow. All the styles of all the foreign Schools had been more or less transplanted to England, but he—partly by the accidents of life, partly from the genius which was in him—struck into a new path; and while he added a fresh sentiment to landscape art, developed at the same time the scope and practice of painting in water-colours. He developed its scope by proving its capacity to render subtle atmospheric effects not hitherto attempted, its practice by the dexterity with which he used his materials. His drawings are usually classed among drawings in tint,



MARKET WOMEN WITH CATTLE. BY F. ZUCCARELLI, R.A.

it was reflected in his mind, which transformed all things to elegance, and imbued them with a pure and tender sentiment.

Gainsborough's water-colours were mainly confined to bold sketches in monochrome, and those of more varied tint are but pale things, but his effort was great upon landscape art in England, whether in oil or water. We have seen how Sandby essayed his style, we can trace him in the drawings of Girtin and Turner. But it was not only in landscape that his potency was felt. He was the inventor of the elegant rustic; he created a picturesque peasant and his family, admirably adapted to live in his picturesque cottage in his picturesque lanes, the first of a race which, sentimentalized by Wheatley and vulgarised by Morland, were long to inhabit the Arcadia of the English artist.

Altogether by the time that John Robert Cozens

not drawings in colour; but this distinction depends on what is meant by colour, and is often hard to draw. His earlier drawings have a ground of Indian ink, and the slight washes of colour afterwards added were very low in scale, only here and there exceeding what may be called a grey: grey, warm and cold; grey, blueish or greenish; grey, brownish or yellowish;—but he used all these tints with such dexterity, he blended and interlaced them with such variegation and in such sympathy with the full tones and tints of nature, that the eye, if not disturbed by a comparison with more highly-coloured works, wants little more to realise the natural appearance of the scene.

Between the slightest tint and the fullest colour the gradations are infinite, and the progress of English water-colour was from monochrome through neutral tint to full colour. Cozens lived when the practice of first laying in the general light and shade of a

drawing in neutral tint was in full force. This groundwork was sometimes in monochrome, but was often composed of three tints: a brownish tint for the foreground, a blueish or greenish tint for middle distance, and a paler tint of the same for the distance. The tints varied with different artists. Cozens preferred a tint of medium warmth for the foreground, and greenish tints for the distances. Over this ground were laid light washes of brighter or stronger tints for local colour, sunlight, &c. Such a method as this in water-colour can never more than suggest Nature's true colours; and it may be said of Cozens that he expressed as much of Nature's appearance as was pos-

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LANDSCAPE, WITH RIVER AND MOUNTED FIGURES. BY G. BARRETT, R.A.

sible with the means. The new system introduced by Girtin and Turner of putting in objects at once in their true local colour did not come before the older system had been brought to perfection, and could go no farther. It may be even contended that truth of tone can never be attained so perfectly by the later system, and that in this, and perhaps some other respects, the drawings of Cozens have never been excelled. In our own time one of the most distinguished of modern landscape-painters (Corot) deliberately sacrificed colour in order to render more completely those atmospheric effects in which he delighted, contenting himself with a restricted aim in order to obtain greater perfection within it. Moreover, in many of Cozens' later drawings there is, except in the foreground, nothing which can be called a ground-tint, and almost the whole of them, as, for instance, in two beautiful views of the coast

of Sicily in the British Museum, is occupied by sky, sunlit slopes, and water, which have been put in at once upon the white paper in colour which, if not brilliant, is at least lively. If these are 'tinted' drawings it must be allowed that in Cozens art tinting was brought to the very doors of colour, and if it is incorrect to describe him as a colourist, he showed at least the capacity to become one.

If we look for the master of John Robert Cozens it will be hard to find any one who answers that description. He cannot be said to have based his art on the Dutchmen or the Frenchmen, nor, though his fame rests on drawings of Italian scenery, the



Wales, and numbered amongst his friends, patrons, and acquaintances, a large number of titled, wealthy, and otherwise illustrious persons. No less does he appear to have been held in esteem by artists and connoisseurs. He had taught Sir George Beaumont at Eton, and in the list of subscribers to his 'Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head,' we find the names of Burke, Garrick, Flaxman, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He married a sister of Robert Edge Pine, an artist of some fame as a painter of history and portrait, and left one son, John Robert, the principal subject of this article.

If it had not been for this son he would scarcely have claimed more than a slight reference in connexion with the English water-colour school. Such drawings as I have seen of his of a date subsequent to his arrival in England are of no great merit; and a little sketch-book of skies, shown to me as once belonging to him, proved that if he studied skies it was without much valuable result. His recorded method of teaching was peculiar. In the 'Reminiscences of Henry Angelo' (who was one of his pupils at Eton), it is thus described:—

'Cozens dashed out upon several pieces of paper a series of accidental smudges and blots in black, brown, and grey, which, being floated on, he impressed again upon other paper; and by the exercise of his fertile imagination, and a certain degree of ingenious coaxing, converted into romantic rocks, woods, towers, steeples, cottages, rivers, fields, and waterfalls. Blue and grey blots formed the mountains, clouds, and skies.'

An improvement on this plan was to splash the paint first upon the bottoms of earthenware plates instead of paper, and to stamp impressions therefrom on sheets of damp paper. This method of instruction he described in a pamphlet called 'A New Method of assisting the Invention in Drawing Original Loose Positions in Landscape.' That accident may help invention was no new theory. Leonardo da Vinci recommends the stains on a plaster wall as aids to landscape design; and there is a well-known story of an artist who, disgusted at a refractory picture which would not come right, threw his brush or his palette at it, with the result of producing a chance combination of colour which showed him a way out of his difficulties. It would, of course, be unjust to Alexander Cozens to regard this as the sum and substance of his teaching. That he studied nature and taught his pupils to do so, may be divined from another work of his, called 'The Shape, Skeleton, and Foliage of Thirty-two Species of Trees' (1771, reprinted 1780). The ambition to distinguish one tree from another, to say nothing of thirty-two varieties, was not common to all artists in Cozens' day.

Luckily we have better means of judging of

Alexander Cozens' skill as an artist, and capacity as a teacher, than the recollections of an Angelo or an Edwards. The British Museum contains fifty-four early drawings by him which have a curious history. They were lost by the artist in Germany, on his way from Rome to England, in 1746, and were recovered in Florence thirty years afterwards by his son. I may, perhaps, quote a short description of them which I have given elsewhere.

'They show him as a highly skilled draughtsman in the style of the time, with much sense of scenic elegance in composition. Some are wholly in pen and ink in the manner of line-engravings. Others show extensive landscapes, elaborately drawn in pencil, and partly finished in ink. Others are washed in monochrome, and some in colour of a timid kind. One, a view of Port Longano, in the Isle of Elba, is very prettily tinted. In most there is no sky to speak of, but in one he has attempted a bold effect of sunlight streaming through cloud, and brightly illuminating several distinct spots in the landscape. Several broad pencil drawings on greenish paper, heightened with white, are very effective. Altogether, these show that Cozens, before his arrival in England, was a well-trained artist who observed nature for himself, and was not without poetical feeling.'

All things considered, we need not go much further than Alexander Cozens to look for an explanation of his son John Robert. The father had imagination, ingenuity, trained skill, and these, with that something else which is undefinable, were sufficient to make that other undefinable quality—genius. If the capacity for hard work (as Turner thought) was the requisite, Cozens the younger must have had it. Leslie mentions 'a very small pen-drawing of three figures, on which is written, "Done by J. Cozens, 1761, when nine years old."' In 1767 he began to exhibit at the Incorporated Society of British Artists. He was then only fifteen years old, and at the age of twenty-four we find him sufficiently advanced in skill to be taken by Mr. Robert Payne Knight, the archaeologist and art-collector, to Switzerland, to make sketches of the scenery. In the possession of the Hon. R. Allanson-Winn is the result, or part of the result, of this his first visit to the Continent, comprised in fifty-four drawings, once in the Townley Collection. This collection is specially interesting in connexion with Turner, as the drawings cover much the same ground as those of Turner's first visit to Switzerland, and there is good reason to suppose that Turner saw these drawings of Cozens', and copied at least one of them. Moreover, it was in Cozens' first year of absence (1776) that he sent from Italy his solitary contribution to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, called *A Landscape, with Hannibal, in his March over the Alps, showing his Army the Fertile Plains of Italy*. Where is this

drawing (or picture) now? It must have been in existence many years after it was painted, for Turner (born 1775) saw it and spoke of it as a work from which he learned more than from anything he had seen before, and in 1812 *he* also exhibited a picture of *Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps*.

These drawings of 1776 are remarkable in the history not only of English water-colour painting and English art, but in the history of landscape-painting of all time. They are the first successful attempt to give a true impression of Alpine scenery. From the first Cozens seems to have found his way to render its character, to convey the grandeur of its snow-crowned peaks, the depth of its valleys, the solitude of its lakes, the appearance of its slopes, 'fledged,' as Shelley sang, 'with pines,' the sun striking through the gorges on high-perched cot or village, the chill of the shaded hollows filled with mist, the cloaks of cloud about the shoulders of the hills,—and all this not in a pretty conventional or a grand conventional manner, but with a style that was Nature's. His drawings show no sense of difficulty, his powers seem to have risen spontaneously to each occasion; the prime difficulty of scale and proportion in dealing with enormous altitudes and vast masses, of which but a small portion is seen, does not seem to have troubled him. His mountains look their height, and suggest their bulk and weight. Suggestion, indeed, could scarce go farther, not only of form, but of light, and air, and texture.

Cozens is said to have visited Italy twice, and we may, perhaps, conclude that the first visit was in

1776 with Mr. R. P. Knight, and that he returned to England in 1779, as that date is given as the date of his return in a memorandum accompanying the drawings by his father in the British Museum. We next meet with him in Italy in company with Mr. William Beckford, for whom he executed a large number of water-colour drawings. Probably this was his second visit, from which he returned in 1783. Most of these (nearly a hundred) were sold at Christie's

in 1805. They, and other drawings, show that his travels in Italy were extensive — Padua, Pastum, Verona, Venice, Rome, Naples, Sicily, Elba, were among the places visited. Some of his grandest drawings are of Rome and its neighbourhood, and the neighbourhood of Naples. It is on his Italian drawings that his fame chiefly rests. Some of them are of large size, like the original of our photogravure, which is a good example of his more grandiose subjects, and his treatment of



CATTLE IN A STREAM; BRI

T. GAINSBOROUGH.

complicated effects of light and shade. Its subject is *Castle Gandolfo on Lake Albano*, and it is one of three drawings of the same lake from different points of view, which are in the possession of Mr. George W. H. Girtin. It is rather a dark drawing, most of it being in shade and half shade, and so much of the hills being clothed with trees; but no part of it is impervious to light, the deepest shade is illuminated, and the gradation of tones and tints in a scale of browns and greens, from the comparatively cold dark of the bosky foreground to the chill half shade of the cliff on the opposite side of the lake, and through the warm semi-illuminated hollow to the sunlit village on the top of it, is subtle

and exquisite. The other drawing by Cozens which we reproduce is one of six in the South Kensington Museum, and is remarkable for its poetical effect of light. It was engraved for Leslie's 'Hand-book.' The late Mr. Henderson left a fine collection of Cozens' drawings to the British Museum, so that there is no difficulty in studying an artist of whom Constable said

that 'he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape.' Constable also said that he was 'all poetry,' and Leslie wrote of him with scarcely

less enthusiasm. In what his 'poetry' consisted, and how it differed from that of previous artists, still remains for consideration. Sad to say, the career of this singularly endowed artist was cut short by insanity. From 1794 to his death he was under the charge of Dr. Munro, whose name will often appear in these papers as the great encourager of young water-colour



THE CHIGI PALACE NEAR ALBANO. AFTER COZENS.

artists at the end of the last century. He had another friend also, Sir George Beaumont, the pupil of his father, who supported him in these years of darkness.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## CORREGGIO.

### I.

SIGNOR MORELLI has observed that when the culture of a nation has reached its culminating point, grace is the quality which we find to be the most highly esteemed in art, in literature, in social and individual life. So it was with Italian painting in the last and crowning era of the Renaissance. The motives which had inspired the masters of earlier generations were exhausted, technical perfection had been attained by slow degrees, and now the painters of the sixteenth century, setting a new ideal before their mind, endeavoured to represent the feelings and emotions of the human breast with the highest possible degree of grace and charm. Then Leonardo first strove to express the soul's indwelling grace in that mysterious smile which hovers about the lips of his fair women-faces, and Giorgione caught up all the concentrated passion that burns in a single look or gesture to render it with rare and undefinable art. Animated by a spirit akin to these his great contemporaries, and, like them, reflecting the mind of the age, Correggio went a step further and set the seal on this final development of Italian painting. Gifted with an ardent and highly sensitive nature, as keenly alive to every passing sentiment which stirs the human heart as he was to each fleeting effect of light and shade in the visible world about him,

Antonio Allegri stamped his works with an individuality as powerful as that of Michelangelo himself. Neither a thinker, nor yet a teacher, careless of the diviner meanings which some find hidden on every side of them, he looked upon the world from a purely pictorial point of view, and painted it with a mastery of brush, a degree of manual skill and technical perfection, in which few have equalled him.

His one aim was to represent the subject before him in the most real and actual manner, and at the same time with the utmost grace and beauty imaginable. And because he saw more clearly than any other painter how much natural objects gain in loveliness from the play of light and shade which surrounds them, he devoted especial attention to this branch of art, and succeeded in giving his creations those subtle effects of chiaroscuro which have made his name famous.

This ideal he pursued with a sincerity and devotion that never wavered during the whole of a lifetime, which proved all too short for his great ends. Whether his art attracts or repels us, whether we are fascinated by the strange magic of his creations or offended at his want of seriousness and incapacity for elevated thought, it is impossible not to look

with interest on the work of a painter so original and so true to his artistic inspiration.

The story he had to tell might be Greek or Christian, the figures on his canvas virgin-martyrs or nymphs adored by Jupiter, for aught he cared. They were all the same to the painter who set the smiling dimples on the cheek of Mary or Venus and painted St. Katharine and Danaë with the same upturned gaze of ecstatic rapture. Where he had to do with pain and sorrow his endeavour was still the same. He softens the bitterness of his Passion scenes by the beauty of his women's faces, and tempers the agony of Gethsemane by the single ray of exquisite light which illumines the countenance of the kneeling

rini who sport with Diana's bow and arrows to the tumultuous ecstasies of seraphs winging their way through the highest empyrean. And in this he reflects exactly the spirit of the age. These myriads of bright beings who fill the domes of Parma with their perpetual movement, these boy-angels floating in a sea of light or rioting upon the clouds, careless of the heavenly vision, are the very outcome of the late Renaissance, the incarnation of that secular spirit which, in its new sense of exultant freedom, was fast destroying the ancient creeds and ideals of mediæval Christendom and was in the end to prove fatal to art itself.

Yet this master who, in his unconscious Paganism,



MARTYRDOM OF PLACIDUS AND FLAVIA. GALLERY OF PARMA.

Christ. Often, it is true, he fails for want of force and dramatic energy. In his altar-piece of the *Martyrdom of Placidus and Flavia* his ruffians are feeble and timid and his saints dying in graceful attitudes with folded arms and eyes lifted heavenwards border on affectation. But these scenes were altogether foreign to Correggio's nature, and it is here that we most feel his weakness.

The joyousness of life, the radiant bloom of youth and beauty, the gladness of laughing faces and merry children at play, were his favourite themes. In these he excelled, and of repeating them he was never weary. Filled to overflowing with the sense of this world's loveliness, his pulse beat in keen sympathy with every form of mortal delight. Each phase of human joy finds expression in his art, from the still, happy content of the young mother who clasps her child in her arms to the exalted rapture of the martyred saint on whose fading sight the bliss of heaven is breaking, from the playful gambols of the *amo-*

his indifference to higher spiritual meaning, was in so remarkable manner the exponent of his age, had but little contact with the outer world. Unlike Leonardo, unlike Raphael and Michelangelo, he seldom enjoyed the society of scholars and philosophers, and had little to do with courts and princes. Monks and nuns, cathedral chapters and religious confraternities, were his chief patrons, and by far the greater number of his works were painted to adorn churches and convents. His short life was spent in comparative obscurity, and nothing could well be less eventful than the history of his career.

It is probably this very scarcity of materials which has encouraged Correggio's biographers to supply this absence of knowledge by a liberal use of their own imaginations. Certainly the life of the great painter has been a fruitful theme of romance in all ages. Vasari first started the fable of his extreme poverty, of his struggles for life, and of the miserable parsimony that led to a tragic end. According to

the oft-repeated, but utterly fictitious, tale, his death was caused by his folly in carrying sixty crowns in copper coins in a sack all the way from Parma to Correggio. Other writers followed in the track, until, in 1816, Correggio's mournful history became the subject of Oehlenschläger's well-known tragedy. Even within the last few years a French lady has displayed much pains and ingenuity in writing a biography of the painter, in which the gaps are filled up with the help of her own lively imagination, and eloquent rhapsodies are poured out over the fervent piety and profound religious sentiment in his pictures. These qualities, we should imagine, are about the last things most people find in Correggio's works.

Dr. Julius Meyer was the first to clear away this tissue of fables and tell the true story of Correggio's life, while the researches of more recent critics have corrected a few dates and helped us to form a clearer understanding of his style at successive periods of his career. But when all has been told, it is but little we know of the great master's private life and circumstances. The very year of his birth cannot be fixed with certainty, although many of his biographers agree to place the event in 1494. His father, Pellegrino Allegri, was a cloth-merchant of good position, who destined his son for a learned profession, and entrusted his education to the best men of letters in his native town. Correggio, although a small and insignificant place, had shared in the great revival of learning which had spread all over Italy, and which had made itself felt in a marked degree in the neighbouring cities of Ferrara and Mantua. It had its school of local painters, its little Court, and its Academy, founded by Veronica Gambara, the second wife of the reigning prince, Giberto di Correggio, an accomplished lady, who lived on terms of intimacy with many of the finest spirits of the age. The situation of his native city in the immediate neighbourhood of so many cities renowned for their schools of painting proved an important element in the development of young Allegri's style. When his father, seeing the boy's genius, allowed him to embrace the career of an artist, his first master was Francesco Bianchi, of Ferrara; and when an outbreak of the plague in 1511 caused Pellegrino Allegri to remove his family to Mantua for a time, the young Antonio no doubt saw Mantegna's masterpieces in the palace of the Gonzagas, and probably learnt of Lorenzo Costa, the Ferrarese painter, who was already settled at that Court. Certain features in his early works incline us to think that he may even before this have visited the neighbouring city of Bologna, and possibly studied under Costa's friend Francia, with whose works he was evidently familiar. But there can be no doubt that Ferrarese painters had the principal share in Allegri's early training. To realise this we need only

look at the noble altar-piece which he painted at the age of twenty for the Franciscans of Correggio, and which now hangs in the Dresden Gallery. It is not only that the architectural form of the Madonna-throne and the bas-relief of the medallion which adorns the base are distinctly Ferrarese in type, but the whole character of the work, the subject, the grouping, and the colouring, all bear a strong likeness to works by masters of this school, and most of all to those of Lorenzo Costa. And yet, in spite of this evident relationship, in spite, too, of a certain conventionality in the arrangement, the picture bears the stamp of an individuality as powerful as it is unmistakable. The smiling lips and oval face of the Virgin herself, the sunny landscape opening beyond the columns, the ring of cherub-heads which encircle the Madonna, the melting tones of colour and delicate gradations of light and shade, above all, the charming grace of the boy-angels who hover in mid-air and support the central medallion of the throne, all reveal the presence of a new and original genius. Even the heads of the saints—Francis of Assisi and St. Katharine—with the steadfast, heavenward face and air of tender yearning that reminds us so forcibly of Francia, are distinguished by a graceful daintiness of form peculiar to Correggio. For a youth of twenty the work is beyond all doubt a singularly finished and masterly production.

The contract for this picture, signed by Antonio's father, as he himself was still a minor, is dated August 30, 1514, and that it was completed by the following April we know from another notice in the convent records, where the payment of the last half of the hundred ducats agreed upon is duly entered. The high price paid for the picture, as well as the careful finish of the whole, shows that Allegri was already a painter of note, and had attained a considerable degree of reputation in his native city.

We have no record of his earlier works, but Signor Morelli and Dr. Richter point to several examples of his youthful style, which were in all probability painted about the same time as the *Madonna of St. Francis*. One of the most important is the fine group of saints in the collection of Lord Ashburton, which corresponds exactly with a picture described by Lanzi in the oratory of Santa Misericordia at Correggio, and there ascribed to our painter. This altar-piece is generally known as the *Pala of Sta. Marta*, who, wrapped in her long blue mantle, and leading the dragon in one hand and bearing her holy-water sprinkler in the other, is a prominent figure in the group. Her gentle face and timid, downcast eyes are a marked contrast to the look of ardent devotion on the uplifted countenance of the hermit Leonard, who, with St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalene, stand beside her, their richly-coloured draperies resplendent against the deep shadow of the forest background.

Another picture, which bears even more strongly the stamp of Correggio's early manner, is a small panel of the Madonna, surrounded by angels playing musical instruments, in the Uffizi Gallery, ascribed in the catalogue to Titian, but recognised by Signor Morelli as an undoubted Correggio. Everything about this charming little work justifies this conclusion. The type of faces, the shape and movement of the fingers, the ring of cherubs hovering in the air, the coiled heads of the playing angels, the gesture of the lovely Child turning round to listen to the celestial music, are all suggestive of Correggio in his earliest and happiest mood, before his style had lost anything of its first charm and freshness.

The same Gallery boasts two other well-known pictures which must have been painted soon after the *Madonna of St. Francis*, and before the artist left his home, in 1518, for Parma. One of these is the *Riposo on the Flight to Egypt*, which, like the last-named altarpiece, originally adorned the church of the Franciscans at Correggio, and is

now in the Tribune of the Uffizi. The members of the Holy Family are here represented resting on a grassy bank in a wooded landscape. Mary, sitting on the ground, beams in motherly love on the Child, who stretches out eager hands towards a bunch of dates which Joseph offers him. In the other, the kneeling Virgin, robed in blue, bends over the Child, who reclines on a bed of straw, and a happy smile lights up her fair face as she holds out both her hands playfully towards him. The background, with its tall palm and bright-leaved fig-tree growing out of a ruined wall, its steep rock and blue line of distant sea, all wrapped in the soft mist of summer morning, is thoroughly Italian in character, and marked by that sense of artistic fitness which distinguishes all Correggio's landscapes.

Several other small Holy Families of this idyllic character, and bearing signs of the same strong Ferrarese influence both in form and colouring, painted at this period, are to be seen in the private and public collections of North Italy; while the little picture of a similar nature at Hampton Court, formerly in the collection of Charles I., who probably bought it with other more famous paintings from the Duke of Mantua, may also be accepted as a genuine work. The class of subject was peculiarly suited to the painter's genius, and his treatment of the theme

is characteristic of the age. We feel that the old mystic feeling is dead and gone. The Incarnation is no longer treated as a sacred mystery; the Virgin kneels, not to adore the Child, but to play with him and fondle him as any human mother might do, and the St. Jerome or St. Francis who are introduced seem to share in the pretty family scene rather as spectators than as devout worshippers.

Another subject, which was a favourite with Correggio from his early years,



ST. FRANCIS. DRESDEN GALLERY.

was the *Marriage of St. Katharine*, of which a drawing exists in the library at Turin, and a delightful little painting is preserved at Milan in the collection of Dr. Frizzoni. But the finest rendering of this theme belongs to a somewhat later period, and, according to an old tradition, was painted as a wedding gift for his sister, Catarina, on her marriage in 1519. The picture, once the possession of Cardinal Mazarin, and now one of the gems of the Salon Carré in the Louvre, is the same which Vasari saw in the possession of a doctor at Modena, and described in enthusiastic terms, declaring that the heads seemed to belong to Paradise, and that it would be impossible ever to see more beautiful hair or hands, or a more truthful and natural colouring. Certainly, it would be hard to find brighter or more



harmonious hues and more exquisitely balanced light and shade than in this graceful composition where St. Katharine is represented in the act of receiving the ring from the Holy Child, while the Virgin herself joins their hands together. There is no attempt to express the mystic union, which was the true meaning of the old Church legend, and little or no devotion in the heads of the saints. The women-faces are gentle and beautiful and full of tender affection for the Child in their midst, and the curly-haired St. Sebastian, who looks on from behind, with a smile on his face and an arrow in his hand, might be the god of love himself. Behind them is a fair and sunny landscape, with green hills and distant towers, and a cluster of leafy trees on the grassy knoll to the left, where, if we look closely enough, we shall see St. Sebastian undergoing martyrdom at the hands of his persecutors.

We feel, as we look at this fine picture, that Correggio has advanced a step further in his artistic development, and that the sight of Venetian masterpieces, probably of Titian's own works at Mantua, have brought other influences to bear upon him besides those of Costa, of Francia, and of Dossi. The smaller replica of this subject in which the Child looks up with laughing face at His mother, at Naples is probably a copy—the original is said to be in private hands at Modena. That at St. Petersburg bears an old inscription—whether genuine or not—stating that it was painted by Antonio Lieto da Correggio for Donna Matilda d'Este in 1517.

In the early part of 1518 Correggio was invited to Parma, a city twenty-four miles from his native town, to decorate the dining-room of Giovanna di Piacenza, abbess of the convent of St. Paolo. His fame had reached the ears of this secular-minded lady, who, desiring to see the new suite of apartments which she had built for her private use adorned with mythological subjects, chose Allegri to execute the work. In this selection Abbess Giovanna showed her wisdom. The task was exactly suited to the young master's genius. Hitherto he had been employed exclusively upon sacred subjects. Now, for the first time, he found himself able to indulge his fancy and to cast aside the trammels of conventional laws. Here, with the Lady Abbess for his patron, and the gods of ancient fable for his theme, he could give the rein to his imagination, and paint all those lovely faces and graceful forms that were filling his brain,—all those radiant creatures and happy beings bathed in the soft summer sunlight, and revelling in the mere joy of living, in which he felt a delight as healthy and natural as the Greeks themselves. Here, as usual, Correggio's composition is of the simplest kind, but the scheme of decoration is happily chosen, and adapts itself well to the shape of the room. Giovanna had chosen Diana for her

patron, and it is this goddess who appears above the projecting mantelpiece in the act of springing into the chariot drawn by white doves, which is to bear her on the clouds to Olympus. The huntress-queen, with the silver crescent shining on her brow and the breeze filling the blue veil, which floats behind her, reigns here as the genius of the place, and the convent room is the leafy bower, where she has lingered, perchance, to show her face for one moment to the gaze of her mortal lover. On the vaulted ceiling Correggio painted a vine-trellis with oval-shaped openings letting in the blue sky beyond, and laughing groups of rosy children at play in the foreground. Some are romping with Diana's bow and arrows, with horns and dogs and masks; others are plucking the branches of grapes which grow overhead, or wrestling playfully with each other, their soft rounded forms and baby limbs gleaming against the deep green foliage of the fairy bower. No two faces or attitudes are the same, but the same charming grace, the same joyous and innocent gladness shines in the dancing eyes, and lights up the laughing faces of all the many band. Below these children-groups are sixteen small lunettes containing classical subjects in *grisaille*, Minerva bearing a torch, Fortuna with her cornucopia, the Fates, the three Graces, a Satyr, a Vestal, and a youth offering a sacrifice. Other similar figures which in their statuesque repose and grey tones contrast finely with the bright colouring and gay movements of the children, who sport among the vine-leaves and rose-garlands overhead. In painting this ceiling Correggio, no doubt, had in his mind the room which Mantegna decorated in the Castello di Corte at Mantua. He adopts the same principle as Andrea, and represents the figures foreshortened, as they would appear to the spectator who looked up at them from below. But, unlike the older and severer painter, he ignores the rules of architecture, and careless of the structure of the building, transforms the solid roof into a vine-grown bower, where the changing sunbeams come and go, and the blue skies smile down through the green leaves.

Nowhere else do we realise so fully the charm of Correggio's art—the freshness and brightness of his invention—the marvellous skill of his perspective—the magic of that dim sunlight and transparent shadow, which is best expressed in the German word '*Hell-dunkel*.' These are all here in the highest perfection, without any of the mannerisms and affectations, the violent foreshortenings and awkward postures of later years. Fortunately, these frescoes, unlike those which Correggio painted in the domes of the Parma churches, are in an admirable state of preservation, owing chiefly to the strange fate which hid them from the eyes of the world for two hundred years and more.

Soon after the painter had completed his work, the public scandal occasioned by the irregularities of the Abbess Giovanna and her nuns led to the Pope's intervention, the neglected rules of conventual discipline were again enforced, and Correggio's room was closed to the outer world. Even Annibale Carracci, who in his admiration for Correggio's works sought out and copied all he could find

in Parma, never heard of the frescoes in San Paolo, and it was not until the close of the last century that they were first discovered by an artist who was employed to paint an altar-piece in the convent church.



FRESCO OF ANNUNCIATION. GALLERY OF PARMA.

In the month of June, 1794, the members of the Academy of Parma at length obtained leave to visit the convent, the doors were again thrown open, and the long-hidden treasures once more revealed to public view. And so to-day when we are tired of straining our eyes in vain endeavours to study the smoke-blackened, half-effaced frescoes in the church domes of Parma, we can turn with relief to

the convent parlour in San Paolo, and feel that after all this little room reveals more of Correggio's true soul than all these stupendous but irreparably ruined works on which the best years of his life were spent.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

## FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

THE attractiveness of Fountain Court when the trees are in full foliage, and the sky a little clearer than at the present season, has been acknowledged by all who have seen it. M. Brunet-Debaines gives us a view of it as seen from New Court, showing us a part of one of the older houses, the new row being concealed by the thick foliage. Before us is the new Library designed by H. R. Abraham, opened in 1861. From this position the fountain plays but an insignificant part; and it does not indeed at present strike us with its importance, but in Queen Anne's days it is described as rising to 'a vast and almost incredible altitude.' All readers of Dickens will know it as the meeting place of Ruth Pinch and John Westlock, and will remember how 'merrily the fountain leaped and

danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished.' But the fountain and its surroundings have been much altered since those days.

On the left hand we have a glimpse of the hall of the Middle Temple, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, and boasting a roof containing 'an amazing quantity of strong oak timber,' which is said by Mr. Peter Cunningham to be the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London, and a Renaissance screen which tradition has erroneously alleged to be made of timber from the Armada. Here 'Twelfth Night' was performed in February 1602, and the walls have witnessed many a revel and gorgeous banquet, 'an old but riotous custom' as Evelyn names it.

## JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

### II.

WE left the student and his young wife just at the end of their homeward journey, and rejoicing to have landed once more on 'the white cliffs of old England.' During the absence of a year and nine months he had, in spite of ill-health, worked earnestly, with concentration, and consequently much to the purpose. For many weeks before the arrival of the travellers, their friends had

not heard from them, and beyond the fact that they were in Venice at the time of the insurrection, knew nothing. They were therefore overjoyed when they returned at last, having escaped the chief horrors of the Austrian blockade, and settled down to the pleasant humdrum of London life. The subject of the first picture painted at 13 Thurloe Place, West Brompton, was *Venice, 1550*, with the



quotation from *The Merchant of Venice* (Act ii., scene 6), 'When they did please to play the thieves for wives.' This was exhibited at the British Institution, and much commended by the artists of the day. From the same address the Academy received a series of seven pictures, showing, more or less, the influence of what Mr. Hook calls 'the dry *puriste* manner of the Florentine School,' of a temporary liking for the manner of Overbeck, and also the influence of the Italian authors, chiefly read while staying in Florence. These examples included several to whose rich colour and originality the painter owed his election, in 1850, as Associate of the Royal Academy, and among them the best, in his opinion, was *The Chevalier Bayard wounded at Brescia*, a work with which Etty was delighted. *A Dream of Venice* was also popular.

In 1851 the new Associate, having built himself a house on Campden Hill and called it 'Tor Villa,' removed thither and painted, in the two following years, some more Shakespearian and historical



FISHER-BOY'S HEAD.

subjects, which added not a little to his growing reputation; while a small figure piece from 'Anne of Gierstein,' which was engraved for an edition of Scott's works, met with a favourable verdict.

It has often been considered as incumbent on the figure-painter to live (or at all events to have a studio) in London, as on a painter of portraits. Picture-dealers are not fond of travelling far beyond the range of hansoms and good dinners; and the omniscient critic who likes his own particular private-view, will not go far afield, for much of his omniscience lies upon his bookshelves. And then, how many of the fashionable beauties and reproachless gentlemen who visit the great studios on 'Show Sunday,' just before the end of March, would do so if they had to go hopelessly beyond the four-mile radius?

Some hold that even the landscape-painter must leave his little country lodging soon after the first yellow leaves fall about his easel. He must change, they think, his wide-awake and comfortable tweed for the more civilised silk cylinder and frock-coat — strange climax after centuries of laughter at the dress of foreigners — change the keen air and autumnal sunshine for fog and filth, or he will never be much exercised by Schedule D.

Mr. Hook had brought away from the Irish valleys pleasant recollections of good days with horse and gun and rod, and the recollection of all his Kentish and Somersetshire rambles was still fresher. But now he had lived six years in London, and searching for health, had removed from Brompton only to live in vapid Kensington, sending thence picture after picture, which increased his reputation as a figure-painter, and the probability of his becoming in time a pale, celebrated, smoke-dried Londoner.

In the lives of most men who rise above the contented amble of mediocrity, come unexpected epochs. They love to desert the never-ending procession on the esplanade of life, and to clear for themselves new paths in the thickets of the future. Here was a well-known and prosperous painter of historical subjects, residing in London and painting diligently (when there was no fog) from London models; a heterogeneous band drafted indifferently from the footlights, the ring, and sunny Italy, to pose at so much an hour as the heroes and heroines of antiquity. But a great change was at hand, and I must relate briefly how it came about.

At this time English art, having been rescued from courtly patrons of the Sir George Beaumont type, whose inevitable brown tree had been attacked by Constable, was awakening from a long placid sleep. If we accept the view of the pre-Raphaelite 'Brotherhood' (founded some seven years before), we may rather say that the public, touched by Ruskin's potent wand, awoke at last to the fact that art, having long since 'discarded the simple garment of nature,' had 'clothed itself in vain glories and hypocrisies, in conventionalism and falsehoods.' The 'Brotherhood,' having achieved much, achieved also a style of art in which they were rivalled only by the landscape-lens of the photographer. But finding that the public got tired of seeing 'every part of the picture down to the minutest blade of grass, to a chip or a shaving . . . imitated from the natural object,' and what was much more important, that the public buttoned up its pockets, this Society dissolved, leaving only a member or two who had the courage of his strange opinions.

The French School was hardly in a satisfactory state as far as colour was concerned, although their draughtsmanship was otherwise. Thus says Ruskin:—

'The French painters always chill the colours of nature as they lower them, by toning everything with grey, and thus not only alter the depth and pitch of the colour but the colour itself. They do not merely change its key, but debase its nature: that is to say, if they have trees to lower they turn what is in reality pale, *pure* green into dark, dirty green, when they ought to change it only into a darker green of the same purity; and if they have pale sand to lower, instead of lowering it into a dark yellow equally glowing, they lower it into a dark grey, and thus turn sand into

slime . . . If the sky had only been half as livid at the last eclipse of the sun as the French landscapists represent it on sunny afternoons, the birds would have gone to roost in a much more satisfactory way.\*

We must admit the truth of this, and we will listen to a well-known painter, who asks what end the realism which accompanied the sad national eclipse of colour had achieved? He tells you, 'It has given us portraits (badly painted mostly) of soddren beer and absinthe drinkers, moodily scowling at us with bleared eyes; it has given us hundreds of blue-bloused labourers of a debased type, doing nothing in particular; and thousands of ill-favoured, wooden-shod females, awkwardly perspiring in the sun.† A pleasant picture this! and now let us see, before we take up the thread of our story, what was the state of marine painting at the time of the great renaissance of English art, among the promoters of which Mr. Hook took so conspicuous a place. Well, pictures of the sea were plentiful enough, but their painters seem to have halted between two opinions. Some seem to have accepted gladly a very singular piece of teaching given by a really great authority on painting, to a young artist who had ventured to depict a green sea:—

' . . . all the parts separately are extremely well painted; but there wants a harmony in the whole together: there is no union between the clouds, the sea, and the sails. Though the sea appears sometimes as green as you have painted it, yet it is a choice very unfavourable to the art: it seems to me absolutely necessary, in order to produce harmony, and that the picture should appear to be painted, as the phrase is, from one palette, that those three great objects of ship-painting should be much the same colour, as was the practice of Vandervelde; and he seems to have been driven to this conduct by necessity. Whatever colour predominates in a picture, that colour must be introduced in other parts; but no green colour, such as you have given to the sea, can make a part of the sky. I believe the truth is, that however the sea may appear green when you are looking down upon it, and it is very near—at such distance as your ships are supposed to be, it assumes the colour of the sky.‡

The illustrious President of the Royal Academy then advises the would-be colourist, 'above all things, to paint from nature;' to carry his 'palette and pencils to the water side.' Seeing, no doubt, the fruitlessness of this portorage, if the sea, and sky, and sails were to be painted 'much the same colour,' another artist repudiated this teaching altogether, and was content to paint them comfortably 'at his easel in his studio, with conventional ability and lightly burdened memory.' Green as a May meadow, his waves 'comported themselves in a very

exemplary manner,' as a canny Scot once remarked of a rough sea by a well-known Academician. They obligingly stood still that we might be quite certain about every speck of foam and scrap of weed, and the patterns of the newly-painted buoys, always put in so as to compose well. This gentleman 'used to paint fishing-boats for us in a fresh breeze "Off Dover," "Off Ramsgate," "Off the Needles"—off everywhere on the south coast where anybody had been last autumn.' And as for sails and cordage



A DREAM OF VENICE. (1850.)

and such unimportant trifles, as long as they 'composed' and were deftly painted, what matter if the flags streamed up wind, and half the running and standing-rigging were omitted altogether?

So now, having glanced superficially at a few of the phenomena presented by the exhibitions about the time when Mr. Hook was in the habit of contributing his figure-subjects to the walls of the great English show, we will return to the time when he determined, as he says, to 'follow his bent.'

It was in walking through the Exhibition of 1853 with Mrs. Hook, that a casual remark from one of the visitors, overheard by mere chance, caused him to make a resolution sudden, courageous, and original. 'Men,' says Ruskin, 'are made what they

\* Ruskin's 'Notes on the Principal Pictures, 1858.'

† Calderon's Address to the Students of Blackheath School, 1884.

‡ Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature.' An empty-headed comment from one of those who go to the Academy to see the pretty ladies, and who (with the exception of one or two of the worst pictures which they mark with a gold pencil-case) see little else—this comment fired a train of thought in Mr. Hook which ultimately led him away upon a delightful and congenial track, not ending (as end so many schemes) in an aerial castle, but in a good, solid, well-proportioned plan. Noisy geese, once upon a time, saved the Eternal City. Here, a timely cackle saved an artist from becoming perhaps one of those who were 'mere echoes of some Florentine voice.'

After the birth of his elder son, Allan, in 1853, he determined to wile away a month or so in the country with his wife and baby. 'I was always fond of the smell of moss—the smell of woods,' he says; 'and I loved to see the haze there is sometimes in a larch-wood. Even in the old Irish days I tried to paint pastoral subjects, and subjects from Goldsmith. My father was a border man, and there's a great deal in

blood, he was always sighing for the blue heather-bells of the North.' So Mr. and Mrs. Hook buried themselves, as some would call it, in the midst of the fir-covered hills of Abinger, in Surrey, where each valley had its clear rivulet, and often a slumbering echo. Now-a-days this lovely neighbourhood has been favoured with the patronage of certain fashionable Londoners. It has its round of garden-parties, and I dare say more and more 'desirable residences' are beginning to crop up among the trees, while the gay carriages dash by whole battalions of the valiant artist army. But thirty years ago, the only representative of the painters was Mr. Redgrave, who had a tiny, secluded cottage on the common, and lived there in quiet unbroken save by the jangle of a wether-bell or so by day, or the laughter of children, and at night only by the distant bark of a keeper's dog and the monotonous 'churr' of the night-hawks, busy among the million moths.

Of course Mr. Hook took down his tubes and brushes, though not with the intention of doing any

very serious work. Gun in hand, he sauntered about in the early morning, thinking more of the young rabbits, and I fear, even of the high culinary merits of certain song-birds, than of high art; but his resolution was recent, and the scenery tempted him to realise it. So his old energy asserted itself, and he set to work. But, instead of 'knights and barons bold,' or lovely Venetian ladies, he chose for his new subjects landscape idyls, as we may call them, such as the 'sunburnt sicklemen' and their dinner awaiting them at noon under the stooks, or the 'Southerne Shepherd's boye' lazily gossiping away a summer's morning on the hot, thyme-covered hillside, musical with myriads of bees, while his dog basks as lazily beside him till a sheep strays out of bounds. A pleasant contrast to this sunny subject—*The Birth-place of the Streamlet*—appeared in the same year. This picture was not exhibited till 1855, and was accompanied by the third and last portrait ever sent by the artist to the Academy, an admirable little work called *A Fracture*. A doll, whose strongly marked features are severely damaged by a fall, lies on a table before the



A FEW MINUTES TO WAIT BEFORE TWELVE O'CLOCK.  
From the first state of the Etching.

baby Allan Hook, who evidently takes his favourite's misfortune much to heart, and is uncertain, as he points to the cracked forehead, and looks at us with his great black eyes opened to their widest, whether or no to burst out crying.

The public were now finally to bid farewell to Mr. Hook as an historical painter, for only two more pictures of that kind were to leave his easel. These were *The Time of the Persecution of the Christian Reformers in Paris* and *The Gratitude of the Mother of Moses for the Safety of her Child*—if, indeed, such a subject may be brought under that denomination.

Turner stood at the head of the few who had achieved success in representing the marvellous beauty of nature, and those more subtle atmospheric media through which it is beheld by those who have the eyes to see. Mr. Hook now took a recognised place among the colourists, for he did not blink at nature through an imaginary fog—a dreary east-wind haze which seemed to cling round so many landscape-painters and to sadden their colour till it almost

reached the mournful mud of the French school. On the other hand, he avoided equally the errors of those for whom none of the pigments science had recently added to the palette were too gaudy. With eyes naturally appreciative and educated by the finest masters of the Florentine and Venetian schools, he looked humbly and with no presumption upon Nature, seeing all her delicate splendour and wonderful gradations of effect, through a natural and genial atmosphere. He was to find a place between two factions; between those who painted much more than they could ever naturally see, and those who painted merely from a 'lightly burdened memory.' He was to become pre-eminently a *British* painter—not merely a painter of the British school—to show to those of his fellow-countrymen who were not convinced by Turner, that

their despised land of fogs, had scenery and colour as beautiful in their way as almost any of the foreign landscapes at which they gaped over their Murrys. He was to reveal that our fishers and husband-men were not without dignity—were not sordid and ugly, but stalwart

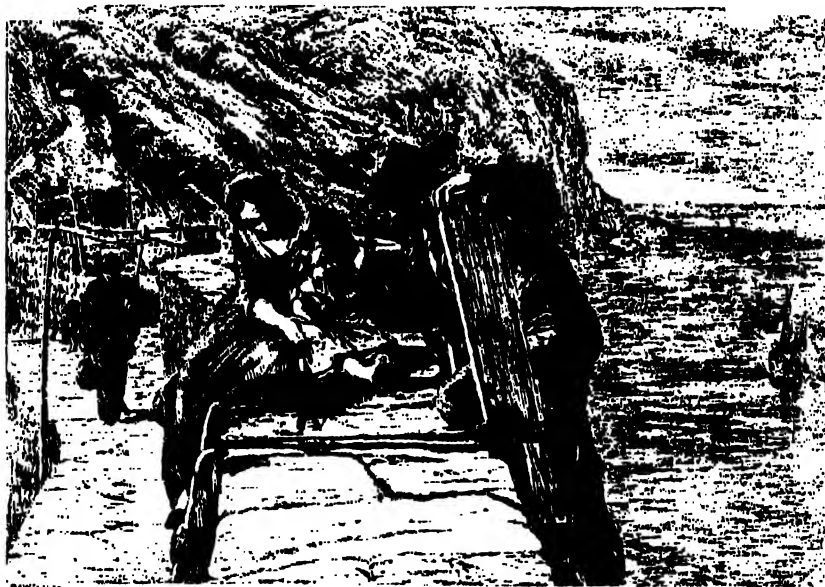
and handsome as any men in the world, and their brown arms as mighty still, as when in days of old they strung long-bow and arbalist against their enemies.

But it was not without some reluctance that he had determined upon altogether relinquishing a line of art which had given him all his early honours, for it could not be said of him, as it was said of Barry, that he had 'perched on the *unproductive* bough of historical composition.' No one could have laboured more diligently in amassing material useful to the figure-painter. At the time his career began, reproductions from old and valuable artistic works and from pictures, were few and far between and costly; so he had spent hour after hour in making elaborate tracings from books of costume in the Academy library, and from prints after Watteau (a favourite)—labours shared by Mrs. Hook, whose skilled pencil was always at his service. Was all this material simply to be thrown away, and was he to reflect that he had toiled in vain in the galleries of Venice and Florence? Such reflections may have disheartened him for a

moment, till he remembered that those studies had given strength and knowledge for the assault of ground hitherto unconquered, and beset with dangers. But neither the artist nor his admirers thought that before many years had passed, his historical pictures would be almost forgotten—surpassed completely by a new kind of work, the originality of which was to play no unimportant part, as I have said, in the renaissance of the English School.

In future, our subject was to abandon his studio in the cold London light, and to paint out-of-doors in the warm glow of the summer sun, surrounded with all the associations of the country—the sights and sounds and perfumes that go so far to make up its wholesome, renovating influence on worn minds as well as bodies. Even his easel was to be

original, for henceforth he was often to paint in places and in weather where one of the ordinary kind would not stand for a single moment, and only that of his own invention, guyed to a heavy suspended stone be able to resist the gale.\* His work, in short, was to become such



'THE FISHERMAN'S GOOD-NIGHT.'  
From the first state of the Etching.

as 'a painter may achieve, if with learning such as that Mr. Hook had mastered he refers to Nature for its application; not to Nature without learning, nor to learning without Nature.'†

If we had before us three pictures painted respectively in 1849, 1856, and 1882, and entitled *The Escape of Francesco di Carrara*; *The Widow's Son going to Sea*, and *Carting for Farmer Pengelly*, we should find typical examples (a), of the artist's early work, where the landscape is entirely subservient, and used as a background to the figures; (b), of a well-marked intermediate stage, where, though still secondary to the figures, the landscape is of greater moment, and becomes a more important factor in estimating the value of the picture; and (c), the last or present manner, where the figures are smaller and sufficiently removed from the spectator to become part of the landscape without detracting from its value. This

\* This easel is now used by most landscape-painters.

† F. G. Stephens.

third stage subdivides into three classes: (1), as in *Carting for Farmer Pengelly*, the sea and figures of about equal importance; (2), as in *The Mirror of the Sea-mew*; *The Broken Oar*, &c., where we have the sea and coast with birds, perhaps, but no figures; and (3), as in *Cow-tending* and *The Stream*, landscape with figures and nearly always with moving water. A few exceptional examples will be found among the others, such as *Cottagers Making Cider* (1868), where are large figures once more and a subservient background; *The Crabbers* (1875), of which the same may be said; and *He Shot a Fine Shoot* (1876), in which the figures are small and comparatively remote, the landscape important, and the foreground occupied by very carefully painted dead birds.

Bearing in mind that we have reached an important turning-point in the painter's career, we shall find these data useful if we wish to trace the evolution of his new style. To do this the better we must retrace our steps. It was in 1853, then, that he left the crowded ranks of the figure-painters, where originality was rare, the best subjects worn thread-bare, and plagiarism not unknown, to strike the new and hitherto unexplored track which would develop great powers hitherto latent. The first step was taken by the production of *A Rest by the Wayside* and *A Few Minutes to Wait before Twelve o'clock*; then, as I have shown, came a perhaps half-involuntary return to the old historical style, and a portrait; and then, at last, in 1855, we find ourselves drinking in the glorious sea-breeze straight from the Atlantic, as we welcome the *Bonny Boat*, or watch the fisherman say 'good-night' to his baby as he descends the ladder at the pier-head and sails away for a night with the herrings. Both these subjects were painted at Clovelly, then a little, quiet place, almost unknown even to artists, as I believe it remained till the appearance of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* when it gradually became a favourite resort of excursionists innumerable. If 'the stamp of original genius' had been seen, as Mr. Fenn says, in his friend's first landscapes, we may see it fourfold in these Clovelly pictures, for never before had the hale, stiff-handed men of our Western coasts nor the beautiful sea whereon they labour from generation to generation, been so painted. From that time nearly every exhibition was to show delighted Londoners the life and the homes of our British fishermen, from sturdy *King Baby*, who kicks and crows on 'the white sands of Iona,' to the old, battered fisherman, who, *Past Work* at last, sits with a little grandchild by a rusty anchor, typical of himself, watching a boat putting off from the Devon village that will soon see his face no more.

Many who have never seen the *Fisherman's Good-night* (painted in 1855) are familiar with the etching of the same subject which appeared in the Club work of 1857. The picture was painted at the end of

Clovelly pier, and one day its progress was rather suddenly interrupted. The man who is about to descend the ladder had, rightly or wrongly, been accused by his mates of some misdemeanour connected with their tackle, and they were not slow to let him know their minds upon the subject. As he was standing to Mr. Hook on the ladder, one of them shouted up from his boat: 'Paint him with a net on his back, sir!' a taunt which instantly brought the model face to face with his tormentor, whom he soon had under him. Down came the artist however, who, being the best man, collared and sat upon the enraged fisherman till the wives of the respective combatants ran up and took them into custody. The child who bids his father 'good-night' was painted from the artist's son, Allan, who thus early in life had begun his travels, and a few years later was promoted to be easel-bearer.

The same year the family were at Chagford, now as hackneyed and as dear to the amateur as Bettws-y-coed. They lodged over the village shop, in the usual compound odour of bacon, cheese, candles, and small chandlery—property so jealously guarded by its proprietress, that she locked up her lodgers every night for fear that the seductive scents should prove too much for their honesty. The object of their sojourn was the painting of *A Passing Cloud*—a picture whose composition is not altogether pleasing. A cloud has overshadowed the happiness of a young shepherd, whose sheep are turning into a meadow on the side of a lovely Devonshire valley. He appears to have quarrelled with his pretty sweetheart—perhaps about the letter on the ground—and is much more demonstrative in his grief than she, who merely pulls to pieces a flower in her lap, while the dog, evidently sympathetic, wavers between duty and condolence. The landscape of this picture is so beautiful, that one cannot but regret the large figures which force it into the secondary position of a background; and inwardly wish that both the shepherd and the very conveniently shaped hillock to which he confides his tears, were elsewhere.

In 1856 Mr. Hook's second son, Bryan, was born at 'Tor Villa,' who, like his brother, will be spoken of again.

Mrs. Hook being for once unable to accompany her husband on his spring ramble after the pictures were sent in, he took his other child with him and went once again to Abinger, whence he brought him home in due course clad in miniature smock-frock, yokel's hat, and hob-nailed boots, to surprise his mother. It was during this holiday that the background of the *Ship-boy's Letter* was painted—an upright picture, belonging to the same class as *The Passing Cloud*, though, I think, much superior, because the figures are more natural and homely. They have about them more of what Mr. Hook calls 'the soil-ed beauty of nature'—the word, as he uses it, being indicative of



the presence on clothes and hands, of our kind mother earth, in whose bosom (for all our contempt) we shall, all fall asleep at last, for—

‘Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.’

A companion picture to the *Ship-boy's Letter* represented the boy writing the letter, and was painted at Clovelly at a later date, but not exhibited, although engraved.

Leaving London after a few weeks, this time together, the family went again to Clovelly—a visit which resulted in one of the pictures to which I have alluded as being typical, and as representing the transition between Mr. Hook's figure practice and that of his later years. It is Clovelly pier which affords us another episode in the hard lives of mariners, *The Widow's Son going to Sea*. This time it is not a father's cheerful ‘good-night’ that we are shown, but a sorrowful parting. A

chubby little child tries in vain to comfort the woman, as she sits weeping on the stone steps, while her son silently swings himself off into a boat, steadied by a strong seaman, whose mate is lowering the heavy chest. The mainsail of the cutter in which the young man has shipped, is just being hoisted, as she is warped out round the end of the pier, and in the middle of the harbour some boys are intent on sailing a toy boat, an incident intended by the artist to give point to the sadness of reality, when going to sea has ceased to be the delightful dream of childhood, and means separation, hardship, and danger. The figures in this picture are large, and the background of land and water is entirely secondary to their interest, although painted very carefully.

An instance, indeed, of the extent of the care which Mr. Hook has always bestowed upon his work, and the endeavour to be true to nature, is found in the fact that to attain the precise point of view below the pier, but above the level of the boat, he had a stage built to work upon. Generally, it may be said of the pictures of this period, and apart from their colour, that, though conscientious, they are

hard; that the figures are in a degree, posed and academic. This would be at once apparent to any one comparing the picture last described, with *The Crabbers*, exhibited just twenty years afterwards, and in which the figures possess a very high and perfect quality, which is wanting in those of *The Widow's Son*.

The pictures of 1856 were the last finished in London. In spite of the yearly change, the artist's health continued to suffer from the impure air; and the inducement to remain in it, which his historical practice had held out, was over. Bronzed faces, and hands hardened to horn by means of grip-

ping the heavy tools of husbandry, stiff ropes, or clumsy oars, were not to be found among the Kensington models; nor clothes which exposure to all weathers, had endowed with real picturesqueness, and often with indescribably beautiful colour.

I have told how far away from brick and mortar dwelt the painter's real sympathies. ‘My longing for the country,’ he says, ‘was simply ravenous—an almost painful craving, and if I had resisted, it would have ended in some silly action.’ In this wise was the exodus:—The now defunct Etching Club was then an unbusiness-like but pleasantly constituted society, chiefly of a social kind, whose members very regularly entertained each other at supper, and very irregularly produced volumes, which



THE COAST BOY GATHERING EGGS.  
*From the first state of the Etching, with the artist's head above.*

included, as Mr. Hook says, 'some work which' has never been beaten and never will be,' ripe, honest, learned work, displaying to the full the true genius of the art, and depending, as so-called etching does *not* now-a-days, entirely on its own merits, without the potent help of the skilled printer's hundred tricks. At present our concern is with an invitation Mr. Hook accepted from Mr. Creswick (the member whose turn it was to entertain), not to the traditional supper, but to a country picnic. The place chosen by the veteran landscape-painter was chosen well, and I may search in vain for words in which adequately to describe its homely beauty. Little Hambledon it was, in Surrey, not far from the old town of Godalming, nor from the windings of the river Wey. Here, on the broad, close-cropped green, rival flocks of geese cackled and hissed the livelong day about their yellow progeny, till the summer's evening closed with the villagers' primitive and noisy game of cricket. Then in the contrasting silence, the white owl circled slowly round each prosperous farmstead seeking his furry supper, while his tawny cousin woke the echoes of the dense woods with a clear shout of defiance to his arch-enemy the keeper.

The club, bent on frolic and conviviality, but with keen professional eye to beautiful scenery, was delighted, and among its members none more so than Mr. Hook. So great, indeed, was his admiration for the little place, that he said, all at once, 'I'll leave London and come and live on this very spot, and let my house.' 'If you do,' said Mr. Holman Hunt, without a moment's hesitation, 'I'll take it.' So, then and there, they struck the bargain, thus brought about by another of those 'external accidents' of which Ruskin spoke. Mr. Hook is not a man who lingers when he has decided on a jump. 'I've done everything the next day,' he says, alluding to his habit of quickly making up his mind; and sure enough, the very next day after this eventful picnic he brought down his wife to look at her new home. They found a lodging in a little shooting-box belonging to a Godalming lawyer, and partly tenanted by his keeper. Ere many days more their furniture was warehoused in a great barn, 'Tor Villa,' delivered up to its new master, and little Allan routed in terror by the first flock of geese he encountered on the green.

Thus began a new era in the artist's life. His life had hitherto been artificial, and, in spite of the pleasures of society, for the most part against the grain. But he had 'followed his bent' at last, and at a time when he could do so without endangering his reputation. His work was already too much known and valued to allow him to fall out of people's memories for want of constantly calling on and dining with them. He took the wisest, and, as events showed, the most profitable course that was possible.

It is probably accepted by gamekeepers as an axiom that poaching and picturesqueness often go together in a man. Mr. Hook painted from models in the little shooting-box; these models were no doubt the most picturesque and the idlest inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and of the laws of the Medes and Persians few were more immutable than the British game-laws. So there came about a difference of opinion between landlord and tenant, and a consequent removal on the part of our family to a neighbouring house called 'Tigburn,' not far from Witley, which at that time was as lovely a village as you could wish to see. Secluded heaths and fertile farms were interspersed with dense pine-woods, where you might inhale the wholesome resinous perfume to your heart's content, and allow yourself almost to doze—lulled by the ceaseless sigh so peculiar to woods of this description—till you were startled by the sudden scamper of one or two of the innumerable squirrels, up the scaly bark, or by the discordant laugh of a green woodpecker disturbed in his dinner of the great red ants which raised their teeming cities from the dry earth and thick carpet of needles. The straggling village was formed of oak-timbered cottages, with lattices peeping out as coyly from under the mossy tiles as the ruddy children peeped at you from the porches of rose and woodbine, all unconscious of your admiration for such a delightful and intensely English picture. On a hill overlooking the weald, and near the village, was some land for sale, right in the middle of the pines—the immemorial territory of the squirrel and the ring-dove. Accompanied by his wife and one or two intimate friends, Mr. Hook went to look at this one day, and told them he thought of building there, and permanently settling down in the country. But Mrs. Hook was hardly broken yet from all memories of her cosy London villa and round of pleasant visits. Hambledon she liked, but here the tall, shadowy pines, gently swaying with mournful note, and shutting out the heavens, seemed almost funereal. No sound of the village life came up;—not even the tinkle of the distant forge or heavy rumble of a broad-wheeled waggon. For once, she doubted her husband's wisdom, dreading such a prospect of utter isolation from the world. As for her other companions, fresh from the pleasures of suburban life, they were emphatic and almost angry in their condemnation of so suicidal a proceeding as living in the country. 'Whatever *you* may think,' they said, 'you are not a sufficiently independent man yet, to dream of burying yourself here in this wilderness.'

'The great difference between men,' says Mr. Hook, 'consists in their power of looking ahead.' 'I had all of them against me, but through the firmness, I caught a glimpse of Chanctonbury Ring, and then I saw the whole thing finished before me.' He

saw, with the clear mental vision of imagination, as a foreground to the little bit of distant landscape, a comfortable house standing in a large garden in the midst of trees that seemed no longer mournful; the caves peopled with iridescent starlings, and the

little busy martins, clamorously eager for a house-warming on their own account, and fearing 'no enemy but winter and rough weather.' All this was accomplished, and in 1859 the pictures were sent from 'Pine-wood' studio.

A. H. PALMER.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, now open, differs from its predecessors not a little. The number of pictures does not reach a hundred and sixty; the earliest schools of Italy, Germany, or Holland, to which the fourth gallery is usually set apart, are not represented at all, and in their stead the Academy—taking a quite new departure—has filled the Water-colour room with a choice loan collection of sculpture, such as tabernacles, altar panels, and roundels in high relief, with bronzes, medals, and plaquettes, nearly all of the Renaissance period. For this the well-accredited treasures of Mr. Drury Fortnum, Sir J. C. Robinson, Mr. Geo. Salting, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. T. W. Green and other *cognoscenti*, have been laid under contribution. Amongst many bas-reliefs in gesso-duro and marble lent by Earl Wemyss is the original lovely profile *St. Cecilia* by Donatello, in slate, the copy of which is one of the happiest reproductions of the Arundel Society. Mr. Alfred Morrison lends an interesting case of medals. The contributions sent by Sir F. Burton, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Boehm, R.A., Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Boyce, show the individual taste in selection which marks the artist's choice from the mere collector's. This new feature of plastic art opens up an endless vista of material for future winter exhibitions, and, what is more to the purpose, greatly adds to their completeness for delight and for education on a broader artistic basis. The strength of the picture-galleries this season lies much in British art—the canvases of Reynolds, including the great Marlborough family piece from Blenheim, which it took the painter so much trouble—and so much snuff—to produce; the portraits by Gainsborough and Romney; and especially the work of English landscape-painters of the past century, Wilson (by whom are two lovely poetic scenes in the *Val of Langollen*), Constable, Crome, Callcott, and Turner; from the last great hand no less than four pictures—*Evening* and *Narcissus and Echo*, lent by Lord Leconfield, *Unlithgow* by the Countess of Camperdown, and *Key Bridge* by Mr. William Hollins—the four all lying within the period of calm power, full of quality and observation.

In the foreign schools, that of the Low Countries is scarcely so richly to the front in Gallery II. as usual, though the Teniers are good and the examples of clever, coarse Jan Steen, important in scale. There are, moreover, two fine portraits by Franz Hals, Sir Richard Wallace's well-known *Laughing Cavalier*, and *A Dutch Gentleman*, lent by Mr. Anthony Gibbs; and two delightful De Hooghies, the Duke of Wellington's *Music Party*, and *Courtyard of an Inn*, lent by Lord Wantage, to whom the Academy is especially indebted in this loan collection.

The most important items in the large gallery are, first, the three fine examples of Velasquez, *Figures and Still Life*, lent by the Duke of Wellington—a consummate example of reticent power and tonality in its scale of sonorous browns and greys, with the resonant touch of the single orange stopping a jar; little *Don Balthazar Carlos*, Prince of Asturias, from Mr. S. H. Fraser, one of the several fascinating versions of his boyish individualship; and *La Femme à l'Éventail*, from Sir Richard Wallace's collection, the curiously impressive portrait of a lady with melancholic cast of face and heavy eyelids, dressed in brown gown and black lace mantilla. Two replicas of this picture are in English collections, one of which has been shown here at a previous Winter Exhibition. Also has been seen before the large *Europa* by Titian, and Van Dyck's fine full-length portraits of *Philippe Le Roy* and *Madame Le Roy*. Particularly welcome among Lady Lindsay's contributions is the lovely oblong panel of *The Virgin and Child* against a landscape background, a most delicious example of the fervent beauty and mellow coloration of Giorgione. Out of the four

Claudes, including H.M. the Queen's *Europa*, the most redolent of the painter's charm is *The Enchanted Castle*, called also, after its theme, *Psyche abandoned, looking at the Palace of Eros*.

EARLY in January a loan collection of Japanese curios and beautiful objects was formed at the Fine Art Society's, and as an epitome of all the characteristic art of Japan, composed of exquisitely selected specimens, the exhibition is eventful. At the Burlington Fine Art Club from time to time special gatherings have been made of pottery, jade, lacquer, and so forth, and their exhibition in 1878 was similar to the one now open in general range. More recently Mr. Ernest Hart's fine things were on view at the Adelphi, when he lectured on the art of Japan to the Members of the Society of Arts. This connoisseur, and some six of the group of collectors who lent to the Burlington Club in 1878, are now amongst the forty-eight contributors to the Bond Street Exhibition, headed by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, whose lacquer is of world-wide fame. Especially notable are the sets of Tsuba or sword-guards, and the Ko-katana or hilts of the knife, in which the use of metal alloys is so triumphantly shown. The ivories, too, are of the most cunning in design and execution, whether *netsuke*—toggles, or *okemono*—ornaments to be placed and looked at. Of faience and ware, of bronzes and hand-painted *kakemono* or hanging scrolls, of lacquers and enamels, and all the other delightful things in which lovers of Japanese art revel, there have been gathered here consummate examples.

A COLLECTION of Japanese prints and printed illustrated books, coloured woodcuts, and so forth, is arranged at the Burlington Fine Art Club.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has been elected Member of the Royal Water Colour Society.

MESSRS. ELLIOT AND FRY have perfected a new process of photographic printing which they call mezzograph, and declared to be quite permanent. We have been favoured with some specimens of portraiture. The effect is certainly artistic in graduation of tone and a certain brilliance; but the oily glisten on the darks is unpleasant, and suggests hand-touching with some gummy medium. The method is an adaptation of the carbon process, and the invented speciality consists in the soaking of the transfer paper in a certain solution.

THE promise of gathering into the Grosvenor Gallery for the Winter Exhibition representative examples of a century of British Art, from 1737 to 1837, has been admirably fulfilled, and the result is one of the most interesting collections yet shown there. From Hogarth to Etty and Mulready, from Wilson and De Loutherbourg to Bonington and Copley Fielding, the interspaces are filled by an array of well-known British masters, about whom cluster the lesser stars of our school of the past, many of them probably now first brought to the knowledge of contemptuous youth, regardless only of contemporary constellations. To such the names of Chambers, Vincent, Barker, Wheatley, Joseph Severn, and Stark, are absolutely meaningless. And it may be doubted if Nasmyth, Morland, Barret, and Varley, mean much more. Sir Coutts Lindsay has done wisely to draw not only on the generosity of large and long established houses, but on the quieter homes of England, where hang pictures painted for their cherished places on the wall, or handed down with traditions of personal intercourse with the painter. The three rooms, with intermediate vestibule and gallery, are filled, and the only regret at the abundance is that, in the case of the fifth room, the closely packed smaller canvases overcrowd and hinder one another. To particularise the pictures worthy of record would be to quote most of Mr.



Stephen's abundantly annotated catalogue. Such a survey of landscape of the period illustrated has certainly not been before collected at one time, although finer specimens of individual masters have been hung at Burlington House from season to season. It must be added, however, that many pictures, in both landscape and portraiture, which this year adorn the Grosvenor Gallery, have previously been lent for the Academy Old Masters' Exhibitions. The gathering before us must be memorable for bringing together such masterpieces of the British school as Hogarth's *David Garrick and his Wife* and *The Lady's Last Stake*; Reynolds' *Mrs. Thrale and her Daughter*; Gainsborough's *Julia, Wife of the ninth Lord Petre*; Romney's *Louisa, Countess of Mansfield* and *Mrs. Carracardine and Child*; Opie's *Schoolmistress*; Mulready's *The Widower*; Lawrence's *Hon. Lady Hood*, called in the Catalogue the Hon. Mary Seaforth; Wilkie's *Letter of Introduction*; Eddy's *Robinson Crusoe*; Wilson's *View on the Tiber and View between Dolgelly and Barmouth*; Turner's *Somer Hill, Kent*, *Dunstanborough Castle*, *Concey Castle*, *The Village at Mazon*, and *Wreck of the Minotaur*; Constable's *Salisbury*, with the *Rainbow*, *The Glebe Farm*, *Hadleigh Castle*, and *Barge and Lock Gates—Stormy Weather*; 'Old' Crome's *Grove Scene*, *Marlingford*; Bonington's *Ships at a Pier*; John Linnell's *Crossing the Common*. The examples of Richard Bonington are numerous rather than of quite first class quality. Of John Sell Cotman the same may be said, though there are several interesting pieces. The large landscape by Copley Fielding, lent by Earl Wharfedale, is important in scale and a curious specimen of the traditions of the 'brown school,' to which, when painting in oil, Fielding clung, although in the water-colour medium no one could be more transparent. Of Blake nothing better is shown than *The Bard*. The specimens of John Varley and George Barrett are also very inadequate. These, therefore, are weak points in this otherwise complete and undeniably rich and delightful collection of a century of English art.

AMONGST the many picture exhibitions opened last month was a collection of work by Adolphe Monticelli, an artist born at Marseilles and deceased within the last two years, whose art, abnormal as it is, has attractions of a kind. The subjects are mostly fantastic visions of Court revellers and ladies in splendid apparel, within bowers or gleaming halls, and sometimes a dream of sylvan glades and pastoral nooks, and innocent life of the fields. In technical style Monticelli founded his art upon Diaz, in the same house with whom he lived for some time, although it is said the two men never made acquaintance. But the disciple outwent his master: where Diaz abhors an outline, Monticelli becomes formless and chaotic; the scintillating lights and restless darks of Diaz become a shaken kaleidoscope of splendid hues with his follower; the poetic and picturesque suggestiveness of Diaz reappears as the vaguest of hints at romantic action or fervid effect: like the blurred remembrance of a dream that makes one's heart burn with forgotten delight. Yet it is curious to note the purpose in this mad painter's freak. As we gaze at his glowing canvasses, where the thick pigment seems modelled and laid with a knife, in meaningless dabs and clots, the figures detach and round, the attitudes appeal, we strain our eyes at the poetic suggestions and move nearer to examine; when, alas! nothing is visible again but dabs and clots. The men and women have no faces, no hands, the drapery no folds, the trees no leaves. When we think of the fine drawing, the truthful research, of great painters, of the exquisite handiwork, touch upon touch, glaze upon glaze, of the early Italian or Flemish art, or the purposed characteristic brushwork of Rubens, of Velasquez, of Rembrandt, we shudder at this modern conjurer, and in all seriousness, while acknowledging the strange charm of his cunningly fused and disposed masses of colour and his trick of suggestion, yet deny to him the title of a true artist.

'THROUGH THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY,' by Professor Knight and Harry Goodwin (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a delightful book. The origin of the joint undertaking Professor Knight tells in the preface. Some years ago he brought out a book entitled, 'The English Lake District as interpreted in the

poems of Wordsworth.' His copy of this volume the artist for his own pleasure interleaved with sketches, as time and opportunity served, and the completed series suggested to Professor Knight the issue of the volume before us. The letterpress, however, follows a different plan to the former work; that was meant as a guide to the places described in the Wordsworth poems quoted; this is designed to connect, in the simplest way, the drawings with the poems or poetical extracts, which with them are self-interpretive, and the quotations are only in part the same as those published in the first book. What Professor Knight has sought to do seems done in the best way. Mr. Goodwin's drawings are of a technical quality which must suffer a little in engraving, the qualities being of delicate gradation atmospheric effects of a tender kind, and an effort to render the manifold tints and touches of nature. But, although a little feeble in tone, they are full of delightful truth and a refined sensitiveness to the peculiar character of the scenery which the 'Sage of Helvellyn' knew and sung.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL have been showing at their Bond Street Gallery some specimens of a new decorative material and process invented by Mr. Clement Heaton, and patented as 'cloisonné-mosaic.' On sheets of thick sheet copper the lines of design are raised in cloisons of bright or dark metal, firmly soldered on to the ground and filled in with a preparation of fine marble powder, bound by a medium of oleo resinous matter and wax on the encaustic principle. The surface, which at first presents a somewhat unpleasant oily shine, can be ground down, and, although without the crystalline tone of solid marble or the soft richness of oriental enamel, it presents a good glazed texture. The variety of tint produced seems endless, from shell-like delicacy of tone to deep azures and sombre colours. It may be presumed that the mode of coloration is part of Mr. Heaton's secret. As regards the encaustic, it may be remembered that John Gibson's pupil, Miss Hosmer, many years ago brought out a 'mock marble' for decorative purposes, of which, as of other inventions by that clever lady, one heard for a time only. The tone of Mr. Heaton's cloisonné filling is, however, susceptible of a mixed quality or play of one tint into another, produced by working variously shaded material together when in the soft state. Thus in the lapis-blue background of a panel of wedding dancers in white robes, designed after a Græco-Roman bas-relief, the colour quality is produced by green and blue commingled. Mr. Shields has furnished several suitable designs of singing angels, or mystic figures, which have been beautifully carried out in a brilliant light key with lines of gleaming gold cloisons. A reredos panel from Mr. Heaton's own design, an angelic figure with flame-coloured wings, promises to be very striking. Other plaques and tondi, with flowers on deep-toned grounds, have the value of large enamels. For decoration in architectural detail, in modified form for pavements, and for domestic use where marble or diapered wall would be employed, this new process is an added resource of great artistic beauty.

MR. R. W. MACBETH has completed for Messrs. Agnew the last plate in the series of etchings from the pictures of Frederick Walker, A.R.A.—namely, *The Bathers*. The picture, painted in 1866, passed eventually into Mr. Wm. Graham's collection, at the sale of which the bids ran up to 2500 guineas. Mr. Macbeth's plate is one of his noblest pieces of interpretive work; firm and luminous; strong without coarseness, and sensitive without feebleness; having that right combination of individuality of the etcher's hand, with truthful translation of the painter's work, which marks the highest class of interpretive engraving. The scale of the plate is ambitious—16½ by 38 ins. A word of welcome must be given to another less important but charming little plate, etched by M. Gaujean after the single female figure robed in deep lapis blue, called *Flamma Vestalis*, by Mr. Burne Jones. In treatment of the peculiar morbidezza of the painter's flesh painting, the tenderness of the etcher's mode is very happy; his line is sensitive, and the whole is silvery in tone. But, in attempting to render the splendid depth of the painter's blue draperies, M. Gaujean has fallen into monotony of ungraduated darks.

## A SELLER OF SHERBET.

BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

TALL, gaunt, and ragged—often naked to the waist, the vendors of Soobiya, Ercksoos, or Sherbet, are daily to be met with plying their trade amid the noisy bustle of crowded bazaars, or seen wandering patiently in search of a stray customer in the more shady and mysterious bye-streets and lanes of Cairo and other Egyptian towns.

Strapped to his waist is a sort of curved cruet-stand minus the handle and legs, in which are placed the glass drinking-cups to be used when some passing customer honours him with his patronage. Various kinds of vessels are used to contain the sherbet. That most commonly employed in Egypt is made of a grey porous earth, and is called *ibreck*; and is usually carried either on the back, under the left arm,

or, resting on a pad, in front of the vendor, and is kept in its place by a broad strap,—often the remains of an old trace patched up for the purpose. In Damascus the *hhemales*—as these men are called—sometimes carry a second-hand glass carboy, such as is to be seen in our oil-merchants' warehouses, and mostly of a dark bottle-green colour, with a sprig of orange-tree stuck in the neck. Frequently, however, a lump of ice is placed in the mouth of the *ibreck*, which keeps the contents delightfully cool and refreshing.

So, plodding on through the shady and slippery bazaars, bye-lanes, and patios, out into the dazzling sunshine, from early morning until darkness sets in, then only does the tired hawker seek his rest.

G. L. S.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### III.—HEARNE, ROOKER, MALTON.

CONSTABLE'S opinion of Cozens, as repeated by Leslie, is perhaps open to the charge of hyperbole, but there is no doubt that, if not 'all poetry,' the quality termed 'poetry' was the distinguishing characteristic of his drawings, and separates them from those of any other 'draughtsman' of his time.

The term 'poetry' is always difficult to define, and never more so than when used in connexion with landscape. It will I think be sufficient to think of it as a quality which in some way induces feeling in the beholder. The landscapes of Titian, of Claude, the Peussins and Salvator Rosa, are poetical; they impress the beholder with a distinct emotion. The landscapes of the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were not intended to do so as a rule. They were mere backgrounds not disturbing the sentiment of the figures, at most illustrating the story, unless the scene depicted required some landscape help, as *St. Jerome in the Wilderness*, which demanded 'horrid' rocks, or the *Adoration of the Magi*, which required a distant view showing the retainers of the Eastern magnates defiling through passes or winding through streets. In such cases landscapes were accessories to the sentiment of the figures. This accessory quality gradually became more sympathetic and dramatic, and reached its highest pitch as such in the landscapes of Titian. Landscape then gradually increased its power over figures until these became quite subordinate in the art of Claude. So the old landscape grew and

became a thing of poetry, but of poetry which was manufactured out of landscape to suit a literary sentiment.

Cozens' poetry differed completely from this. It was not the emotion that dictated the scene, but the scene actually beheld that dictated the emotion. It was a personal subjective emotion, the direct impression of Nature upon the artist. As Pope was to Wordsworth, so was Claude to Cozens. Therefore Cozens was not only an initiator in the matter of *technique*, finding in the slender resources of a few poor water-colours means to express many effects of nature hitherto unattempted, but he also contributed a new poetical element to landscape art. To his influence on his successors, especially on Turner, it will be necessary to return.

Between Cozens and Girtin no one of the first rank in the history of water-colour art can be named, but Cozens was not the only founder of the school, and his 'poetry' was not the most potent force in its formation. It grew from humbler seed. As with Paul Sandby, so with the whole school of water-colour landscape, the growth was from 'topography' to art. The topographer, the producer of the 'tinted' drawings, the precursor of Turner—Turner himself in his earlier years—was not called an artist, or a painter, but a draughtsman, and the draughtsman held much the same position and existed for much the same purpose as the photographer of the present day. He was not expected to produce a work of art, but a more or less faithful record of places, and buildings, and views.

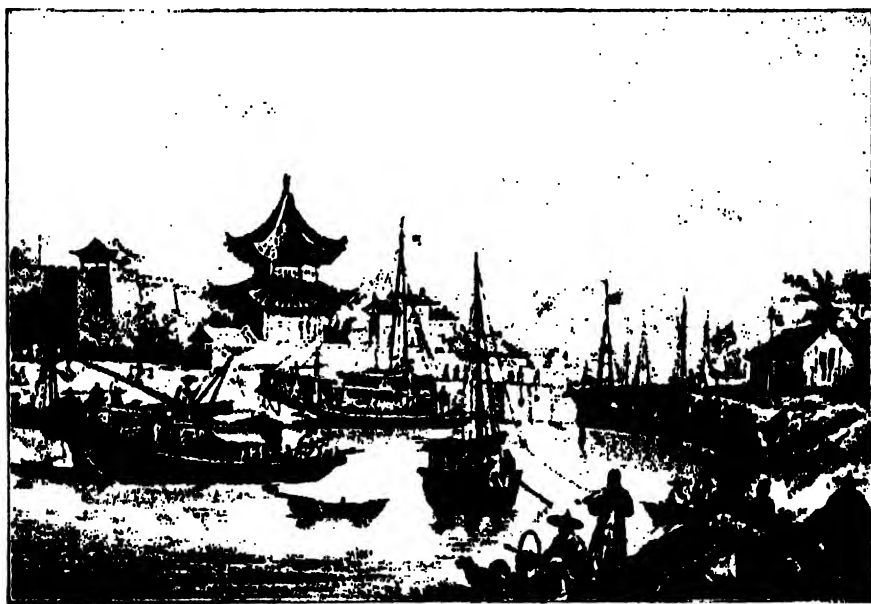
He was not greatly considered, perhaps, nor paid very highly, but he was in much requisition. There was a constant sale for engravings of 'Views.' The great Alderman Boydell had laid the foundation of his fortune by 'Views' in England and Wales, drawn by himself with little skill, and engraved by himself with little more. Views of castles and abbeys, of watering-places, and the scenery of Wales and the North, were popular. They were days of the revival of classical taste in architecture, of large mansions in town and country, built by noblemen and gentry, of landscape-gardening with artificial lakes and Grecian temples; and the skill of the architect, the pride of the proprietor and the curiosity of the public, found employment for the draughtsman or pictorial recorder of such notable works. It was the day, moreover, of 'antiquities' and local histories, of researches by the Groses and the Whitakers at home, of the diggings of the Athenian Stuarts and Gavin Hamiltons abroad. Altogether there were many directions in which the draughtsman might hope for employment. If

he were of a roving turn, with a taste for adventure, he might accompany a voyage of discovery—like A. W. Devis (1763–1822), who as draughtsman in the employ of the East India Company was wrecked in the Pellew Islands; or like John Webber (1752–1792), afterwards R.A., who accompanied Captain Cook on his last voyage and drew the scene of his death, of which he was an eye-witness; or like William Alexander (1767–1816), who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy to China in 1792, and made a number of delightful drawings of China and the Chinese, full of vivacious and well-drawn figures, which are now deservedly prized by connoisseurs. At home, or on the Continent, the architects and the antiquarians, the patrons of art and the *dilettanti*, furnished a good deal of employment. We have seen Cozens travelling with William Beckford and Payne Knight in Switzerland and Italy; so William Pars, A.R.A., accompanied Lord Palmerston to Switzerland and Rome, and John Smith (1749–1831) earned his soubriquet of 'Warwick Smith' from his travels

with Lord Warwick in Italy; and many other instances might be mentioned of 'draughtsmen' similarly engaged abroad. But it was principally in England, especially in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that these topographical artists, going from place to place drawing Roman remains and Gothic brasses, churches and cathedrals, castles and abbeys, gentlemen's 'seats' and famous 'views,' acquired the skill and the knowledge of nature which form the basis of the English school of water-colour painting.

Sometimes they went, like Moses Griffith (born 1749, living 1809), in the service of an antiquary like Pennant; sometimes like Samuel Hieronymus Grimm (1734–1794), on the commission of a gentleman of taste like Sir R. Kaye; sometimes engaged

by or in partnership with the publishers of illustrated works on architecture, topography, and archaeology, like Thomas Hearne (1744–1817), and many others, including Turner and Girtin; but the training and the result of it was the same in all cases. It was prosework—at



THE GRAND CANAL, CHINA. BY W. ALEXANDER.

least in intention—this work of the draughtsman, and its main subject was architecture. And it is because the art of Cozens was from its peculiarly poetical character raised above the ordinary channel of progress, that I have treated him somewhat out of chronological order. This ordinary channel was one rather of business than pleasure—a canal rather than a river—and the vast majority of 'draughtsmen' had little poetry or genius, and would have had little scope for the exercise of either as long as they merely performed the work that was required of them. Architects and architects' assistants swell the ranks of these early water-colourists; and it was not of pictorial beauty that such men as Clérissseau, William Reveley, Robert Adam, or Nicholas Revett, thought when they were sketching in China, Greece, or Italy, for themselves or each other, or for the Dilettanti Society.

It is true that the use of watercolour was not confined to 'draughtsmen,' it was used, of course, by miniature-painters and some few figure-painters, and

also by landscape-painters at the head of their profession. There was Joseph Farington, R.A., for instance (1747-1821), the pupil of Wilson, a great man at the Royal Academy, who drew landscapes in water-colour as well as painted them in oil. There were also painters of sporting subjects, like Philip Reinagle, also a Royal Academician (1749-1833), and the fashionable teacher John Alexander Gresse (1741-1794), the pupil of Zuccarelli and the drawing-master of the daughters of George III., who would possibly not have liked to have been called a draughtsman. Then there were also a few marine-painters, among whom should be mentioned the Cleveleys, John and Robert; John (1745-1786), pupil of Paul Sandby, who held an appointment in Deptford Dockyard, and Robert (d. 1809), marine-painter to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. There was William Anderson also (1757-1837), originally a shipwright, whose works, according to the catalogue of the South Kensington Museum, 'show a practical nautical knowledge.' Perhaps the marine water-colour painters of this period, even including the best of them, Nicholas Pocock (died 1821, aged eighty), were not very great artists; and though they drew sea and shipping and sometimes great naval engagements with long lines of three-deckers and plenty of smoke, differed little from architectural draughtsmen, except that their architecture was naval, and water took the place of land. Their works can be studied at South Kensington and the British Museum, but neither they nor the Faringtons, nor the Gresses, count for very much in the history of English water-colour.

But Pocock should be excepted, and should also be mentioned as a landscape-painter. He did not draw very well, his trees and mountains and clouds are conventional and poor in form; but he had a sense of composition, and some of his drawings, with their tender blue distances and warm foregrounds, are pretty, and show enough artistic taste to entitle him to a place among the more modest precursors of Girtin and Turner. It is, however, among the architectural draughtsmen that most of these will be found.

One of them was Michael Angelo Rooker, A.R.A. (1743-1801), the son of the engraver, and himself one till his sight became impaired. He is another of the artists who gained instruction from Paul Sandby, but he also studied at the St. Martin's Lane Academy and the Royal Academy. After he gave up engraving, he became principal scene-painter to the Haymarket Theatre; and it was not till 1788 that he began those pedestrian tours through England to which we owe the majority of his water-colour drawings. They have a charm of their own, delicate indeed, not to be 'tasted' perhaps by all, because the limits of his art as he knew it have been since so

far overstepped by later men; but real enough for those who can make allowance for his disadvantages. He could draw architecture beautifully, and if he could not place the sun in the heavens, he could surround his buildings with an envelope of faint sunlit air. He drew figures also well, and knew how to introduce them; and his drawings are always delightful in taste and tone. If he was never strong, he was always a refined, picturesque, and unaffected artist.

The method of these early men was so much alike, the scope of their art so much the same, and the advance that they individually made in the art of water-colour so comparatively slight, that it is not easy to apportion to them their exact share in the progress. Every artist of any individuality adds perhaps something to the resources of art; but it is hardly necessary here to attempt to distinguish between the characteristics of such men as William Marlow (1740-1813) and William Pars (1742-1782), though both were of some note in their day, and the latter was much employed by the Dilettanti Society in Greece and Rome, and had his share with Revett in illustrating Dr. Chandler's 'Travels.' Of William Payne (of whose birth and death the dates are unrecorded, but who exhibited from 1776 to 1830) something more may be said. Although he was a mannerist, his manner was his own; and he became the most fashionable teacher of his day. He was one of the many artists (Haydon and Sir Joshua Reynolds among them) who were born at or near Plymouth, and is said to have been self-taught. His style is thus described by Redgrave:—'He had great dexterity of hand, working with the brush, almost excluding outline. His colour was brilliant; his style marked by vivid effects of sunshine and light and shade, produced by the opposition of warm colours and grey aerial tints.' This was his distinction, and he may claim to have advanced water-colour art in the direction of colour, and the expression of sunshine and atmosphere; but he was a poor draughtsman, and his foliage is of the most conventional kind. He is also noted for the invention of a grey or 'aerial tint,' composed of indigo, raw sienna, and lake, which was sold in cakes as 'Payne's grey.'

In all these artists, intermediate in skill between Cozens and Girtin, though in fact the contemporaries of both, and of Paul Sandby also, we see the craft of line and wash employed with various skill in representing scenery and buildings as faithfully as the means allowed, trusting to convention or traditional formulae mainly for their trees and skies, and only here and there aiming after a distinct pictorial idea, but gradually approaching nearer to the true representation of air, distance, and sunshine, and the establishment of a native landscape art based not upon the 'old masters' in oil, whether Dutch, French, or Italian, but upon observation of nature. It is all

honest, modest work, done without ambition of fame or prospect of large gain, but ever interesting and worthy of praise for its frankness and sincerity. It may seem to some to have its pathetic side also, this art so skilful and laborious and yet failing any great artistic result from the inadequacy of its means and insufficiency of accomplishment. The results seem smaller to us, perhaps, than they did to the artists, for we can and must compare them with the works of men who could not only draw architecture as well, but could draw trees, and mountains, and water, and skies much better; who could, in place of two or three faint tints, command all the colours of the rainbow and find means of expressing the most striking and the most subtle of atmospherical effects. But they could draw architecture, and in this respect at least might regard their work with something like complete satisfaction.

And having drawn their architecture, whether castle or cottage, well and faithfully, they had done almost all that was demanded of them; for, broadly speaking, to draw architecture was the '*raison d'être*' of the draughtsman,—the one thing he was expected to do perfectly. Some, like the Thomas Maltons, scarcely attempted to do anything else. The elder (1726-1801) is best known by his '*Treatise on Perspective on the Principles of Dr. Taylor*' (1775); the younger (1748-1804) has a special interest as one of Turner's masters. How much he taught Turner is a question. Turner is reputed to have said that his 'real master' was 'Tom Malton, of Long Acre.' But there is another story which tells that Malton could do nothing with him, and sent him back to his father as 'impenetrably dull.' At all events, Malton was quite competent to teach the young genius a great deal. Most of his drawings that I have seen—street scenes in London, some of them of large size—are

ably executed, the architecture drawn with great accuracy with a hard and precise outline, the figures well introduced and various, but rather tall and stiff, in brightly coloured costumes of the day. As records of the appearance of London at the time, they are valuable, but they have not much pictorial beauty. Some of Turner's early drawings are of precisely this character. But there are other of Malton's drawings which show something more than a draughtsman's ability in line and wash, have much tenderness in the

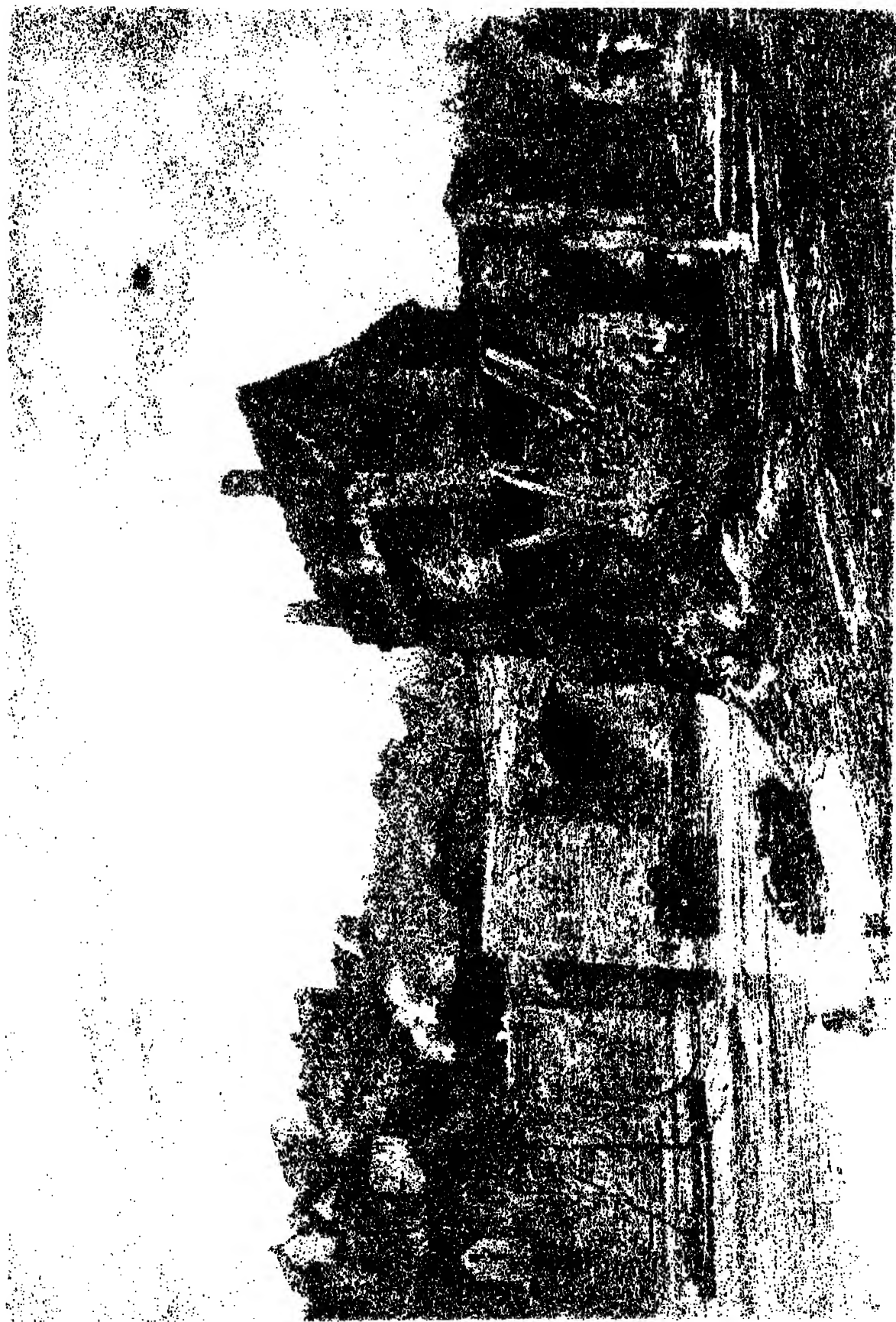
drawing, and a painter's feeling for arrangement and quality of colour. Such a drawing has lately been added to the other Maltons at South Kensington Museum. It looks as if it were by quite a different hand. The authorities there seem to be in some doubt as to which of the Maltons the different drawings there should be attributed. Some of the frames are plainly labelled 'Thomas Malton, Junior,' but in the Catalogue they are all ascribed to Thomas Malton, Senior. They are probably all by the son.



WALTHAM CROSS. BY T. MALTON.

The little drawing (engraved for this paper) to which I wish specially to call attention is of a Queen Eleanor's Cross, elaborately decorated and carved, with houses to left and right and a tree. The cross is beautifully drawn, not in hard regular lines as of a drawing pen but with soft and broken strokes of a lead-pencil, still observable under the light and delicate washes of water-colour. It shines gently in the sun, it gleams gently in the shade, and it throws a transparent shadow on the brick house to the left. Nowhere will you find brick-work much more beautifully painted than in this house, in shade or out of shade. It is the quality of the colour, its preservation of broad general tone, with infinite variety and play of colour within it that is perhaps the most remarkable thing in the drawing, but it is throughout













not only good, but choice in colour and altogether a masterly little picture worthy to rank with the best of Van der Heyden's Dutch streets. It is to be wished—it is often to be wished with regard to these early water-colours—that it were dated. Did Turner learn this quality of colour from Malton, or did Malton learn it from him? Such questions are always arising in examining these early drawings, for the progress was so rapid towards the end of the last century that the pupil of to-day might almost (if he were a Girtin, or a Turner, or a Francia) become the master of to-morrow, and Malton lived till 1804 and went on exhibiting till 1803, or one year after Girtin's death.

For this reason date of birth is but an insecure

three years and a half, 'making drawings of the harbours, forts, and other characteristic features of the islands, and for nearly two years after his return was engaged in the completion of the work.' This employment turned the direction of his art from engraving to drawing in water-colours; and in 1777 he, in conjunction with William Byrne, the engraver, commenced the most important undertaking of his life, 'The Antiquities of Great Britain,' for which he executed all the drawings, fifty-two in number, a task which employed him till 1781. The extensive tours throughout Great Britain required for this work brought him daily in contact with nature; and while in search of antiquities he discovered new truths, or, at least, how to paint



PENCIL SKETCH BY T. HEARNE

guide in tracing the history of water-colour art, especially as some artists began late in life. But yet it is some guide, and it will be seen that all, or nearly all, the artists specially mentioned in this paper were born in the forties of last century and had formed their style long before Turner or Girtin appeared on the scene. To these artists another must be added, the most important perhaps of all, as he was the most accomplished and complete. This was Thomas Hearne (1744-1817).

This artist, whose position in the history of English water-colour art has scarcely been sufficiently recognised, was a typical example of the 'draughtsman.' Like Rooker, he commenced life as an engraver; serving an apprenticeship of six years (beginning in 1765) to William Woollett. In 1771 he accompanied Lord Lavington, the newly appointed governor to the Leeward Islands; and remained there for two years. According to Redgrave's 'Dictionary'

old ones. He certainly advanced water-colour art considerably. In the use of his materials he was perfectly accomplished; he drew architecture beautifully, and in the drawing of trees and skies he excelled nearly all his predecessors. In the matter of foliage, indeed, he was in his earlier drawings conventional, and even in his latest somewhat mannered; but he always took great pains in the drawing of the trunk and the boughs; and it will be evident from the pencil drawing of which we give a facsimile, how close and fresh was his observation of nature, and what a sure, bright touch he had. His skies were freshly observed also. His effects were generally, if not always, of calm sunshine, and his skies were generally simple enough, the blue sky appearing through rifts of rather thin and ragged white cloud; but their perspective was always excellent, their design effective, and they are clear and pure as few of his contemporaries were. His distances in his

best drawings are sometimes admirable stretches of distant country, with spire and cottage and river and meadow sparkling in the sunlight, to the verge of a far horizon. In atmospheric perspective, in truth of sunlight, and in colour also, he advanced his art beyond the Pococks and the Rookers; and though Turner soon surpassed him in certain qualities, especially in warmth and gradation of sunlight, he was long before he could produce anything so perfect, as a whole, as one of Hearne's best drawings.

There are some good ones at South Kensington; the *Village Alehouse*, painted 1796, the *Monastery Gate, St. Albans* (1795), and two almost monochrome but delightfully silvery views of water and shipping, excelling, I think, in artistic quality any contemporary efforts in this direction in water-colour.

But none of these drawings equal some left by Mr. Henderson to the British Museum; where also his skill in portrait and lead-pencil may be seen in a pretty little portrait of Sir Joseph Banks, and another of Woollett, the engraver. There also is the pencil drawing we reproduce; and the original of

an etching of Shrewsbury (which is to appear with our next paper), showing the curious old bridge with houses on it, and their reflections in the water. Perhaps the finest drawings at the British Museum for distance and delicate colour are those of *Hitchin Priory, Herts*, and *Near Ashstead, Surrey* (1859, 5, 28, 211, 210). For elegance of composition (not altogether uninfluenced by Gainsborough perhaps) is *Near Witham*, with its well-drawn, and elegantly introduced cart and horses, and its moving water disturbed by the runnel which drops into it in the foreground; very good and original also is the lifted sky. This is probably an earlier drawing, and does not show quite the accomplishment of the *Hitchin*, nor of two beautiful drawings of *Chepstow* and *Monmouth*, which were executed in 1794. For elegance of composition the latter is the most charming of all, and its aerial perspective is perfect. Save in the suggestion of Gainsborough's feeling in the scene *Near Witham* all these drawings

appear to be quite original and fresh, except for some conventions for foliage, which were then common to all artists. It is not of his predecessors that he reminds one, but of his successor, Turner. A good opportunity of comparing their work (Hearne's later and Turner's early work) was afforded a few years ago by the exhibition of early architectural drawings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and in simple subjects, as of a church, or a ruined arch smitten with sunlight, it was not easy to give the palm to either. Turner's sunlight was brighter, Hearne's tone was more perfect. A comparison of the earlier Turners and the later Hearnés at the British Museum confirms the view that Turner was more indebted to Hearne than any other of the elder water-colourists, (with the exception of Cozens) and the reason

why he was so seems also clear—he was the best artist of them all.

I have said that Hearne was a typical draughtsman, and he was so whether we view him in his life or his work, or the result of both. He passed through all the experience of which a 'draughtsman' was capable.

His birth was humble (he was born at Brinkworth, near Malmesbury, and was intended for a trade); he was apprenticed to an engraver as some other draughtsmen were; he gained a premium at the Society of Arts a few years after its foundation; he had his voyage abroad, and his spell of pure draughtsman's work in a distant country; he took his pedestrian tours through the length and breadth of Great Britain; he was associated in the production of a great illustrated work on Antiquities; he exhibited his drawings constantly at all the Exhibitions (Society of Artists, Free Society, and Royal Academy) from 1765 to 1806; he was a frequent guest of that Mæcenas of draughtsmen, Dr. Monro of the Adelphi, and also probably of that other Mæcenas, Mr. John Henderson; he did as much as any draughtsman to advance his art from topography to landscape, and from tinting to colour; and, finally, he was ~~one of~~ those, and not the least of them, to contribute towards the education of the great genius of



VIEW NEAR WITHAM. BY T. HEARNE.

## THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

**T**HE history of the Knights of the Temple of Solomon, with its glorious deeds of chivalry and its lamentable ending, is, of course, familiar to all; and the beautiful little church which preserves their name, and which the Great Fire spared, is as well known to all visitors to London. The Knights settled first in Holborn, but soon transferred themselves to the New Temple, on the banks of the river, and the Round Church was built and ready for consecration in the year 1185. It was at a time when the Christian armies were suffering much in the Holy Land at the hands of Saladin; and the Patriarch Heraclius, with the Masters of the Templars and the Hospitallers, had come to Europe to entreat fresh assistance. The two orders both made use of the Patriarch while in England; the Hospitallers persuading him to consecrate their church at Clerkenwell, and the Templars their newly-finished church of St. Mary. The later part of the church was built at the beginning of the following century, being consecrated, as Matthew Paris tells us, on Ascension Day in the year 1240,

in the presence of the king and many of his chief nobles. The church, therefore, belongs to the period of transition from the Norman to the Early English style. It is recorded that building was going on in the south-west part in 1695, and that in 1706 the whole was thoroughly repaired; and again, that between 1825 and 1827 much of the carving in the arcade of the aisles of the round church was renewed by unskilled and incompetent hands; but the thorough restoration, with the repainting of the vaults and the introduction of the stained glass, will be within the memory of most of our readers. At the same time were restored and placed in their present position the effigies generally called the effigies of Knights Templars, but really representing great barons who obtained the honour of burial within their walls. Of these, indeed, the earliest, Geoffrey de Magnaville, is said to have died excommunicate, and the Templars could not bury him until absolution was obtained, which was not for some years, and meanwhile they hung his body in a lead coffin to a tree in the garden.

## BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

### CONVERSATION II.

#### UTILITY.

**CRITIC.** The last time we met, we talked about nothing but the rivalry between the literary and artistic elements in illustrated books. There is another side to the question, which is the utility of illustration.

**POET.** Then we must leave out the illustration of imaginative literature altogether, for, most assuredly, there can be no sort of utility in obtruding drawings on a reader who is occupied with the conceptions of a poet or a novelist. It is as much an interruption as if you offered him cakes and apples.

**ARTIST.** Not quite, surely; for the cakes and apples would have nothing to do with the story.

**POET.** They would, at any rate, not pervert the author's conceptions by substituting others. I see no possible utility in turning great imaginative works into picture-books.

**SCIENTIST.** There is this possible utility-- that inertness of imagination in the reader may be helped by the clearer conceptions of the illustrator.

**POET.** They are not the author's conceptions, and that condemns illustration without appeal.

**ARTIST.** I cannot agree with you, because, in any case, the reader's conceptions are no more those

of the author than the illustrator's. It is quite a mistake to suppose that when you read 'The Newcomes,' you see in your mind's eye exactly the Colonel Newcome that Thackeray saw. Doyle's conception of the Colonel is not Thackeray's either; but it may be more vivid and more consistent than your own.

**ARTIST.** There is something to be said, too, on the side of study. The illustration of a book requires a great deal of severe mental application. The artist reads carefully with a special object in view, which is to invent the most appropriate visible personages. Even if he sometimes fails in this, there is one point on which he is always likely to give useful assistance, and that is, the true representation of costume and surroundings. Nobody without the help of an artist will imagine those correctly for any age except just his own; and even in his own time he will hardly go back more than two or three years. As an artist, I am accustomed to these things, and have made a special study of them; but when I had lately occasion to examine a boxful of photographs, representing my relations and some other friends in their costumes of thirty years ago, I could scarcely believe that they had ever dressed like that. An author cannot be constantly describing costume, if he did his books would read like the newspaper accounts of levees and drawing-rooms; but a

draughtsman can be continually describing dress, furniture, architecture—in short, everything that is visible—without making himself wearisome in the least.

SCIENTIST. You might add that an illustrator can give a very clear idea of the landscape of a particular country in which the scene of the poem may be laid. I remember a very good instance of that in Birket Foster's illustrations to Scott's principal narrative poems.

POET. The artists—or, at least, the landscape men—seemed to go about the country to hunt for local illustrations on the 'Land of Burns' principle. It is what I should call *guide-book* illustration of poetry.

CRITIC. That is not original. The word 'guide-book' was applied by Emerson to Scott's own work. He said, 'What did Walter Scott write without stint? a rhymed travellers' guide to Scotland.' If the poems are only a guide-book, it is natural that the illustrations to them should have the same character. Emerson's sneer, like most sneers, was a misrepresentation. Scott's love for locality made him localise the scenes of his poems, and this led tourists to visit the places mentioned by him. Wordsworth did exactly the same, so did Burns; and some travellers have even visited the ugly part of Spain that is associated with Don Quixote.

POET. I did not remember Emerson's hit, and did not intend to apply the word 'guide-book' to Scott's poems, which I fully appreciate. I was speaking of illustrations only, such as those by Birket Foster.

CRITIC. Very well; I will answer you on that ground. It would be a detestable practice (I have an impression that the thing has been done) to illustrate a poem with photographs taken directly from nature, because they would be so rigidly and topographically truthful; but in the case of Birket Foster, although he has more taste and judgment than imagination, there was much artistic skill and invention in the vignette arrangement of natural subjects—quite enough to lift his vignettes far above the level of simple photography. I see no discrepancy between them and the poetry they illustrate so far as the landscape is concerned, and as to the character of the border country in the illustrations to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and to that of the lake country in 'The Lady of the Lake,' we certainly get it far better in woodcuts of this kind than in ideal creations.

POET. You admit, however, that Birket Foster was of use only in illustrating the local element in Scott. Now, for my part, I cannot think that the love of locality in Scott, or in Wordsworth either, was a good thing for their art. It enchained both of them. Poetry should not live in the world that you can survey from the top of a coach, but in a sort of

no man's land that you cannot find on the maps. The fabled region of Lyonesse gains immensely from the absence of any geographical situation. Only fancy how disastrous the poetic loss would be if it were determined that Lyonesse meant the neighbourhood of Lyons, in France!

SCIENTIST. That is a question outside of the subject which occupies us. It is for poets to decide whether they will mention real places or not. When they *have* mentioned them it is natural that the illustrator should draw them, though I can understand that he would put himself in the wrong, by creating a discrepancy between his work and the poet's, if he drew them very prosaically.

CRITIC. Poets mention places out of affection, and this affection is in itself a poetic because a pathetic feeling. There is no sign that the habit will be entirely abandoned. Matthew Arnold's 'Thyrsis,' mentions 'the two Hinkseys,' in the second line, and the second stanza begins:—

'Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth farm,  
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
The hill, behind whose ridge the sunset flames?  
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
The Vale, the three lone wears, the youthful Thames!'

Later in the poem we find references to Cumnor, Fyfield, Ensham, and Sandford, all affectionately mentioned by name, because the writer's friendship for Clough had been associated with these places. Now, suppose that an artist were set to illustrate this poem, would it not be natural and right that he should sketch them? If the poet thought them worthy of mention, the artist might fairly conclude that they deserved a sketch. In the case of Cowper, who led a narrow, retired life, very intimately associated with one locality, Birket Foster threw an additional light upon the poetry by showing us the quiet English scenery in which the writer took his daily walks, and where he found much of his inspiration.

POET. I think it may be admitted that if a poet mentions places, an artist makes himself useful in illustrating them, provided he avoids the great danger of making the illustrations themselves prosaic. When, however, the poem is outside of locality, like Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' it is not so easy to see the utility of the illustrator.

CRITIC. He can only be useful in such a case when his imagination raises that of the reader to a higher plane than that which he would have naturally reached without assistance. It follows, therefore, by a rigorous deduction, that works of high imagination can only be illustrated by very imaginative men, and then we meet at once the objection that men of that calibre are sure to substitute themselves for the poet.

SCIENTIST. I wonder what Milton would have thought of Turner's illustrations to 'Paradise Lost.'

CRITIC. The probability is that he would not have understood them. But to descend to humbler authors and more recent times; we have evidence that some of our contemporaries looked upon their illustrators with a kindly eye, and even with sentiments of gratitude.

POET. That is truly surprising. Could you mention instances?

CRITIC. Yes, here are two or three. Anthony Trollope was extremely pleased with Millais' illustrations to his novels. He said he did not think that more conscientious work was ever done by man. He particularly insisted upon the pains that Millais took to study the works he had to illustrate. This is very interesting testimony. I can add another to it, not less interesting. George Eliot was pleased with Leighton's illustrations to 'Romola,' which she praised to myself for the closeness with which they followed her own work, and the characteristics of old Florence. I remember she particularly praised Leighton's conception of Tito, and it was easy to see from her way of mentioning Tito that the character was one of her favourite creations. We may add a third well-known novelist to the number of those who have been pleased with their illustrators. Dickens, in one of his prefaces, says of Seymour, who made the first drawing of 'the Pickwick Club,' that his happy portrait of Mr. Pickwick might be said to have made him a reality. I think I remember, too, that Thackeray praised Frederick Walker as an illustrator, and certainly he showed a deference to his talent by calling him in, or consenting to his being called in, to continue the illustration of 'Philip,' which the author himself had already begun.

ARTIST. There may, then, be something like gratitude on the part of an author to the artist who gives labour and talent to the illustration of his works. This is consolatory, for there is no harder toil than the illustration of a novel, and if the author is still living, one is anxious that he should be satisfied. It is much more convenient to illustrate a dead author.

SCIENTIST. The kind of art to be selected for the illustration of a story may be found by simple reasoning, but there must often be a difficulty about finding the *man*. Not that there is any lack of talent amongst artists, but the difficulty must be to find an idiosyncrasy answering nearly enough to that of the writer. The artist may be in sympathy with some of the author's moods, but not with all. Considering how rarely human idiosyncrasies coincide, and how especially rare it is for men of talent and originality to think and feel alike on more than a few points, I should conclude

that the choice of an illustrator must be one of the most perplexing difficulties in the business of a publisher.

CRITIC. It is simplified very much by the practical consideration that as, after all, only certain passages in a book are illustrated, the artist may find points of contact sufficiently numerous for the quantity of illustrations required. As a matter of fact, authors are illustrated very partially. The draughtsman does not accompany the author; he only joins him at different points along the road.

SCIENTIST. Now suppose a difference of idiosyncrasy of this kind. You have a humorous author who occasionally passes into caricature, but who is not habitually a caricaturist in his writings. You want, however, an amusing illustrator; so you get a caricaturist. He will illustrate some passages quite in harmony with the text, but his drawings will have a general aspect of caricature not in *general* harmony with the other. There may be a narrower idiosyncrasy in the illustrator than in the author. If the artist had the broader of the two idiosyncrasies, that would not matter, as he would only employ a part of it on the particular task.

CRITIC. Your observations about caricature might be supported by several examples. In former days, when Dickens and Thackeray were publishing their novels in numbers, the illustrations were always caricatures, and Thackeray himself seems to have had no other idea of illustration; yet, though a humorist, he did not go so far as that, habitually, in his writings. Dickens was more of a caricaturist in writing, and so, in his early Irish stories, was Charles Lever; still, they had not that persistency in caricature which we find in illustrations to their books. Hablot Browne's designs were clever according to the taste of the day; but on looking over them now we find them very monotonous in their extravagance, certainly more monotonous than the books that they embellished.

POET. For my part, I dislike all professional caricaturists and humorists: the people who set up for being funny men, and who must be funny habitually and at all costs, whether their wit comes to them or not.

ARTIST. Perhaps you do not appreciate humour?

POET. I beg your pardon. I am under the impression that I appreciate it more than the professional jesters do. It is the salt of human existence, just as the sweetest and tenderest affections are the honey of it. But we do not want either all salt or all honey. I can imagine a state of society vulgar enough to be unable to enjoy any literature but funny novels and newspapers; a society in which some American humorist would be at the head of literature, and some comic French draughtsman at the head of art.

CRITIC. Millais and Walker improved the illustration of novels because they were men of serious genius, with a faculty for gentle humour and satire besides. Very few professional humorists have ever excelled that scene between Lady Lufton and the Duke of Omnium in Millais' illustrations to 'Framley Parsonage.' There is no caricature in it whatever, but the very sobriety of the artist, like the reticence of well-bred people, adds piquancy to the humour of the scene. The same may be said of the refined comedy in the pictures of the elder Leslie.

SCIENTIST. We seem to have arrived at a practical kind of conclusion, which is, that novels should not be illustrated on the principle of the caricaturist, but in a manner free enough to admit either serious or humorous treatment. We may also consider it settled that illustrations of novels may have a certain utility, since the authors themselves sometimes feel grateful to their illustrators.

CRITIC. It seems to me that we have now almost exhausted the subject of utility in the illustration of imaginative literature. If you do not think it too presumptuous, I feel disposed to lay down a sort of rule or law about the utility of illustration.

SCIENTIST. Let us hear it. There is nothing like proposing laws, because the mere discussion of them clears up a subject so wonderfully.

CRITIC. Well, my law is this: *The utility of illustration increases with the preponderance of the positive element in the subject.*

SCIENTIST. You mean that in proportion as a work of literature assumes a scientific character the utility of illustration becomes more and more evident.

CRITIC. Exactly; and I will give you an instance. In my opinion, the use of illustrating Gulliver's Travels is very questionable—I would rather read an edition without engravings—and so it is with Robinson Crusoe. But when we come to real travels, such as those of Baker, illustrations become truly precious; and it seems to me infinitely regrettable that Mr. Palgrave had not opportunities for sketching during his exploration of the heart of Arabia. Here is another example. Suppose that a poet writes about a flower, as Wordsworth and Shelley have done, an illustrator will give us a drawing of the flower, very likely to be inaccurate, but whether accurate or not it is superfluous. On the contrary, when a botanist describes a flower, a good scientific drawing of it is the best and most valuable help that the student can desire.

SCIENTIST. In confirmation of your opinion it may be noticed that the illustration of scientific literature is often much more complete than that of imaginative literature. For example, here is Bentham's 'British Flora,' in which every plant is drawn, but you never meet with a poem in which every scene and personage is illustrated.

POET. So much the better for the artists, as it is said that they do not read the books they illustrate.

ARTIST. There is no necessity for reading the whole of the 'Faery Queene' in order to make drawings of a few incidents.

CRITIC. Certainly not, for it contains a quantity of stories that are very much isolated, quite enough to be taken separately, and some of them afford capital pretexts for pictures—I mean not only for illustrations but for paintings. The instance of Belphebe and the dove is a case in point. It gives a painter an excuse that he would not have had otherwise for painting a dove with a ruby hanging from her neck. This makes the bird more interesting, and, besides, the ruby is pretty as a bit of colour and ornament. Then the action of Belphebe in following the dove is entirely due to the poet. A painter would not have made her do this because he would not have been able to account for the action. Since the poet explains it for him, he is at liberty to adopt the subject, which is charming. It would be very unreasonable to argue that because a painter takes Belphebe for a subject he ought to have read about Calepine and the 'salvage man.' Who has read all 'The Faery Queene?' Possibly there may be some proof-corrector who has done so. Nobody else reads the poem through, but every one who appreciates English poetry has wandered about in it as we wander in a tract of country that is rich in beauty and interest. The case is much the same with Ariosto. As for anything approaching to a complete illustration of either Spenser or Ariosto, it would be overwhelming; the pictorial subjects are so numerous.

POET. What you have just been saying only proves the more clearly the *unnecessary* character of illustrations to poems. For if it is true, as you say, that only a few subjects out of many are illustrated, those which the artist passes by have to do without illustrations altogether; and if they can do without it so may the others.

SCIENTIST. That argument is certainly incontrovertible. When a publisher announces an illustrated 'Faery Queene,' the poem is not illustrated as a whole, but only a few passages. Illustration does not permeate the whole work as a dye stains water; it only touches it here and there.

CRITIC. I think we may conclude here our examination of these questions as concerning imaginative literature; and we may do this the more readily that it is really the most unsatisfactory part of our subject, although at first sight it appears the most attractive.

ARTIST. There is only one thing I should like to say. It has been thought by some painters that their art ought to be entirely independent of literature; and it certainly might be so, for there are endless subjects in nature. If I were a painter, I should besides



being what I am, a painter, my own disposition would naturally lead me to keep the two arts distinct, each to its own work. I cannot see that painting gains much from literature except the convenience of representing fictitious incidents that have been made generally known by means of popular books. Of course, the more popular a book is the better it is adapted for such a use. That is why the 'Vicar of Wakefield' has been so frequently resorted to by painters. Still, the 'fine arts' could do without Moses and the gross of green spectacles, the proof of which is that great schools of painting flourished before the days of Goldsmith.

SCIENTIST. Well, we have done with imaginative literature as a subject for illustration; now let us turn to something more matter-of-fact. What about the illustration of history?

**CRITIC.** Here I should feel inclined to exclude composed pictures of historical events that the artist could not witness, and for which he had insufficient materials. They are, I think, worse than useless, unless it be as models of artistic composition, and that is a subject not concerning the historical student. Such a student is not likely to get the least good out of a clever arrangement of excited horses and dashing cavaliers, neither is there any use in purely imaginary portraits.

ARTIST. So severe a doctrine as that would exclude almost all religious art, which is historical in a certain degree, but is without personal data. We do not possess any evidence whatever about the faces of the persons mentioned in either the Old or the New Testament. Would you go so far as to say that illustrations of sacred history are useless?

CRITIC. I was speaking from the point of view of a modern critic who can have no illusions. Religious illustrations may be of use in a simple state of society. We know that religious pictures are of immense importance in the Greek Church, which has to do with a vast and ignorant peasant population. As knowledge increases, that use of the religious picture diminishes. We find pictures and other images of great use in the Church of Rome, but they have not that religious sanctity and importance which they retain in the Greek Church. The reason evidently is that the Church of Rome has to deal with populations of a higher grade in civilisation. Then we come to the Church of England, in which pictures are confined to the figures in painted windows and to a very few mural paintings and altar-pieces. Again, whilst illustrated and decorated missals are extremely common, illustrated prayer-books are comparatively rare. Now, please observe that the Church of England has to deal with a population that is better educated than most of those which are under the spiritual authority of the Pope.

ARTIST. Do you mean to imply that the better a population is educated the less it will value and appreciate art?

CRITIC. Not in the least, but I do mean to say that the peculiar simplicity of mind that makes religious pictures credible belongs essentially to an early state of civilisation.

ARTIST. How does it happen, then, that such religious pictures as those of Titian, Raphael, and Paul Veronese, which are as much illustrations of the Bible as if they were bound up in the book itself, are still so highly valued that they occupy the most important places in the public galleries of Europe?

**CRITIC.** That proves nothing in favour of their utility as illustrations of history. Nobody believes in their historical value, and if they had great religious value they would be in churches or other religious institutions. They are now valued purely and simply for artistic merits, such as colour, drawing, composition, grace of attitude, fine arrangements of drapery, and so on.

ARTIST. Well, you will admit that modern religious painting may be of use when the artist does everything in his power to be truthful, even down to the smallest accessory?

CRITIC. I am aware that this kind of art *claims* to be a truthful representation of the scenes as they occurred, but it can only be so when abundant documents are accessible. In the case of sacred history these are wanting where most needed—that is, in the physical appearance of the personages. Some archaeological details may be given, but what are these? Pure idealism would be quite as satisfactory. At least, ideal pictures may be complete in their own way; whereas this pretended truthful art is incomplete, for it lacks what is most essential—the human beings. It is as unsatisfactory as would be a portrait-gallery of one's deceased ancestors done from living models in London.

ARTIST. Then what should you consider to be valuable as illustrations of history?

CRITIC. Portraits of distinguished men from authentic sources; careful topographic drawings of localities without artistic arrangements; accurate archaeological representations of architecture, costume, furniture, and, in short, of all the things that surrounded the men who interest us, and who make the whole past life of humanity attractive.

ARTIST. Your list of useful illustrations appears to exclude what is essentially art, except in portrait, where it might creep in. Your 'careful topographic drawings of localities without artistic arrangements,' and your 'accurate archæological representations,' are death to art by depriving the artist of his liberty. In doing such work he would cease to be an artist, and become only a draughtsman.



CRITIC. All that is perfectly true; and it only confirms my theory that illustration becomes more and more unquestionably *useful* as it abandons the imaginative—and consequently the artistic—qualities to move in the direction of science. Portraits from life are scientific things in comparison with imaginary figures of saints and martyrs. Topographic landscapes are scientific in comparison with those of Claude and Titian; whilst accurate archaeological drawings are in themselves purely scientific, however picturesque the subjects of them may be. There never was any accurate illustration of things in the pre-scientific ages.

SCIENTIST. Here, perhaps, you exaggerate, for I have certainly seen accurate representations of objects both in ancient and in mediæval drawing. I should say that the worst enemy of accuracy has been the search for the picturesque, and that did not come till later.

CRITIC. I ought rather to have said that the accuracy of drawing in the pre-scientific ages was of a very irregular character. The draughtsmen were sometimes accurate and sometimes not; and therefore not to be relied upon without first subjecting their work to careful analysis and criticism of a kind that requires a practised eye and a trained judgment. The modern picturesque, as you perceive, has been a terrible enemy of accurate drawing. Many things are not at all picturesque when correctly drawn, yet they can be made to look so by altering their character. The extent to which this is done can only be appreciated by knowing intimately some place that picturesque artists frequent, and then observing how they deal with the severer things in it. We may, therefore, add the pursuit of the picturesque, which is essentially modern, to the other enemies of the useful in illustration.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## CORREGGIO.

THE completion of these frescoes in San Paolo marks an epoch of importance in our painter's life. His reputation was now established in Parma, and new commissions were offered him on all sides. He remained in this city, probably still engaged in painting the convent room, during the remainder of that year, and we do not find him again in Correggio until May 1519, when his maternal uncle, Francesco Ormanni, died and bequeathed a house and some land to 'this his excellent nephew, Antonio Allegri,' in recognition of certain pecuniary services which he had rendered his uncle in his necessities. This inheritance involved the painter in a tedious and only partly successful lawsuit, which kept him in Correggio most of that summer. Towards the end of the year he married Girolama Merlini, the orphan daughter of an armour-bearer of Gianfrancesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, who had been slain at the battle of the Taro, the victory commemorated in Mantegna's famous *Madonna della Vittoria*. Tradition says that Correggio's youthful bride, only sixteen years of age at the time of her marriage, was the model of the Naples *Madonna*, sometimes called La Zingarella from the turban worn by the Virgin, and sometimes the *Madonna del Coniglio* from the white rabbit who sits up watching the pretty group under the palm-tree. The same features appear again in the small *Madonna* at Madrid, another of those graceful domestic scenes in which the Virgin is represented occupied, as any earthly mother might be with the care of her Child, now lulling him to sleep on her knee, now nursing and dressing him, or nodding

and smiling playfully as she holds him in her arms. Sometimes the little St. John is introduced offering the Holy Child fruit, as in the *Madonna* belonging to Prince Torlonia in Rome, and in another picture at St. Petersburg. Sometimes a tiny angel is seen presenting him with cherries and pears, and in one instance a seraph shades the Virgin's face with a palm-leaf, while his companion appears busily engaged in plucking bark from the trees. Often, too, the background of these *Madonna* pictures is enriched with a lovely stretch of landscape, steeped in the warm, sunny haze of morning or the tranquil glow of the evening light, a feature which adds greatly to their idyllic charm.

Many of these small pictures of family life, full of natural grace and tenderness, were painted during the first few years of Correggio's married life, but the best of them, the *Madonna* of the National Gallery, which takes its name (*della Cesta*) from the work-basket at the Virgin's feet, belongs to a somewhat later period.

On the 3rd of September, 1521, Girolama gave birth to a son, who was named Pomponio, and soon afterwards Allegri removed his family to Parma, where his three daughters were born in the course of the next six years. Great works now required his presence permanently in Parma, and already, in July 1521, while his wife was still at Correggio, he had signed a contract with the Benedictines of St. Giovanni Evangelista, pledging himself to decorate the *cupola* and *apse* of their church with frescoes for a sum of 272 ducats. During the next two years he was

engaged on this task, and it was not till January 1524 that he received the final instalment of the promised payment. The frescoes of the choir were ruthlessly destroyed when the church was enlarged in 1587, and the only portion that now remains is a fragment of the Virgin receiving a starry crown from her Son's hands, a finely conceived and highly characteristic group, which have been preserved in the public library of Parma. Those in the dome of the church are still to be seen, but have been terribly ruined by time and neglect. We who look to-day on these strange and wonderful paintings, blackened as they are by the smoke of incense, and half destroyed by the effects of damp and decay, cannot form any fair judgment of their artistic merit, and can only deplore the infinite amount of genius and labour that we see wasted here.

The conception was a bold one, impossible if you will, and certain of failure, but worthy of the great painter whose genius no bonds could fetter, no difficulties arrest. He who had transformed the convent parlour into a fairy bower, where radiant loves dance and play among leaves and flowers in the summer sunshine, now went a step further, and, instead of dividing the surface of the dome into separate compartments, filled the whole dome with one grand subject, *The Ascension of Christ*. In the centre the Christ, a colossal figure violently foreshortened, as if seen from below, soars upwards into the golden sea of light, while lower down gigantic forms of Apostles, Evangelists, and Fathers, are seen resting on the clouds, watching their Lord's ascent. Unfortunately, the chief figures are too much wanting in restraint and dignity to satisfy our sense of fitness, while the boy-angels, who ride on the clouds and gamble in mid-space, who play at hide and seek behind the fluttering drapery of the Apostles or with the Evangelists' emblems, disturb us by their impertinent frivolity. All that harmony of colour, that wonderful balancing of masses of light and shade, which excited the admiration of the Caracci and moved even Titian to envy and wonder, has utterly vanished, and hardly a trace of these beauties is to be seen to-day. We turn with relief to the fresco above the door leading into the cloisters, a lunette in which St. John is represented in youthful beauty, his pen in his hand, and a look of inspiration on his uplifted countenance. In spite of its darkened colouring and injured condition, this is a truly noble and impressive work.

The fame of Correggio was increased by these his latest achievements, and while he was yet at work on the frescoes of St. Giovanni the canons of the Cathedral, jealous of the decorations which this new artist was executing on so vast a scale for their Benedictine brothers, engaged Allegri to paint the choir and cupola of the Duomo for the sum of one thousand ducats.

It was not, however, until 1526 that Correggio set to work on the frescoes of the cupola, and they were finally completed in 1530. The great height of the Romanesque dome rendered his task still more difficult here than it had been in St. Giovanni. For the same reason it is well-nigh impossible for the spectator to gain a good view of the whole.

This time *The Assumption of the Virgin* was his subject, and in the lower part of the composition he placed the Apostles leaning on a balustrade which runs round the dome, and is intended to represent the sides of the tomb from which the Madonna has risen. Full of wonder at the sight which breaks on their astonished gaze, they turn their foreshortened faces heavenwards and express their curiosity and surprise in the most animated gestures. Between them child angels, the brightest and fairest of their race, are seen in every variety of attitude, swinging censers and holding candelabra in their hands. Their lovely forms breathe a grace so child-like, and are so real and actual in their appearance, that, with Annibale Caracci, we seem to catch the spirit of their merriment and hear the echoes of their laughter, until we feel that 'we too must laugh and rejoice with them.' Lower still, between the eight windows of the octagonal cupola, are the patron saints of Parma, St. John the Baptist, St. Thomas, Bernard, and Hilary, who gaze, like the Apostles, on the wondrous vision of the ascending Madonna, as, with head thrown back and outstretched arms, she soars upwards on the clouds of heaven. Above, in the sea of golden light which fills all the upper part of the cupola, we see the blessed on their thrones, and the Archangel Gabriel, who, leaving his seat in heaven, floats downward to meet her to whom he was sent of old. Below are countless hosts of angels who crowd about the ascending Virgin, singing and playing instruments of music, leaping and dancing in the clouds, and tumbling over each other in the maddest confusion of ecstatic joy—the strangest, loveliest immortals that ever peopled the paradise of a poet's dream.

This was the marvellous composition before which Annibale Caracci stood dumb with surprise, and which made Titian exclaim that if the canons had filled the cupola with gold they would not have paid the painter as much as he deserved.

And yet the mason's boy in whose eyes the angel hosts seemed a hash of frogs was not altogether wrong. The confusion of limbs in these myriads of foreshortened beings naturally produces this appearance, and shows how impossible, even to a master of Allegri's genius was the task which he had undertaken. The very perfection of his art, his resolute effort to make his creations appear real to the spectator who stands below, could but lead to this result. Still, with all their faults and failures, in

spite of all the havoc that time has worked, passages of rare beauty are to be found here and there in these extraordinary paintings. The life-like attitudes and expression of the figures, the masterly drawing and endless diversity of their movements, above all, the striking effects of chiaroscuro and the jewel-like brilliancy of colour which some portions of the frescoes still retain, rouse our wonder and admiration anew each time we stand in the old Lombard cathedral and see the morning sun light up the dim vaults of the great dome. With all his mistakes and failures, with all the limitations that we recognise in his genius, this man was beyond all doubt what his contemporaries called him—'*Pittore singularissimo*.'

The frescoes in the cupola of the Duomo of Parma were completed by the autumn of 1530, but the original scheme of decorating the choir with another series from Correggio's hand was abandoned. It is said that the canons of the Cathedral Chapter were dissatisfied with the result of the master's labours, and that the citizens of Parma made ill-natured remarks upon these novel conceptions of celestial bliss.

The death of his young wife which happened about this time may have further helped to throw a gloom over the painter's life, and as soon as he had received the final payment due to him for his work in the Cathedral he left Parma and returned with his young children to Correggio, nothing loth to recover his freedom and escape from the complaints of grumbling canons and ignorant critics. His talents and industry had ensured him sufficient fortune to provide for himself and his family; he had already two houses in Correggio, and he now bought a piece of land with the money he had received from the canons. With his great name and illustrious friends it would have been easy for him to seek a wider sphere, but he seems to have been singularly free from ambition and well content to spend his days in the comparative retirement of his little native town, free to paint what pictures he

pleased, and secure in the honourable independence which he had won.

The nine years of his residence in Parma had been a busy and fruitful period, and during the intervals of his labours on the great frescoes in the Duomo and San Giovanni, he had executed many other important works.

A fresco of the *Madonna and Child* in colossal proportions, which he painted for one of the city gates, is preserved in the Picture Gallery, as well as another representing the *Annunciation*, in which some of his favourite child-angels are introduced pulling the wings of the Archangel who delivers his salutation to Mary. The same collection contains two altar-pieces which were originally in a Chapel of San Giovanni, one a *Pietà*, the other, *The*

*Martyrdom of SS. Placidus and Flavia*. Neither of the two subjects was well adapted to Correggio's genius. The former is marred by the excessive display of grief on the faces of the Mariæ, and the exaggerated violence of their gestures, although the



FRESCO OF SAINTS. DUOMO OF PARMA.

dead Christ is finely conceived, and there is rare beauty in the countenance of the fainting Virgin, whose swoon is represented with marvellous power and reality. The scene of *Martyrdom*, on the other hand, is altogether wanting in dramatic force, and leaves an impression of marked feebleness, for which neither the sweetness of the dying Flavia's face nor the exquisite effect of light on the pale blue hills in the distance can atone.

Two other scenes from the Passion, both now in England, belong to this period. One is the well-known *Ecce Homo* in the National Gallery, a picture so Correggionesque in manner that the corroborative evidence afforded by certain *pentimenti* in the left-hand corner is scarcely needed to prove its genuineness. The figure of Pilate standing at a window in the background and pointing towards Christ as if saying the words, 'Behold the man!' is admirable. So too is the head of the soldier opposite who looks towards Pilate with an expression of mingled compassion and reproach, while the loveliness of the

Virgin's face needs no demonstration, but there is a want of nobleness in the central figure which, not even the touching effect of the bound hands can quite redeem. This picture was painted for Count Prati of Parma about 1525, soon after the completion of the frescoes in S. Giovanni.

The small panel of *Christ in Gethsemane*, now at Apsley House, evidently belongs to a later date, and was probably painted towards the close of Correggio's residence in Parma. Critics of all ages have agreed in giving the highest praise to this picture. Vasari, who saw it in Reggio, pronounced it to be the painter's finest work, and declared that it was impossible to represent light in a more real and vivid manner. Dr. Waagen used to say that nowhere else was so much of art gathered into so small a space as in this little picture, which only measures 15 inches in height, and 16 inches in breadth. And this praise is not extravagant. For all Correggio's peculiar qualities are combined in this little masterpiece, in which every detail is wrought

with the most exquisite finish. Seldom do we find light and shade more perfectly balanced or hues more delicately blended; and if time has dimmed some of the transparency of the shadows, the different gradations of light are still marvellously fine and pure in tone. A wonderful effect is produced by the dazzling brilliancy of the light which centres in the left-hand corner of the picture on the face and white-robed form of the kneeling Christ, and reveals the crown of thorns laid on the rocky ground beside him, and the consoling Angel who hovers in pitying tenderness above. All the rest is wrapt in gloom, and through the darkness we distinguish the sleeping form of the disciples, and the torches of the approaching soldiers further in the background, while through the twisted stems of the ancient olive-trees the light of dawn breaks on the tops of the far hills.

This famous little picture is said by Lomazzo to have been painted by Correggio in payment of a debt of four crowns which he owed to an apothecary.

Another story says that it was bought from the painter by Count Claudio Rangone, one of Titian's patrons, in whose family it remained until the close of the century. Afterwards it passed into the hands of Philip IV. of Spain, and remained at Madrid until it was carried off by Joseph Bonaparte, and taken after the battle of Vittoria from his coach by the Duke of Wellington, who restored it to Ferdinand VII. This monarch sent it back to the Duke as a present, since when it has been the chief ornament of the Apsley House collection.

It is easier to fix the dates of Correggio's larger altar-pieces. The glorified Madonna on the clouds, with St. Sebastian at her feet throwing his dying gaze in adoring love on the heavenly vision, was painted in 1525 for a guild of archers in Modena.

The celebrated *Notte*, which hangs by the side of the last-named picture in the Dresden Gallery, and has, in the same way, been irreparably ruined by cleaning and restoration, was ordered as early as 1522 by Alberto Pratonero for a church in Reggio, but



FRESCO OF SAINTS. DUCMO OF PARMA.

not completed until 1530. The beauty of the central group, and especially of the happy young mother whose face is illumined by the dazzling splendour which breaks from the Child, must originally have formed an effective contrast to the very realistic forms of the rough Lombard shepherds and peasant girls, who stand around shading their eyes from the light which floods the manger. This novel feature explains the extraordinary enthusiasm which the picture excited in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the excessive envy which it roused in the heart of the reigning Duke of Modena, who ended by secretly abstracting the altar-piece from its place in the dead of night. The *Holy Family*, in the Gallery of Parma, named, in contrast to the *Notte*, *Il Giorno*, owes its title to the clear morning sunshine which lights up the misty hills and distant houses of the background, and falls on the faces of the figures. Here the still, blissful expression of the Virgin's face and her downcast eyes are in the painter's happiest style. The muscular St. Jerome, standing on her

left, and the golden-haired Magdalen, who lays her cheek lovingly on the baby-limbs, have both been the subject of glowing eulogies, and the latter is certainly a remarkably handsome and graceful woman, although there is nothing about her to remind us of the penitent whose name she bears.

The picture was ordered by a lady of Parma, Donna Briscide Colla, as early as 1523, but was not placed above the altar of the church for which it was destined until 1528. The great admiration which the figure of Magdalen aroused may have



MADONNA OF ST. JEROME ('IL GIORNO'). GALLERY OF PARMA.

been the reason why about this time Correggio painted a single figure of the fair saint, whose earthly charms afforded him a subject so well suited to his genius.

It was of this picture that in September of the same year Veronica Gambara wrote to her accomplished friend, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua:—

'I should fail in my duty to your Highness if I did not tell you of the masterpiece of painting which our Antonio Allegri has just completed, knowing, as I do, how much joy it would give your Highness, who understands such matters so excellently. This picture represents the Magdalen in the desert, in a dark cavern, where she has fled in her penitence. She kneels on the right with clasped hands raised to heaven, imploring pardon for her sins. Her beautiful posture, the expression of lively sorrow, and her most lovely face, are so marvellous that all who see her are amazed. In this work he has expressed all that is most sublime in the art of which he is so great a master.'

Unfortunately, the picture which charmed Veronica has vanished, and none of the Reading Magdalens which claim to be original works by Correggio bear the least resemblance to the painting which she describes. Of these the most famous is the small Dresden picture painted on copper, which passed with the other art-treasures of the Dukes of Modena into the collection of the kings of Saxony. For some years doubts have been frequently felt as to the genuineness of this carefully finished and much-prized picture; and now Signor Morelli has practically settled the question and decided that this Magdalen, of which we hear for the first time in the eighteenth century, was the work of some Flemish follower of the Caracci school. His conclusion is chiefly based on the fact that paintings on copper belong to this later period, but the peculiar blue of the Magdalen's robe and the very minute attention bestowed on the fingers are both quite unlike Correggio's usual style.

The *Madonna della Scodella* originally painted for the church of St. Sepolero, and now preserved in the Gallery of Parma, was finished in 1530, the last year of Correggio's residence in that city. Here he returns once more to his old subject, and represents the Holy Family resting under the palm-tree. St. Joseph, standing up behind the Virgin, picks dates for the Child, and is aided in the task by boy-angels with sprawling limbs, who pull down the boughs with all their might, while one of their number, demurely seated on the other side, pours water from a jug into the bowl—*scodella*—in the Virgin's hand.

Finally, the *Madonna of St. George*, the last of Allegri's great altar-pieces, was painted for the confraternity of St. Pietro Martire, at Modena, after his return to Correggio, about the year 1531. The Virgin is here represented seated on a lofty throne, and so violently foreshortened that her knees appear drawn up to her chin. Below four saints are seen praying for the people. San Pietro Martire, the patron of the confraternity, the Bishop San Gimignano, a very youthful St. John the Baptist, and St. George with the dragon lying at his feet and two *putti* playfully trying on his helmet. The colouring and atmosphere of this picture have been entirely destroyed by repeated restorations, and both its general design and present condition compare unfavourably with the *Madonna of St. Francis*, that noble work of Correggio's youth, which hangs side by side with the *Madonna of St. George* at Dresden.

In these later altar-pieces it must be confessed Correggio's style has changed for the worse. His composition is wanting in force and solemnity, his faces are often affected and insipid, and his taste for exaggerated perspective tends to positive ugliness, while the trivial incidents he introduces are out of harmony with the general character of the whole. The old themes were worn out, and he turned



with joy to find inspiration in subjects more congenial to his taste, and which afforded his wild and poetic fancy freer scope.

After his return to Correggio, in the autumn of 1530, with the single exception of the *Madonna di San Giorgio*, he painted no more sacred pictures, but devoted himself to the production of classical subjects. His genius, we have already seen, had been long recognised by the princely family of Correggio, and it was probably the friendship of his great admirer, Veronica Gambara, for Isabella d'Este that led him to paint two pictures which were at Mantua in the year 1627, and were sold with many others from the Gonzaga Collection to Charles I. of England. One of these was the famous *Jupiter and Antiope* of the Louvre, which was bought by the banker Jabach on the dispersion of the Whitehall pictures, and at his death passed first into the Mazarin Collection and then into that of Louis XIV. This beautiful picture was held in the highest esteem by the art-loving Gonzagas, and when the people of Mantua heard that the bargain with Daniel Nys, King Charles's agent, was concluded, they endeavoured in vain to undo the deed and recover their lost treasure. They were right to grieve over the loss, for of all Correggio's mythological pictures this one is beyond doubt the finest and the best preserved. Antiope, or, rather, a nymph wearied with the chase, sleeps under an oak-tree which spreads its luxuriant foliage behind her pearly limbs. A bow lies at her side, a rosy little Cupid sleeps on a lion's skin, and a satyr, creeping through the trees behind, lifts the blue drapery which shrouds the sleeping form, and seems to ask how this miracle of loveliness has found its way into the heart of the forest. Nothing can exceed the depth and richness of the colour or the aerial tones of atmosphere and shade which float over the slumbering nymph. As Dr. Meyer remarks, Correggio has here carried the poetry of light and shadow to the highest point of perfection.

The *Education of Cupid* in the National Gallery, which also belonged to the Gonzaga Collection, changed hands many more times, and passed from Whitehall to Madrid, where it was owned in turn by the Duke of Alva, by Godoy Prince of Peace, and by Murat, who took the picture with him to Naples. After his death it was taken to Vienna by his widow, and there sold to Lord Londonderry, and by him to the nation. The picture suffered much in its travels, and portions of the surface have been obviously damaged, but there is still great charm in the trees of the background; and, above all, in the reading Cupid, whose face, shaded by sunny curls, is intently fixed on the open book which Mercury holds up before him. Venus, who, leaning against a tree, looks on laughingly at the lesson, is here represented with wings, just as in the frescoes of

San Paolo, Minerva is seen with a torch and the Fates with wings. Correggio, it is plain, cared no more for the rules of classical art than he did for those of ecclesiastical tradition.

These two pictures are generally ascribed to the latter period of the painter's residence at Parma. The other mythological works belong to the last years of his life, when he had completed his great tasks and had returned to Correggio. Chief among these were the *Danaë* and *Leda*, painted for the Emperor Charles V. According to Vasari, the Duke of Mantua commissioned Correggio to paint these pictures as a present for the Emperor. Charles had probably heard of the great master's fame from Veronica Gambara, when she was present at his coronation at Bologna in 1529, if he was not, as has been supposed, himself her guest during the following spring at Correggio. Or else he may have seen Correggio's works at Mantua in the palace of the Gonzagas, and heard of his genius from the lips of his own favourite artist, Titian. An old tradition says that the Venetian master saw Correggio in 1530 in Parma, when he expressed the warmest admiration for his frescoes in the Duomo and San Giovanni, and they may have met again during the following year when Titian was at Bologna. It is easy to see how much the two painters had in common; and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle consider that Titian was influenced in more than one of his later works by the remembrance of Correggio's masterpieces.

No picture has ever travelled further, or passed through a greater number of hands, than the *Danaë*, which, after all its adventures, has at length found a home in the Borghese Gallery in Rome. From Italy it was sent to Spain, from Madrid it was brought back to Milan, where, in 1580, Lomazzo saw and described it in the house of the sculptor Leone Aretino, who, as Giulio Romano before him, held the picture to be unequalled by any work of modern times. It next found its way to the court of the Emperor Rudolf II. at Prague, to be carried off by Swedish invaders with its old companion the *Leda* to Stockholm, where Signor Morelli observes, 'Poor *Danaë* must have been well-nigh frozen to death under the cold grey skies of the North.' If the common tale speaks true, the two pictures fared ill in the Scandinavian capital, where they are said to have been used as shutters to keep out the rain and wind from the windows of a stable. In this pitiful plight they were discovered by Queen Christina's court-painter, and brought by her to Paris. After changing hands several times they became, in 1722, part of the collection of the Regent Philip of Orleans, whose son Louis took objection to the *Leda* on moral grounds, caused the face to be cut out, and gave orders that the canvas should be burnt, a fate from which this picture was only rescued by the fortunate intervention

of a French artist named Charles Coypet. By some miracle the *Danaë* was spared, and passed with most of the Orleans pictures to London. Here it belonged in turn to the Duke of Bridgewater, to Mr. Hope, and a merchant named Emerson, and then returned to Paris, where it was finally sold as a copy to Prince Borghese in 1830. The wonder is that after so many journeys, and so many narrow escapes, this picture should still remain in a fair state of preservation. Danaë reclines, not like Antiope in a woodland scene, but on a rich couch, while Love with smiling face and outspread wings hovers near her as the golden shower descends, and two charming little *putti* with dimpled cheeks and earnest eyes sit at the foot of the couch busily engaged in sharpening their arrows. Every part of the picture is exquisitely painted, but its true charm lies in the fairy-like effect produced by the skilful distribution of light, which falls full on the glowing flesh-tints and rosy faces of the Cupids, while the form of Danaë is veiled in dim, transparent shadow. The mutilated *Leda*, with its head repainted, was sold to Frederick the Great, and in 1806 carried off by Napoleon from Sans Souci to Paris, but eventually restored to Berlin, where it still adorns the museum of that city.

Here the scene is laid in a romantic landscape. Leda, the central figure, sits with the swan in her lap and her feet in the clear stream of water where her maidens bathe, surrounded by a flight of swans who swim to and fro among them, and the god of Love plays his lyre from the further shore.

The Belvedere Gallery contains two other pictures, a Ganymede and the nymph Io, embraced by Jupiter in a cloud, which were probably also executed for Charles V., but are more injured and decidedly inferior in merit to the above-named works. Finer and more interesting in every way are the two tempera paintings on linen which were bought by Charles I. of England with the *Antiope* and *Education of Cupid* from the Gonzaga Collection, found their way to Paris after his death, and are now in the collection of drawings in the Louvre. These allegories were painted, we know, for the boudoir of Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, and are mentioned as placed over the entrance-door of her room in the inventory of the art-treasures in her possession at the time of her death in 1539.

Isabella herself, we may be quite sure, suggested the subjects of these paintings, which agree in character with the pictures by Mantegna, Lorenzo Costa, and Perugino, which already adorned her famous Grotto. One represents the *Triumph of the Virtues*, the other, wrongly described in the Gonzaga Catalogue as *Apollo and Marsyas*, is entitled *Vice bound by the Passions*. These subjects, which were so entirely in accordance with the spirit of the age and the taste of the scholars who surrounded Isabella

d'Este, were hardly well adapted to Correggio's genius. No painter ever cared less to moralise and to convey hidden meanings in his pictures, but his allegories are bright and sunny, and we see greater vigour in the composition and more attempt at dramatic action than in any of his other works.

In the former, three women, alike tall and beautiful, occupy the foreground. One of them, Justice, sits on a throne in the centre, clad in mail, and leaning on a broken lance; on her left is Fortitude, who, crowned with a snaky diadem, reposes on a lion's skin, and bears a sword and bridle in her hand; on her right Wisdom, a youthful form, is engaged in instructing the fair boy beside her. With one hand she measures the globe, with the other she points to the distant landscape, as if to say that the future, as well as the past, belongs to her. In the upper part of the picture three genii, with lyres, appear floating in golden light above the green trees which Correggio always loves to introduce in his backgrounds.

In the second allegory a half-naked man is seen bound to a tree while Evil Habit, a woman with vipers in her hair and at her waist, holds him fast, and Pleasure plays a flute loudly in his ear, and seeks to drown the voice of Conscience, who, clad in violet, darts vipers at him. In the foreground a laughing boy-satyr is seen dangling a bunch of grapes, with mischievous air, before his eyes. An unfinished *replica* of one of these tempera paintings, *The Triumph of the Virtues*, is preserved in the Doria Palace, with the figures sketched in on a brown ground in red, and black, and white.

The drawing has a peculiar interest, not only because its unfinished state gives us some idea of the painter's method, but because it is the last work that is left us from Correggio's hand. Before the colours were dry or the heads completed the hand that held the brush as few have ever handled it before or since was cold, and a premature death had closed Correggio's life. It is little we know of these last four years after the painter's return to his old home. Saving for one short visit to Parma in the spring of 1531, he seems to have lived at home in his own house in the Borgo Vecchio, spending most of his time on pictures for Charles V. and the Gonzagas. In January, 1534, his name appears as witness to a deed by which Gianfrancesco, the lord of Correggio, settled a sum of money as marriage-portion on his daughter.

About the same time he received a commission from the magnificent doctor Alberto Pancirolo of Reggio, to paint a lunette for an altar of the Church of Saint Agostino; and twenty-five gold crowns, the first instalment of the sum agreed upon, were paid him in advance. Five months later, on the 15th of June, 1534, Pellegrino Allegri, the painter's aged



father, restored the money because the contract could never be fulfilled. Death had stepped in meanwhile, and on the 5th of March, 1534, Correggio had breathed his last. He was only forty years of age, in the prime of life, and as his last works bear witness in the fulness of his powers. What fresh flights his genius might have taken had his life been prolonged as far into the century as that of Titian or Michelangelo, if he would have attained a higher development and revealed a more vigorous and dramatic talent, we cannot tell. The thin-spun thread was severed, and all the lovely fancies and magic effects that filled his poet-heart were lost to the world for ever. His death is recorded in the parish register of S. Francesco, and on the following day the great master was laid to rest in the cloisters of that church for which he had painted his first great altar-piece only twenty years ago. A wooden tablet bearing the simple inscription, 'Antonius de Allegrio, Pictor,' was placed on his grave and remained for more than a hundred years the only memorial of the famous painter.

Correggio founded no school and left no pupils to perpetuate his name. But by the end of the century his fame had spread over the whole of Italy, and during two hundred years his works were the object of greater enthusiasm and exer-

cised a wider influence than those of any other painter, Raphael and Michelangelo not excepted. That this influence was a baneful one no one will care to dispute. The path he had chosen was a dangerous one to tread, and even Correggio himself, with his ideal nature and splendid genius, had in the latter half of his career gone perilously near the verge, and often stooped to exaggeration and mannerism. In striving to imitate his style, the artists of the decadence only succeeded in copying his defects. They repeated his subjects and used his types without the promptings of the genius which had inspired him. They adopted his forced attitudes and violent foreshortenings without a touch of his joyous grace, and sought to represent the same subtle effects of chiaroscuro without the faintest spark of the poetry and love of beauty which had thrilled the man's whole being. The radiant gladness of his nature, the wild raptures in which he revelled, the spontaneous delight in lovely things, which had made Correggio the unconscious prophet of the last and most brilliant phase of the Italian Renaissance, had all vanished. The immortal fire had spent its force, and nothing was left the painters of the next generation but the dying embers of a flame which had once shone with light serene and glorious.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE New Gallery, under the management of Mr. Comyns Carr and Mr. Hallé, and of a council of the artists who supported those gentlemen in their secession from the Grosvenor Gallery, will be opened in May, at spacious and handsome premises in Regent Street, designed by Mr. Robson. Meantime, the Royal Academy has admitted into its body Mr. W. B. Richmond, one of the most prominent in the group of distinguished 'outsiders' who have hitherto found in the Grosvenor Gallery congenial opportunity for display of their talent and free appeal to the public, while their contributions raised the standard and served to make the fortune of the enterprise. The advantage of competition has limits, and this perpetual splitting up of the artistic camp in London into factions and cliques is, we must think, to be regretted for many reasons besides that of the wearisome multiplication of exhibitions.

At the end of January the new altar-screen, designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, for St. Paul's was at last exposed to public view. This is not the place to criticise this new, costly, and important feature in the architectural interior of the metropolitan cathedral. The acceptance of the design by the Dean and Chapter, and the application to it of a portion of the funds subscribed for the decoration of the church, caused a division in the original executive committee, some distinguished members of which, since deceased, retired in consequence. A protest has been entered in the public press by another well-known member, who also complains that the executive committee, as at present constituted, is too ecclesiastical in constituency, and lacks the presence of experts in art matters. The screen, as it stands, is an amplification of the original design, which consisted only of the central portion, an altar, surmounted by sculptured panels, the central recess, containing

a high relief of the Crucifixion, being headed by a pediment, and finished by a soaring superstructure, terminating in a statue of The Christ, with St. Paul and St. Peter below on lower pinnacles. To this central edifice were added side-wings, curved to the semicircle of the apse, with a row of detached columns on the second course, and having doors in the centre of each wing. The whole is carried out in Greek and Italian marbles of a creamy tone, with dark centres, the main lines being marked with gilded mouldings, and a broad and a lesser band of dark, almost black, marble running horizontally throughout the width of the screen at two intervals, the effect of which is strangely to cut the pale surface into sections, as viewed from the nave. The style is pseudo-Palladian, with excessively ornate features, among which must be noted, with doubt, the treatment of the marble columns that support the central pediment, and which are overlaid with heavy, twisted garlands in gilded and dark bronze. The screen is placed some fifty feet forward into the choir, and breaks and conceals the architectural lines of the apse, thus interfering with the unity and significance of Wren's design. One excellent result is, however, attained by the size and position of the screen, it effectually blocks out the abominable coloured windows in the apse. To this mere skeleton key to the new altar must be added an appreciative note on the beautiful marble pavement which is laid throughout the choir.

At Messrs. Maclean's gallery, for a brief period only, were on view a collection of water colour drawings in Florence by Mr. E. Bearné. This artist, resident in 'the City of Flowers,' has made it a labour of love to record the many historic and picturesque corners which modern improvements, one by one, threaten to sweep away, and his studies, over and above their

artistic merit, which is considerable, have therein much value. Following upon this minor exhibition came a gathering of nearly a hundred water-colour drawings, chiefly sketches, by that clever and delightful artist, Clara Montalba. Venice, Holland, Sweden, and England have furnished subject-matter for these drawings, which together make a *resumé* of the painter's recent works, exhibited already or otherwise. It matters not that Miss Montalba strikes a compromise with actuality to attain her juicy harmonies of olive and golden brown, of red and black and grey, of gold and grey; the concord is so absolutely right, the artistic fitness is so satisfying, that one accepts the result as holding a higher truth than mere imitative veracity—that of individualised impression and interpretation. As an example of crisp draughtsmanship and admirable colour, what could be better than the study of the *Flagstaff before St. Mark's*; *The Watch Tower, Amsterdam*; *Shipping on the Giudecca*; *Salzburg*; *Under Blackfriars Bridge*; *Turner's House, Margate*? We link a miscellaneous group; but one charm of this clever artist's work is the vigorous freshness with which she seizes everywhere upon the subjects that evoke and test her characteristic handling. Yet one word must be given to note a collection of M. Roussoff's Venetian sketches and pictures at the Fine Art Society's. Many of these have been seen at the same place before, but many also are newly on view. The Venice of M. Roussoff is not the Venice that Miss Montalba sees; to him the city by the sea glows, even in her shadowy places, with iridescent hues and pearly sheen, as an opal or a tropical shell, and, with firm and skilled hand and responsive vision, he notes the shifting splendours on crumbling palace wall and church, on shining lagoon and narrow water-way, on terrace-garden and among the fishing craft. A few studies at Ravenna include two impressive sketches in the pine-forest.

MM. BOUSSOD AND VALADON publish an etching by M. Waltner, after the striking profile head of a girl, *Regina*, by M. Henner. Mr. Appleton reproduces in mezzotint, for Messrs. Colnaghi, the picture of *Louisa, Countess of Mansfield*, by Romney, lent by Earl Cathcart to the Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, a portrait of unusual distinction and loveliness, which, from its cameo-like outline and soft breadth of light and dark, lends itself well to mezzotint.

IT is disappointing to hear that Mr. Poynter's important picture of the *Queen of Sheba* is not likely to be ready for this year's Academy show, nor Sir Frederick Leighton's *Andromache after the taking of Troy*. However, Mr. Tadmor will be to the front with a Roman episode of Heliogabalus smothering his guests under an avalanche of roses; and Sir John Millais, besides portraits and subject-pictures, will have two large Scotch landscapes.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE's latest addition to Continental guide-book literature—two volumes on Paris and its environs, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.—must be received with the gratitude due to the 'two years' conscientious labour' which he says he has spent on the compilation. Neither book supersedes the best guides already published, for Mr. Hare's mode of arrangement lacks the ordinary traveller's information of a practical kind supplied by Murray, Baedeker, and other well-known tourist's companions, while it also, on the other hand, compresses or avoids the descriptive and critical detail to be found in purely literary and artistic work. Another reason, moreover, for accepting these volumes as supplemental only, is the almost amusing partiality which guides the author's choice of authorities and selection of points of interest on which to dwell at length. It has been said that the compiler of a dictionary betrays the colour of his politics, and undoubtedly an itinerary, when written by Mr. Hare, reveals not only his political sympathies, but the bias of his theology. The way to enjoy and

profit by this author's guides is to accept him frankly as a pleasant and instructive companion as far as he goes, to let him quote his favourite books, even though overmuch dealing with the anecdote of history, and linger over his favourite haunts, and sketch—prettily, too—his favourite points. He knows the ground well, and will take one into many a corner and by many a road which a less practised and discerning traveller would miss. He shows one what is left of old historic Paris, and indicates the sights of the modern town. His days near Paris comprise places of historic interest which lie within a broken circle, of which Compiègne, Meaux, Fontainebleau, Etampes, Dreux, and Mantes, are points on the outer line. Keeping the 'Guides du Voyageur,' by Richard and Joanne, to supply Mr. Hare's shortcomings, one does very well indeed. It is, by the way, an odd and almost unpardonable mistake to have left a map or two out of the scheme of any volumes professing to be guides; whether Mr. Hare or his publishers are responsible for the omission we know not.

A NEW review of art and archaeology is published in Rome, 'Archivio Storico dell'Arte.' The editor is Signor Gnoli, and a cosmopolitan character marks the contents of the first number. Among the contributors being Herr Tschudi, M. Eugène Müntz, and Mr. Richard Fisher, besides the Italian writers, Signor Venturi, &c.

THE clever etcher, Mr. Jacobb Hood, has been illustrating a little book which reached us among the new year's publications from America. 'In His Name; a Story of the Waldenses,' by Edward E. Hall, published at Boston by Messrs. Roberts, is a tale for young folk, of considerable character and picturesque freshness, and Mr. Hood's very numerous in-the-page illustrations, though tiny in scale, are full of quick fancy, deft and suggestive in touch, and responsive to the quaint romance of the letterpress. The photo engraving of M. Chefdeville renders well the artist's ready variety of line, though a trifle untidy in the darks.

'SKETCHING from Nature, A Handbook for Students and Amateurs,' by Mr. Tristram Ellis, reaches a second edition among this year's issues by Messrs. Macmillan. It is a thoroughly practical little book, dealing in a straightforward, lucid way with the technical groundwork of painting out-of-doors. Simple principles of perspective, sensible hints on the why and wherefore of the appearances of things, and on the limits of the sketcher's range, and plenty of sound advice on the point of tools and palette, with suggestions as to the best painters to study for instruction, are furnished without affectation. Mr. Ellis seems to us rather to mislead the beginner as to the real purpose of outdoor sketching when he talks about composition and selection; the complexities of picture-making being obviously ahead of the exigencies of sketching. A sketch for a picture is one thing, and a sketch from a selected scene or portion of a scene is another; and the young student should keep the difference well in his mind, for though in sketching you may safely strive to keep in view, as it were, the ideality of the scene before you, omitting from the facts such as disturb its significant character or beauty, and if you place figures, using only such as in appropriate type, place, and action, help the character as aforesaid, yet your primary object is to exercise your painter's faculty in the truth of nature, to reproduce the relative tone values (of which also Mr. Ellis speaks often and emphatically), to study accuracy of relative fact and individual instance, to saturate your experience, as it were, with the actual appearance of things, and train your interpreting hand in obedient response. The application of this your storehouse of artistic means to that near approach to a creation, to the production of that 'something between a thought and a thing,' a picture, must be reserved for a later stage in your painter's progress.

# THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

## IV.—TURNER AND GIRTIN.

THE first historian of the school of water-colour painting in England (indeed, if we except the Redgraves, the only one), was W. H. Pyne (1769–1843)—a writer, who had exceptional qualifications for the task, as he himself practised the art with much skill, and had seen it rise from its dawn to its zenith. He was also in a position and of a disposition to acquire special knowledge of its followers, as he was sociable and popular in the circle of water-colour painters of his time, was a visitor at Dr. Monro's, of whose house and the meetings there he has left the most lively record. There are a few of his landscapes at South Kensington, and at the British Museum, of much dexterity in execution and refined in feeling, but he devoted himself more especially to the composition of small and neatly-executed groups of figures 'for the embellishment of landscape,' over a thousand of which were included in his principal work of this kind, called 'The Microcosm, or a picture delineation of the Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures, &c., of Great Britain,' 2 vols. folio, 1806. His 'History of the Royal Residences,' with numerous richly-coloured plates, was another work of importance in its day, but it is more in connexion with his literary work—papers contributed to the 'Literary Gazette,' and afterwards published under the well-known title of 'Wine and Walnuts,' and his employment as editor of and contributor to the short-lived 'Somerset House Gazette' (1823–4), that he calls for any extended notice here. In the papers so published we find the first record by a contemporary of the foundation of the water-colour school, and of the early practice of Turner and Girtin, who between them liberated water-colour from the bonds of archaeological and topographical illustration, and made it rank as a fine art.

But before we arrive at the point from which we can best survey this practice something should be said of another artist who had no little influence on both these remarkable youths. This was Edward Dayes (1763–1804), the master of Girtin, who is held by some to have had more influence on Turner than Turner's own master, Thomas Malton. Thomas Malton is, on the other hand, considered by the same authorities to have had more influence on Girtin than on Turner. Such questions are hard to decide, especially in the case of Turner and Girtin, for Turner may be said to have formed himself upon everybody and Girtin to have formed himself upon none, or, in other words, even the early work of Girtin shows the preponderating influence of his own individuality, while Turner's early work

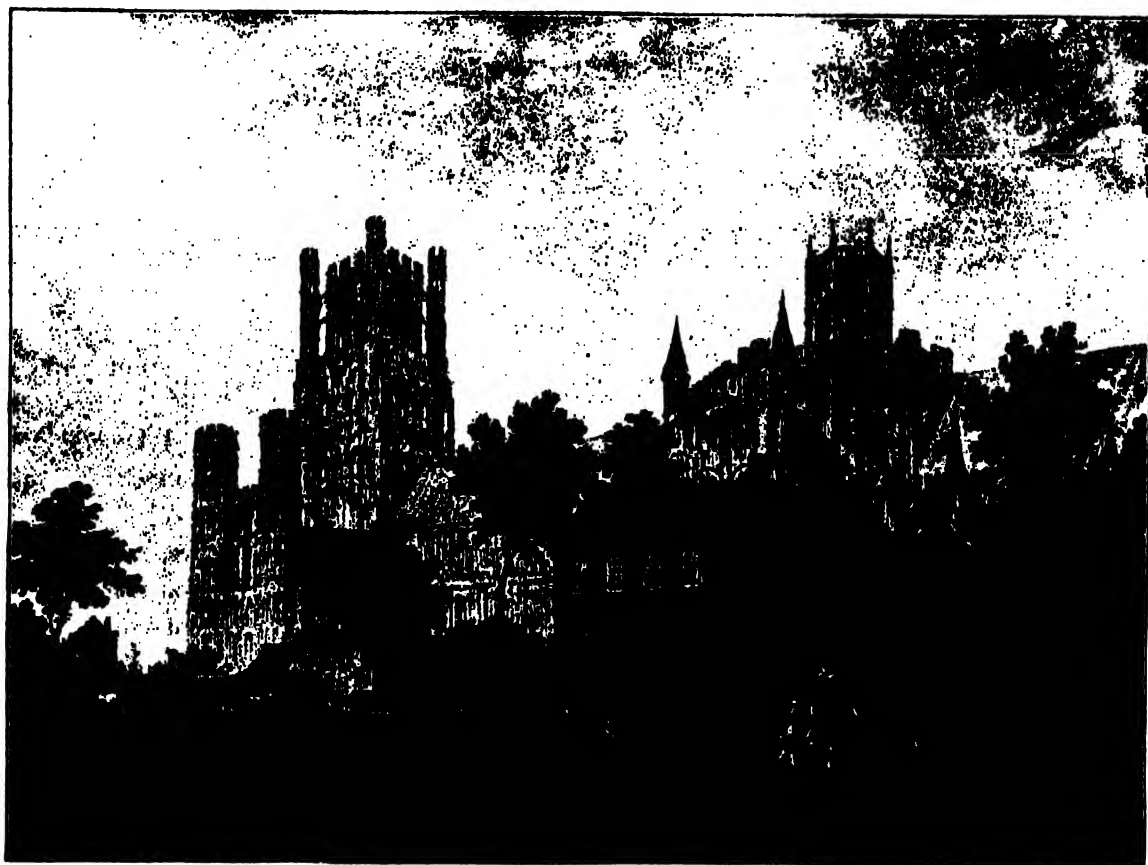
shows the well-defined influence of now one and now another artist (including Girtin), till long after 'poor Tom' had shaken off every trace of his studentship.

There is this, however, to be said in favour of the theory just mentioned, there are many drawings by Dayes of scenery in England—tinted drawings washed with gradations bluey grey for distance and sky, and with foreground deepened and strengthened with Indian ink—that might well pass, and have often probably been sold for early 'blue drawings' by Turner. An interesting sketch-book, full of such drawings, perfect in manipulative skill within their limits, is now in the possession of Mr. Crawford Pocock, of Brighton. On the other hand, the portfolio of drawings bequeathed by Mr. John Henderson to the British Museum contained several careful copies by Girtin, of Malton's drawings of London buildings. No doubt both the younger men profited in divers ways from the examples of both the elders, and there was not any one\* (with the exception, perhaps, of Paul Sandby) from whom they could pick up such varied knowledge as from Dayes. For he was a man of much accomplishment in different directions, a good draughtsman not only of architecture, but of the figure, an original observer of nature, with much feeling for the poetry of effect, and was possessed of an imagination that did not confine itself to mundane subjects. His art ranged from topographical drawings, 'neatly laid in Indian ink and tinted,' to *The Fall of the Angels*, and *The Triumph of Beauty*. I have never seen any of the scriptural and classic drawings which he produced in the later years of his short life, but the fine view of *Ely Cathedral* in the South Kensington Museum, and the views of *Windermere* and *Keswick Lake* which hang beside it, are quite enough to prove that in the practical treatment of natural fact, and in his knowledge of atmospheric effect, he went beyond most of his predecessors. Of the grace and ability with which he drew groups of figures the Museum also contains a good example in *Buckingham House, St. James' Park*, 1780, and his *Trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Abbey*, and two scenes of the *Royal Procession to St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving for the King's Recovery in 1789*, are works of the same order, well known by engravings. He was an engraver, a miniature-painter, and also a writer of some papers on Art, including one giving Instructions for Drawing and Colouring Landscapes, which is interesting as a guide to the practice of water colour before the revolution effected by his pupil Girtin. He gives but two methods, one the laying in of the shades with Prussian blue and

Indian ink, and the other the laying in of light, shade, and all with a dead colouring as in oil painting, but he specially warns the student against introducing the colour of an object in its shade, and the notion of commencing with local colour does not appear to have entered his head notwithstanding the example of his pupil. Indeed, he seems to have had a very inadequate appreciation of Girtin's talent. They had quarrelled during Girtin's apprenticeship, and the slight note which Dayes left about Girtin is chiefly condemnatory of his moral conduct (which both he and Edwards, not to mention later

stead of two years, as has by some authorities been supposed. The records of their early lives are so bound together that it will be as difficult as undesirable to dissociate them, but I propose as far as possible to treat of the elder first.

Thomas Girtin, then (1775-1802), according to Mr. Thomas Miller's '*Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views Sixty Years Since*,' published in 1854, was the son of a ropemaker, who died when he was eight years old. His mother was married again to a pattern-draughtsman named Vaughan, and Girtin lived with her at 2 St. Martin's-le-Grand till the



ELY CATHEDRAL. BY E. DAYES.

writers, have most unjustly aspersed), and ends by thus damning his art with faint praise.

'Though his drawings are generally too slight, yet they must ever be admired as the offspring of a strong imagination. Had he not trifled away a vigorous constitution, he might have arrived at a very high degree of excellence as a landscape-painter.'

Dayes, who does not seem to have had a very genial or amiable disposition, died by his own hand in 1805.

There has been a great deal of dispute with regard to the years in which Turner and Girtin were born, but, though no record of Girtin's birth has been discovered, it is now generally admitted that they were both born in the same year (1775), Turner on the 23rd of April, and Girtin on the 18th of February—a difference of two months in-

year 1796. Except that he began to draw early, we know nothing of him before his meeting with Turner, and their studies together at Dr. Monro's, and in the open air. Perhaps they first met at the Doctor's—perhaps at John Raphael Smith's, the engraver's (as Alaric Watts has it), for whom they both used to colour prints. John Raphael Smith (1752-1812), now best known for his celebrated mezzotint engravings after Reynolds and others, was also a good painter in oils and water-colours, and the master of De Wint and Hilton. He was, in addition, a publisher and dealer in prints, and it very probably was at his shop that the two met. At Dr. Monro's they certainly did, and at Mr. Henderson's, who lived next door to the Doctor in Adelphi Terrace. Dr. Thomas Monro, of Bushey and Adelphi Terrace, Physician of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, was a great lover of art and

a special encourager of the water-colour artists. He had portfolios full of drawings by old and modern masters, by Vandervelde and Canaletti and Titian, by Cozens and Gainsborough, Barret and Hearne; and at his *conversaciones* in the evening, artists, both young and old, would congregate. His portfolios were open for the young to copy, and Turner and Girtin were free to come and draw at his house in the evening, receiving their supper and half-a-crown for the evening's work. Mr. Miller tells us that 'Old Pine' (W. H. Pyne), of 'Wine and Walnuts' celebrity, used to say, 'What a glorious coterie there was when Wilson, Marlow, Gainsborough, Paul and Tom Sandby, Rooker, Hearne, and Cozens (Cozens),

of a tentative kind; every touch decisive and to the purpose. He copied also some of Mr. Henderson's own drawings, and his copy of Morland's *Dogs hesitating about the Pluck* is in a singularly free and bold manner, showing how soon he began to master his materials, and to *paint* in water-colours as no one had done before. This, in one word, was the distinction of his method, and is well described by W. H. Pyne, who was probably the first to put in print what has since been often repeated by others.

'This artist (Girtin) prepared his drawings on the same principle which had hitherto been confined to painting in oil, namely, laying in the object upon his paper with the local colour, and shadowing the same with the individual tint of



BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S PARK. BY E. DAVES.

used to meet; and you, old Jack,' turning to Varley, 'were a boy in a pinafore, with Turner and Girtin and Edridge as big-wigs on whom you used to look as something beyond the usual amount of clay.\* They drew also at Mr. Henderson's. Turner's preference was for Cozens and Hearne, Girtin's for Malton, Canaletti, and Piranesi. Girtin's drawings for Mr. Henderson are at the British Museum now, and are remarkable for the freedom and skill of their execution, grasping, as it were, the whole subject and rendering it in a faithful but still personal manner. The strength and accuracy of his draughtsmanship with the pen are specially noticeable in his copies of Piranesi's prints. There is no fumbling or work

its own shadow. Previous to the practice of Turner and Girtin, drawings were shadowed first entirely through, whatever their component parts—houses, cattle, trees, mountains, foregrounds, middlegrounds, and distances, all with black or grey, and these objects were afterwards stained or tinted, enriched and finished, as is now the custom to colour prints. It was this new practice, introduced by these distinguished artists, that acquired for designs in water-colours upon paper the title of paintings, a designation which many works of the existing school decidedly merit, as we lately beheld in the Exhibition of the Painters in Water Colours, where pictures of this class were displayed in gorgeous frames, bearing out in effect against the mass of glittering gold as powerfully as pictures in oil.\*

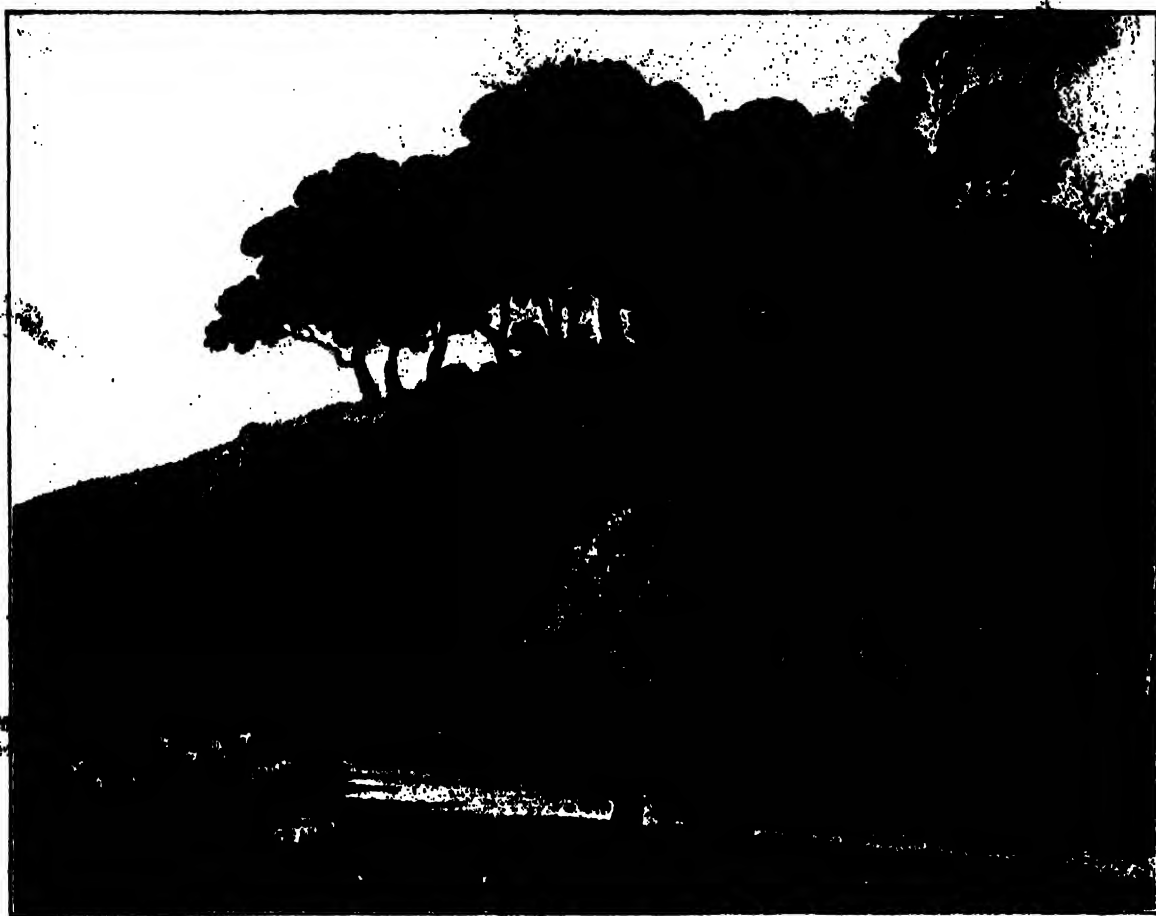
This and subsequent descriptions, though true in the main, must be accepted with some reservation. Girtin was not the first probably to dispense with

\* This spirited passage has often been quoted, but Pyne must have drawn somewhat on his fancy when he uttered it, as Wilson died in 1782, when Turner and Girtin were but seven years old, and Varley only four. Gainsborough died in 1788, when Varley was ten.

\* This was written in 1824.

the ground colour for shades. There is a drawing by Reveley in Dr. Percy's possession, a large view in Greece or Turkey, probably, with a mountain and a figure, the whole of which is put in in colours (and bright colours) at once. Reveley died in 1799, and this was probably drawn some years before. Moreover, Girtin himself used a preliminary light grey for some of his shadows, though he did not lay in the whole composition in neutral tint. His true originality in this particular consisted in regarding objects not as monochromes tinged with colour, but as coloured things modified by shade. No one could

manner of Canaletti, taught him all he needed in the way of art. He soon saw his way to express what he wished to express. He had an extraordinary gift of hand, a wonderful comprehension of any subject he chose to draw. At once he seems to have fixed in his mind an idea of what he wanted to represent—composition, colour, feeling, and all—and he went straight to work and realised it without doubt, or difficulty. Few artists can be said to have known so clearly what they wanted to do and been able to do it with so little check. Turner was often laboured, often puzzled, Girtin never was either.



A VIEW ON THE WHARFE. BY GIRTIN.

draw more correctly or cleverly than he did, but he soon regarded his outlines as mere indications to be obliterated, not filled in, with colour. They, and what ground colour he used for shade, were swamped with full washes and blots of colour or strong strokes with the red pen, by which colour, light, and form were broadly realised and fused together. In previous drawings the three stages—the outline, the shade, and the colour, were all distinctly preserved in the completed drawing. Those who wish to see what a master he was with the point should examine his pencil-sketches of Paris, executed in the last years of his life, and now in the British Museum.

Girtin's genius was one which ripened with extraordinary quickness. While Turner was still plodding on in his endless study, Girtin had already completed his education. The grand style of Piranesi, the large

In this, indeed, he was eminently blessed, not for ever like Sisyphus (or an art critic) attempting the impossible. But it must nevertheless not be supposed that his finest drawings, such as that magnificent one of *Bridgenorth*, of which an etching accompanied our last number, were completed without thought or labour, only that he began them with a clear conception to which he adhered. A writer in the Library of the Fine Arts (probably, W. H. Pyne) may be accepted as an authority on this point:—

‘It might be supposed by the bold and broad execution which characterises the works of Girtin, that they were mostly off-hand productions. The contrary, however, is the fact. It is true that he could sketch, and did occasionally dash in his effects with rapidity; but his finely coloured compositions, though apparently like the pictures









by Wilson, the result of little labour, were wrought with much careful study and proportionate manual exertion. In certain of his productions I have frequently watched his progress, which, like Wilson's, was careful, notwithstanding his bold execution, even to fastidiousness. It is true he did not hesitate, nor undo what he once laid down, for he worked upon principle; but he reiterated his tints to produce splendour and richness, and repeated his depths to secure transparency of tone, with a perseverance that would surprise those who were not intimately acquainted with the difficult process of water-colour painting, to produce works that merit the designation of pictures.'

The training of Turner and Girtin seems to have been as nearly as possible identical. They both coloured prints for Raphael Smith; both washed in skies and foregrounds for architects; both 'im-

wards knighted), T. R. Underwood, G. Samuel, P. S. Murray, John Sell Cotman, L. Francia, W. H. Worthington, J. C. Denham, and T. Girtin. They met by turn at each other's rooms, and each made a sketch from the same passage of an English poet. The host of the evening provided the materials and refreshments and kept the sketches. Some of these sketches are still preserved, and lately a little book once belonging to Sir R. K. Porter and containing probably a number of them as well as some others, was sold at Christie's for 120*l*.

Like Turner, also, Girtin went on his travels, sketching for J. Walker's 'Copperplate Magazine' or 'Itinerant.' Turner began in 1794; Girtin a year or two later. The most notable of the drawings executed by Girtin for this periodical were



THE MAYOR'S WALK, YORK. BY GIRTIN.

proved' the sketches of amateurs; both copied drawings at Dr. Monro's and Mr. Henderson's; both sketched in and about London, especially on the shores of the Thames between the Savoy and Lambeth. But two more different beings were never associated together, their characters and artistic tendencies were essentially distinct, and of the amount of affection that subsisted between them we have no sure knowledge. Being 'boys together,' it ought to have been warm and intimate, but Turner was so reserved and unsociable, Girtin so open and warm-hearted, that it is probable that they were companions rather than comrades, even in their boyhood; afterwards they went on more extended sketching tours, but they went each by himself, and when Girtin formed a little social coterie of sketchers a few years before his early death, Turner was not of the party. This, the earliest London 'Sketching Society,' was composed of ten members, some of whom became famous. Their names were: Robert Ker Porter, Augustus Callcott (both after-

perhaps, the *Bamborough Castle* and *Christchurch Abbey, Hampshire*, the former of which is specially admirable for the grandeur of its design.

Like Turner, again, Girtin's genius was greatly developed by a visit to the north of England. This was probably about 1796, to judge from the subjects of the drawings he sent to the Royal Academy. He began to exhibit there in 1794 with a drawing of Ely Cathedral, and in the following year he exhibited views of Warwick Castle and Peterborough and Lichfield Cathedrals, but in 1797 we find among his ten drawings Jedburgh Abbey, two of St. Cuthbert's, Holy Island, four views of York, and one of Ouse Bridge in the same city—that picturesque old bridge, with the gate-house, of which he perhaps left more drawings than of any other subject. In the north he made many sketches of pure landscape, recording the grand effects of light and shade upon the swelling moors and rolling downs, with a breadth and simplicity and a large regard to truth never equalled before. It is a pity

that his 'business' confined his art so much to the architectural—to the abbeys and cathedrals and the bridges of England. It is true that he treated them with a sympathy, a sense of their own being and beauty, in a word, with a poetic realism which not even Turner (who was always thinking how he could

improve them) could compass, but it is to be wished that he had left us more of the impressions of Nature received by him when alone with her 'over the hills and far away.'

This paper on Turner and Girtin will be completed in the next number of *THE PORTFOLIO*.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

ETCHING BY REMBRANDT. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND.

OF the three etchings by Rembrandt which bear the above title, two are upright and one a wide subject. This is the larger of the two upright plates.

Few etchings by the great master display his power in a more special sense than this. It has richness, splendour, and gloom, with great majesty of age, attitude, and costume in the priests (did ever priests more thoroughly maintain their sacerdotal dignity?), and this is contrasted with the most touching humility in Simeon, who kneels holding the infant Jesus in his arms. Here we have in the same work Rembrandt's two great gifts of grandeur and homeliness. But, besides these qualities, which may be appreciated by everybody who is able to read the mind and intentions of an artist, we perceive another set of qualities that can be fully understood only by the help of technical knowledge. As a piece of execution the work is a performance of consummate power. In reality, although the plate looks

rich, there is very little labour in it. All the important and brilliant parts, the faces and beards, the rich vestments, the staff and head-gear of the high-priest, are sketched in a few strong, well-bitten lines, and evidently with masterly rapidity, for work of that peculiar character *cannot* be done slowly. There is not an instant of hesitation, yet the lines are so expressive of rich mystery that we believe them to be innumerable. As for the background, it is nothing more than a filling up of the subject in dark tones, and could be done at speed, though the lines are thrown in by thousands. The reader will observe that there are varieties of quality and tone even in those darks which seem to mean nothing but the gloom of the Temple, and a column or two, or a half-visible arch. A performance like this is, in original etching, better than a month of cautious painstaking, but such scratching is leonine and beyond the powers of mediocrity.

EDITOR.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY HALLS OF WEST YORKSHIRE.

A COUNTRY of rugged hills—clothed often with dwarf oak and ash-trees, and crowned with open moorland, and with the golden hue of the gorse or the purple of the heather—and of rivers winding over rocky beds, and reflecting precipitous slopes where the cattle feed, or weather-worn cliffs where trailing ivy has made its home. One can fancy, standing on these rocky terraces, that the Titans of old threw them up as bastions against some advancing foe, on whom they hurled the mighty fragments that lie embedded far down in the valley yonder. It is a place where, between rock and moorland, steep slope and stern elevation, the farmer, save in gentle situations, profits little of his husbandry, for the wind sweeps over the heights, and the tilth runs down with the heavy rains in the hollows. But, just as Nature is somewhat churlish, except in grandeur and beauty and some material resources, to her children, so have they been impelled to create a field of industry properly their own; and it was long ago observed that they lived more by the shuttle and the loom than by the sickle and the plough, and that they lived very well by them, and were comfortable

and wealthy too. That observant traveller, Defoe, who journeyed through this country more than a century since, peeped in at the houses of the dwellers in the Calder Valley, and saw them engaged, 'lusty fellows,' in the processes of the cloth-maker's craft, and thought the parti-coloured fabrics on the tenters near by a new and pleasant spectacle. It may be doubted whether the present evidences of that same transformed trade, to be seen in the vicinity of the manufacturing towns, would meet with such encomiums from him now.

But, standing even now on the tops of the hills, one can see that the smoke still curls from many seventeenth-century chimneys, and that quaint roofs are there which sheltered cloth-master and gentleman, Roundhead and Cavalier, in the days of the Stuarts and of Oliver, and even yet in some the remains of hand-loom hang. Approaching nearer, we see that these homesteads, whose number plainly shows the wealth of the district two centuries ago, have quite a character of their own—a picturesque, solid, thorough-going stone character, which, though with some parallels, as in the Isle of Wight, for example,

may yet be said to belong most completely to the hills and valleys of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and elsewhere in the north country. Approaching by a wicket-gate in a low stone wall, across a garden where still some quaint things, like lavender or hollyhocks, grow; or, it may be, by a terrace overlooking the valley, as at Woodsome, where crocuses push up between the paving-stones; or perhaps, again, through an arched gateway with balls atop, we reach the entrance, most generally a porch, with initials and

date, and sometimes a coat-of-arms or device on the lintel, and with comfortable seats for tired wayfarers within. About such entrances we usually find some curious inscription of warning or of welcome, attesting the fondness of the seventeenth century for pithy wisdom or quaint conceit. Thus on the gateway at High Sunderland, near Halifax, '*Nunquam hanc pulset portam qui violat æquum*;' on the gate-posts of a house at Morley, destroyed in 1881, '*Porta, Patens esto! nulli claudaris honesto*!' at Barkisland Hall, where the Royalist Sir Rich-

ard Gledhill lived, who was slain at Hessay Moor, the moral saying, '*Nunc mea, mox hujus, sed postea nescio cuius*.' Such houses are of grey millstone-grit, in large blocks, covered with lichens and mosses, or with ivy, their mullioned windows deeply set, and with curious carvings on the water-tables, and their high gables, with balls or quaint finials, giving a very pleasing outline to the whole.

If the place be a simple homestead, the porch has probably a dovecot over—symbol of domestic felicity—but more often there are Ionic pillars at the side, and a chamber for muniments, or an oratory, above, which has a window with splayed mullions and a transom, or a wheel-window of the Gothic tradition, that, but for its later surroundings, might well be of the fourteenth century. There could be no better examples of such windows than those at Kershaw

House, Midgley, and Wood Lane Hall, Sowerby, both here illustrated.

Entering through the porch to a corridor, we find access, on one hand or the other, in the homes of the gentry, to the great-hall, or house-body, usually a very large chamber, and not seldom with an open roof. Here the principle of the feudal hall, still better exemplified in the timber structures of Lancashire and Cheshire, survives. The chief gallery, that of the minstrels, is over the corridor by which

we entered, but a gallery usually extends round three, or even the whole four sides of the hall, and access is gained to it by a quaint staircase; the place of the dais is at the opposite end, and the withdrawing-rooms are beyond. The window often occupies one whole side of the chamber, and is divided by mullions and transoms into many-diamonded lights, where stained glass may yet remain. The fireplace is always a chief feature of the hall, but is very varied in character. Sometimes there are seats within the ingle-nook, and sometimes the low



arch is closed; the mantel is carved and inlaid, supported by Ionic pilasters or Caryatid figures; and, above, the royal arms, in plaster, often remain, with a date, as at New Hall, Elland, and Howtroyde, Barkisland, sometimes with inscriptions, amongst which, '*Feare God, Honour ye Kinge*,' and '*Laus Deo*,' may be cited. Elsewhere, as at Woodsome, the ancient residence of the Kays, and at a place of the Saviles in Halifax, the family arms are found, and in one instance, at least, the arms of some of the royal commanders are executed in plaster upon the walls. The chamber is wainscoted in oak, in deeply sunken panels; and, if the house be maintained, and sometimes even if it be not, quaint oaken furniture, carved with flat vine and other patterns, stands there; and sometimes there are portraits and pictures upon the walls, as at Kirklees, Farnley, and Woodsome, where

the finger of decay has been arrested. At the latter hall the portraits are very remarkable, especially two hung upon cranes so as to turn about, which illustrate armorially the family relations of a sixteenth-century Kay, with many curious inscriptions:

'These armes yt follow  
In this way  
Are kin to Woodsom  
bi John Kay.  
These armes subscribed  
here so rife,  
are kin to Woodsom  
by his wiffe.'

It is needless to say much of the other rooms in such houses, which are variously disposed, but are mostly wainscoted, provided with quaint fireplaces, and with stained glass, in some instances, in their windows. The bed-chambers and 'solars' are reached generally from the gallery of the hall, and in

near Halifax, where a stag and a curious hydra are depicted amongst the greenery, and where the arms of the Earl of Exeter (1641) are above the fireplace in plaster.

History and legend linger long in such places. Ever and anon the din of the Civil Wars strikes one's ears; some brawl of Roundhead and Cavalier; some duel, where a man fell mortally wounded in the copse; some voice calling in prayer upon the God of Israel when Newcastle was coming; some shout of revelry when Fairfax fled away. They will show you at Farnley the hat that Oliver wore, and the swords that Ireton

and Fairfax carried; at humbler places there is a gateway, perhaps, through which the Puritan captain



KERSHAW HOUSE, MIDDLEY.



these the ceilings are often elaborately adorned with geometrical and flowing patterns. An excellent example of this, now far fallen to decay, is to be seen at a small house, named Bentley Royde, in Sowerby,

passed when some grandfather of him that speaks held it open; at Bowling Hall is the place where the white apparition of the female came to Newcastle, imploring him to 'pity poor Bradford;' or

it may be that these legends go back to an earlier period—to the time of the 'Romans' (for so the peasants sometimes call the Catholics), who said mass in the hall there; and the sliding panel, and the priest's chamber, with the subterranean passage beyond, are things they often tell of. Or, again, such traditions may belong to a still earlier period, as at Kirkstall, where a window is shown, through which they aver Robin Hood sent that last shaft to mark the place where now, beneath the 'little stone,' he lies buried in the woodland.

But, in any case, there are spirits that sigh through the chambers when the wind blows, or that flit across the hall in the moonshine,—courtly gentlemen in wigs and small-clothes, and ladies in silks and satins, or uneasy ghosts that drag their weary chains at night in the staircases, or crave at the windows for entrance, as, in 'Wuthering Heights,' the unquiet spirit of Catherine Linton. At Woodsome Hall the ghost of Rimmington, the steward—an honest man who married Sarah Kay, 'ancilla,' in 1683, and was buried in 1697—was wont to ride by, like the Wild Huntsman of the Brocken, in full cry with a couple of hounds in a leash, until the clergy 'laid' him in a little bathroom over against the quinceux beeches; and later, they say, he strutted about, transformed into a robin, looking in at the chamber windows. Concerning all of which the

reader may learn more from Canon Hulbert's 'Annals of Almondbury.'

Woodsome Hall, now the seat of the Earl of Dartmouth, is one of the finest examples of Yorkshire seventeenth-century houses, though standing on ancient foundations, and having many older parts built up in its structure. It is erected upon the unusual plan of a quadrangle, with a fountain in the courtyard, and its terraces look over a richly-wooded country of hill and vale. Farnley Hall, celebrated as the headquarters of Turner, when he painted his Wharfedale pictures, and where a large number of his works may be seen, has much that is quaint and good in its architecture, though the older portions are overshadowed by a modern house. Bowling Hall, near

Bradford, Oakwell, near Dewsbury (the 'Field Head' of 'Shirley'), and a host of houses in and about the Calder Valley and elsewhere, remain, sadly fallen, most of them, from their old estate, as picturesque memorials of the society and the art of a former age. The architect, the antiquary, or the artist, will here find much to interest him, and he cannot fail to observe that the seventeenth century houses of Yorkshire have a character almost their own,—a character that harmonises well with the striking aspect of the great hills and deep valleys amid which they stand.

JOHN LEYLAND.



BARKSLAND HALL.



WOODSOME HALL

## A BERWICKSHIRE LANDSCAPE.

BY THOMAS SCOTT.

MR. SCOTT is a Scottish painter of great promise. He was born at Selkirk in 1854, and began to exhibit in 1877 with the Scottish Academy. He has contributed now and then to the London exhibitions, and even on their crowded walls his work has been noticed for its sterling artistic qualities of balance and rightness in all that has to do with line. The landscape we reproduce was painted near Mellowlee, Berwickshire. It hung last autumn in the Water-colour Exhibi-

tion of the Royal Scottish Academy, where it was admired for the sober harmony of its colour and the fine coherence of its line. The district from which the subject was taken is exposed and wind-swept. The trees all lean in one direction, bent well over by the prevailing wind, and this helps to give the picture its curious unity. Mr. Scott has occasionally painted in oil, but at present he devotes himself to the lighter medium, in which this Berwickshire landscape is painted.

## JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

## III.

THE friends who so vigorously dissuaded Mr. Hook from building himself a house among the fir-trees of Witley Hill were able (in the words of a homely saying) 'to see farther into a millstone than the man who pecks it.' The vision of Imagination being of a longer range, about 1859 the house 'Pine Wood' became an accomplished fact.

The year before, its owner had again been attracted by Clovelly, and had painted there the well-known *Luff Boy*, which became a very popular picture, and elicited from Mr. Ruskin some hearty praise and 'infinite thanks.' These must have been the more acceptable, as in the same number of his *Notes* he says of another work, 'One may write R.A. after one's name and not be able to paint a gutter.' He sees in the big boy (who has, I think nevertheless, a rather languid look about him) a touching resemblance to 'the helmetless, unsworded, unarmoured men of Marathon;' and on Mr. Hook's authority we learn that this youth was the son of Charles Kingsley's nurse, then living in the village. This picture (partly, I think, because it possesses the never-failing recommendation to public favour - a child doing man's work) has been engraved and lithographed and even chromolithographed I believe; so let us hope that in one form or other it brightens the walls and the hearts in homes whose inmates will never get a glimpse of such a sea, nor the little lads aspire to the honour of luffing a boat with their own hands.

We must return for a moment to 1857, that we may not overlook the production of a finer picture than the preceding, *The Coast-boy Gathering Eggs*. It was painted on Lundy Island, and will be remembered, I dare say, by some of my readers, either as one of the most original pictures in the

Exhibition of 1858, or as the magnificent etching which graced the Club work of 1867.\* Lundy is still a birds' paradise. Remote from most of the disturbances and dangers of the main land, Gulls, Razor-bills, Guillemots, and Gannets, nestle by thousands in favoured spots, filling the air with discordant cries and every ledge of rock with their variegated eggs. The scarlet-billed Puffins too peer comically from the rabbit-burrows they have usurped for the use of their families, and defy their rightful owners. Eggs are the object of the perilous feats of climbing, immortalised in the picture, and are taken partly for eating and partly to sell to naturalists. The boy who, with a long-handled net, is about to rob the nest of the Kittiwake circling round him with screams, is slung to the end of a rope and dangles at a sickening height above the sea, which, foaming angrily at such stout resistance, flings its blue waves at the boulders. On a ledge of the sheer precipice just above the egg-gatherer, squats his companion gripping the rope with iron hands, and on another ledge stands a basket-full of the eggs already taken. A single slip, a cut in the rope from a sharp edge of granite, or the slightest symptom of giddiness, and the Kittiwake is avenged. Then she may whirl about the mangled mass far below, till it is washed away and she soars up to warm her eggs again. To the lover of the sea and its birds, as well as the lover of art, a print of the etching is precious. How much more so must be the picture to its fortunate owner!

I have before me a letter from the artist to his wife dated from his lodging in Lundy lighthouse just after his arrival. Directly he had reached Clovelly,

\* A reproduction from the first state of this etching was given in the February number.



he says, he had been pounced upon by one of his young sea-faring friends who, having told him that a rival was already engaged, got the much-coveted post of his escort to the island. 'When poor Johnny Cruse heard of this he "busted" out a-crying, and this cost me a shilling as I'm weak about boys.' 'Kiss my two,' the writer continues, 'and tell Allan that a fine Shoveller Duck which flew against the light and killed himself, is on the table before me. Breakfast is ready—some fine Puffins' eggs. . . . Murres' eggs are delicious and gulls' very good.'

It was at 'Pine Wood' that the two young Hooks grew old enough to find that the lines had fallen unto them in pleasant places. Leaving London almost before they had discovered the unsatisfactory nature of Kensington Gardens, or had begun to wonder whether birds nested among the smoky branches, they had nothing to regret when they found themselves in Surrey. At Witley they could revel to their hearts' content in the delights a real country life offers to English boys, and we may imagine the young Londoners roaming in ecstasies over pine-wood and common, cross-bow in



ON THE HAVDANGER FLOED.

hand and ready for a stray shot at a squirrel or ring-dove. The father and mother, though prudent people, were without that fidgetiness in the midst of which some poor children are brought up and altogether without the false pride so infinitely worse. They could discriminate between real and imaginary dangers, and while they interdicted perilous amusements, they allowed as much freedom as possible, winking at escapades which, at the hands of parents less wise and more selfish, would have met with condign punishment. While their instruction somewhat resembled that of the old Persians, who taught their children 'to draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth,' they made friends and constant companions of their sons, teaching them to be above gentility and grandeur, quite content that they should grow up to be strong, straightforward English gentlemen, able to turn their hands to almost anything without fear of ruffled dignity.

Their father was not insensible to the pleasures of some knowledge of natural history, nor to the good influence on the mind of a close and real acquaintance with that glorious creation in the midst of which so many move with their eyes and ears

closed to everything but what they call 'the main chance.' He had been taught by his own father to stuff birds very creditably, and thus to love them. In his turn, therefore, he could teach his boys by slow degrees and by the judicious use of a gun, the differences between the notes and plumage of the innumerable visitors to the garden, from the flock of Crossbills which once paid them a passing visit, to the tiny warblers which crossed the sea every year, to tell them with sweet voice that spring was at hand. Thus with the help of his companionship and teaching, the boys soon became familiar with all the living things about them. With *Robinson Crusoe* as a textbook, they sought to rival that mariner's adventures; while having inherited a love for water, they took to it as naturally as young spaniels.

It was always a peculiarity of this singularly original family, that as much as might be, they kept together. Till the time came for the boys to go to

school, it was seldom, if ever, that their parents went away on their yearly travels without them; for Mrs. Hook, as a matter of course, accompanied her husband almost everywhere.

If the list of his pictures which will appear at the end of this life is referred to, a general idea of the extent of these annual journeys will be gathered. Fuller details of locality I may not give, for the precise destination in each year is always a matter spoken of with some reticence. As the artist's celebrity increased, he would have been tormented by excursionists and imitators, if the whereabouts of his favourite haunts had been divulged. His reticence on this point once led to a curious result. A report got about that he was hiding from his creditors, and being very diligently circulated by his neighbours with the usual zest which neighbours have in such charitable occupations, it reached in time the ears of a friend living at some distance. Horrified and grieved, he put his cheque-book in his pocket, and hurried over to relieve the temporary embarrassment, as he imagined it, of the poor Witley artist, whose home he found without the man in possession, and in a very different state from what he had expected.

Laughable stories tells Mr. Hook of his expédients to escape the flattering but most unwelcome attentions of sight-seers and others. On one

nor adding to his carefully-kept natural-history notes, but deep in the pages of another well-thumbed book. This was full of his own drawings, ranging in importance from the first idea of 'Pine Wood' to the plan of a hen's nest, or an improvement in a penstock, together with lists of quantities and all sorts of calculations. This book shows us the man in another of his many characters, for it might well belong to some master builder, gifted with a quality rare in that profession—originality. Thoroughly practical and well versed in many of the technicalities of architecture—anxious, as he puts it, to 'build for eternity,' our friend determined that none but the very best materials should be used, and that the house should be double-timbered throughout. So he rode to and fro on his mare 'Black Bess,' designing, overseeing, and using his own brains, as far as possible, instead of other peoples'. On Saturdays that gay young animal carried an addition to her burden in the shape of a heavy bag of cash wherewith to pay the workmen\* and a revolver to prevent it changing hands on the lonely and once notorious Portsmouth Road.



Thus grew 'Silverbeck' towards completion under the guidance of a far-seeing man. And perhaps as we read about him, some may call to mind a fine passage in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*:-

'Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."'

How different this kind of building from the modern contract, where one man, being desirous to house himself notably, first employs another to describe and to draw him a brick box with copious

stucco embellishments—columns Corinthian, porticos Gothic, and greyhounds couchant, while that man binds a third (under severe penalties) to throw the materials together in so many weeks, with some semblance of cohesion!

Shall we inquire what was the realisation of Mr. Hook's mental ideal (besides his house) as he sat by the farm-well? I will try to describe it. The farmhouse still stands intact, but the kitchen and the rooms above have been thrown together to form a lofty studio for painting cattle. From time to time out-buildings have been added to the farmyard and barn till they join the wall of a capacious kitchen-garden, where you shall find in its season every variety of apple, pear, and plum, with a good store of other fruits. On higher ground round the house and in the opposite direction is a pleasure-garden, full of the herbaceous plants, old-fashioned

flowers, and coniferous, interspersed with deciduous trees. In these, Black-caps and Nightingales lead a feathered choir so admirable and varied that it seems as if all the songsters of spring had been attracted by such pleasant quarters,

and were exerting themselves to pay with cunning music for board and nesting-room so much to their liking. Surely, never did birds so congregate or sing so lustily! A well-shaven lawn leads to the ha-ha, and thus ends all formality, for the pasture-land and plantations allure the eye gently to field and wood till it rests on the ridge of Hindhead.

The wilder part of the estate surrounds a heather-covered hill, one of a series beloved of the Night-hawks, three of which are known as 'The Devil's Jumps.' These peculiar cones guard the edge of a great stretch of barren, turfy country (where a heath-fire lately raged for many weeks together), trending away to the woods of Moor Park and Waverley, places both, of very old association.

The 'beck,' from which the estate is named, is now its chief feature, and does far more than idly play with miniature falls and rapids down the 'Spenser Dell'—for so the bucolic friend had named the hanger or ravine. None knew better than Mr. Hook the infinite beauty latent in water, and no one has been more fond of representing it. A look at the tiny rivulet and its parent springs, had shown

\* The artist seems to have departed altogether from the ordinary routine, and to have been very fortunate in his builder!

him that it could and should be made to quadruple the beauty of his new estate; adding, besides, that element of sport for which he has the instinctive English love as strongly as any man I know, though he will seldom acknowledge it to strangers. By means of a hydraulic ram hidden away under a thicket of bramble and ivy, he made the rivulet, almost at its birth, do the useful work of supplying the house with pure, inexhaustible water, and even of feeding a fountain on the western lawn. Following its old channel from the ram through rushes and Marsh Marigolds, it reaches a pool in the widening of the dell, where the swirls of the trout continually disturb a lovely inverted landscape formed of trees and tangled banks and the cumuli sailing away into the blue heavens beneath our feet. In the reflections of oak and hazel, and covered every autumn by their fallen leaves, lies at its last moorings a cumbrous old boat which was brought for use in some picture from the noise of Portsmouth Harbour to this silent pond. Tumbling fussily down a steep bank, the beck spreads over some shallows beloved by the fry and consequently by their enemy the



SKETCH FOR THE BACKGROUND OF 'HARD LINES.'

Heron, who often leaves the impression of his great claws to mock the shooter creeping down at daybreak, while all the time the gaunt spoil-sport is far away at Waverley, sleepily digesting. At the far side of a second and still more secluded pond is an over-shot mill, where not only can corn be ground, but edge-tools sharpened and logs sawn up for winter firing. Now, as if ashamed at having had anything to do with such prosaic things as cog-wheels, the brook crosses the lane and hurriedly hides itself in a thicket of the tallest bracken you shall find in a summer day's ramble, whence, having recovered its placidness, it creeps into the last pond of all. Here lurk experienced two-pounders, who deride your 'Yellow Dun' and 'Jenny Spinner;' and here, from the midst of the furze and brakes, come the pleasant notes of the Sedge-bird and Reed-sparrow in contrast to the harsher music of the distant mill-race. After this the brook is free of all restraint, and bustles happily away beneath the brow of 'Buttermilk Hill' over the border of Hook-land.

My readers may remember that in 1878 Mr. Hook

was represented at the Academy by only one picture, a circumstance which, with this exception, had not occurred since 1848. The subject of the work in question was *A Coral Fisher, Amalfi*. A companion picture, *La Vendemmia, Sarzana*, which never went to the Academy, was privately exhibited with the Amalfi subject at Mr. T. O. Barlow's just before the pictures were sent in. All the great and little studios are then thrown open, and friends and acquaintances innumerable, and their friends and acquaintances, throng to the show, each equipped with some more or less flattering and more or less singular criticism. In the case of Mr. Hook and the old friend who lent him his studio, the show used to terminate in a grand oyster supper, at which many of their mutual friends among the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s performed feats of skill and endurance. It was a grand occasion for chaff, that oyster supper, and for a deluge

of the conversation only to be heard in perfection among artists, who, as Mr. Hook says, never resort to 'The weather.'

The two pictures I have mentioned resulted from a residence of several months in Italy during the autumn and winter of

1877-8. It was a journey typical of those made by the entire family in company, and the last in which both sons accompanied their parents. Sarzana was the original home of the Napoleons, and to those like Mr. Hook who revel in Italian scenery the country between that place and the neighbouring Lerici was everything that could be desired. At Lerici the Hooks lived for weeks, roughing it to their hearts' content, but rather at a loss to get food whose composition included any nourishing ingredients without oil. At last they struck, and knowing Allan's seafaring talent for cookery, promoted him to the galley, where he acquitted himself with much distinction. After a winter in Rome they returned to England in the early spring, taking with them as mementos a Nightingale, a Little Owl, and a goodly collection of large, pugnacious lizards. These were added to the 'Silverbeck' menagerie, somewhat to the discomfort of the old cook who attended to the various pets. 'I don't mind attendin' to any of Mr. Bry's dumb things,' she said in her broadest Surrey, 'but I don't call them lizards dumb things—I calls them varmint.'

The reader may like to be introduced to the 'Clan Hook,' as they are sometimes called, and chiefly to its head, as he is to be found at home, either in his large and comfortable house, or in the smallest of Cornish cottages standing actually in the spray of every rough sea. He has rambled far and wide over the United Kingdom, and to Norway, Holland, Italy, and France; and his rambles, let us hope, are not yet ended. But, if we wish to see him at his happiest, we must find him either with spud or gun in hand at 'Silverbeck,' or wiping the salt crystals from his picture at old Stephen Bond's.

His London acquaintances (his friends know better) have sometimes asked him how he 'kills time in the country' when he is not at work, and he answers, with much amusement, 'Why, I haven't *half* time enough. I have not a moment to spare.' Often in the week he comes into the six-o'clock 'supper' utterly tired out, and that without having so much as touched a brush since morning.

'James has such an active mind,' says Mrs. Hook, 'that there is always some new scheme on foot.' She is right. Suddenly—unexpectedly, master, men, and horses, swoop down upon some part of the land and work there with high-pressure energy till the particular improvement or construction (now and then destruction, I regret to say,) is accomplished. These raids on the part of the painter are a safety-valve for energies which, without a safety-valve of some sort, would very likely become dangerous either to himself or other people. Knowing this I asked him one day what profession he would have liked next best to the one which has given him so much liberty, and he answered, 'I have a great weakness for a loose end, and could never stand being tied in. I couldn't have stood an ordinary life; it would ~~have~~ been the death of me. But I should have liked any life susceptible of variety. If I had not been a painter I should have liked to have been a smuggler or a farmer. I should have got tired of the sea, for you can't work your own will there. I think if I were to have all my life over again, with four times the success and four times the happiness, and the condition was that I should spend six months at school 'I should say, "No."'

Those who remember John Linnell at the culminating point of his bodily and mental powers will perhaps be struck with a certain resemblance between the two artists. They will recall how carefully he used to supervise his brewing, sitting by the vats for hours on his old camp-stool and then in the middle of the morning trudge away with his stout stick to the edge of his estate to take a look at his carpenter or gardeners. They will remember how everything of the slightest importance was done under his own eye, sometimes partly with his own hands. Indeed, between the masters of 'Silverbeck' and 'Redstone'

are several other points of resemblance. There is the same impetuous and intolerant hatred of routine and conventionality, the same intense love of freedom of conscience and belief, the same impatience of control by despotisms great or little. There is the same humble-minded and sincere reverence for revelation as apart from tradition; and lastly the same eminently practical turn of mind, not without the far sight that distinguishes the inventor from the mechanic. In each case the painters were impelled by an energy so potent that, whether in their work or their amusements, they seemed to realise Mulready's maxim, who said we should approach each undertaking as if it were our last. John Linnell himself might well have uttered the following words:—'I think it is a good thing to leave your work from time to time during the day, and to run out to see the work that is in progress outside. The sharp, clear atmosphere and the feeling of Nature gets down your fingers, and on to your canvas. You come in straight from Nature, your brain revived by the fresh air.'

Mr. Hook derives especial delight from making and stocking a new fish-pond. It is a piece of practical engineering to which he treats himself now and then, and it taxes the united powers of the whole establishment. Then is the time to find him clad in his blue Breton bonnet and homespun knickerbockers, shouting his directions, gesticulating with his handbill, putting his own shoulder to a cart, or hauling a rope with his team of Surrey labourers. Then may you see him chaffing them into renewed exertions or, as happened at the making of pond No. 7, fairly convulsed with laughter when two of his best men who were majestically showing some new hands how to wheel sand across a deep cutting, rolled off the plank, sand, barrows and all, into the slush beneath, and lay there all a-sprawl and a-splutter!

A scene even more picturesque and characteristic is occasionally afforded when it is decreed that a tree near the house has outgrown its situation. If the tree is a fine one cutting down must be avoided, and if it is large and heavy the 'Clan Hook' and their retainers prepare themselves for great exertions. After a day or two of careful excavation and much leverage, masters and men, with a mighty 'Yo! heave ho!' strain their strong sinews to get the great toppling mass upon the trolly, so that a horse can draw it to its new position. Ticklish work it is and long about, while the chances are small of its succeeding in the end. But the master won't hear of failure, and those who have witnessed a transplantation at 'Silverbeck' have wondered at his energy of action, language and expedient, his extraordinary excitement and his concentration on the work. It is more, indeed, as if he were raising from its hiding-place in a hostile country a great treasure-chest, and every moment worth a

life, than merely shifting an overgrown fir-tree from one part of his garden to another.

Shall we take a turn with him round the old farm and onwards, to sharpen our appetite for the inviolable twelve-o'clock dinner? Beginning with the poultry, he shows us the best prize strains of Indian Game and Coloured Dorkings, and we notice that 'Build for eternity' seems to have been his maxim even with the fowl-houses. Everything is solid, well-proportioned and costly. He evidently pays a high price for this branch of his amusements. Passing the very well where he determined upon buying the property, we come to the walled garden; but if we shut our eyes we might fancy ourselves in a far different

certainly diminished, but so, without doubt, has the beauty of the place. 'Opening out' and levelling have done their invariable work. It is the old story of Horticulture against Nature, the end of which may be found by the broad walk in Regent's Park. The prosperous, retired tradesman, who, when visitors were announced at his country-seat, used to say with pride, 'James, turn on the waterfall,' merely carried matters a little farther. Moss-clotted banks rich with the priceless handiwork of centuries, rich in old hazel-stubbs, in primroses and hart's-tongue, and grey roots tangled in the amber sand so beloved of its furred populace—all must be swept away to save a few 'herbaceous' polysyllables from a stray nibble



'SILVERBECK AND HIS MASTER.'  
(Photographed by A. H. Palmer.)

place, for we hear the cries of a small flock of half-tame seagulls. Here he discourses on 'Golden Pippins,' 'Blenheims,' and a host of other varieties, and of all the mysteries of fruit-tree marriage, with which, indeed, he is even more familiar than his gardener. Dropping a bullfinch with quick shot, he speaks of its ravages among the buds and of the actual necessity of keeping down the beautiful bird. Then, leaving the garden, we go onwards through an open orchard, and here again he holds his gun in readiness, lest we kick out of the long grass one of his arch-enemies—the rabbits. He tells us how, for years, netting, and gun, and trap, and wire, and ferret, have failed to insure the safety of his young trees or clumps of flowers, but that now he thinks he has hit upon a plan which promises success. It consists of clearing out the undergrowth of the plantations and demolishing altogether some of the most populous banks. As a result of this drastic expedient the rabbits have

and the trees that remain must stand henceforth on conical stilts, as if they had been set down by 'Glumdalclitch' from some Brobdingnagian toy-box.

Grumbling at the demolition of the old banks, we follow our guide by a pool fringed by a thicket of young willows whose shoots are the brightest carmine, and then, crossing the road, we approach a quaint, old-fashioned house. It is full of angles and gables and surrounded by aviaries and rabbit-houses, everything showing the presence of a lover of animals and birds. This was once the 'Star,' but now Mr. Hook's first grandchild (Bryan's son), in the nursery upstairs, looks with astonishment on the white beard and ruddy countenance.

Away again from 'Beefolds,' we cross another road in time to see many benches being carried into a large studio-like room flanked by substantial cottages and with space for about two hundred people.

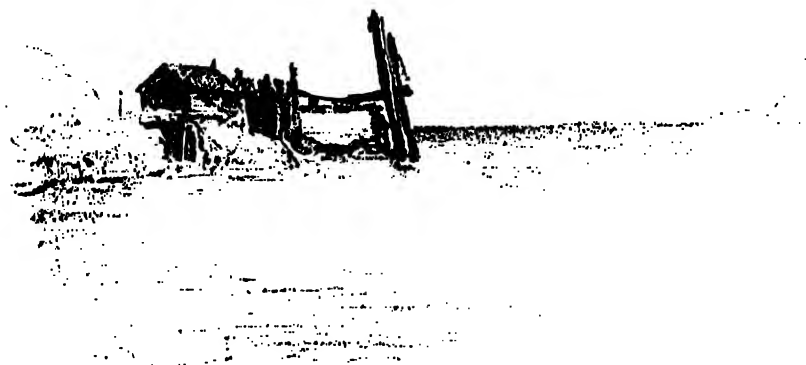
The engraving of Sir John Millais' portrait of Gladstone hangs at the end above the platform instead of its usual place at 'Silverbeck,' for Churt has a 'Liberal Association,' and the Association meets to-night, with our host as chairman, to the confusion of Lord Salisbury and all Tories. Far above us, on the very summit of 'Buttermilk Hill,' is the 'sky hut.' Thatched with thick heath, each of the four sides is simply a great window, so that a complete sky panorama can be seen and to the northwards the Great Pond of Frensham. The hut, however, is too in-

accessible for the frequent use that was originally intended.

But we must have a look at 'Sandbrow.' So, after a brisk walk along the lane, we turn up a newly made drive, and in a situation so exceedingly beautiful that we are smitten with sudden envy, we come upon the cottage Mr. Hook has just built his elder son overlooking the lowest of the chain of ponds. Thus we find that the family hold together as closely still as when the sons followed their parents' wanderings years ago.

A. H. PALMER.

(To be continued.)



A WELSH LANDING-STAGE.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE new galleries at the British Museum, built out of funds left by Mr. William White and called after his name, were shown the first Saturday in March to visitors invited by the Trustees, and thrown open to the public the following week. Mr. White, who lived in Bloomsbury when the Museum was 'cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd' in Montague House, died in 1823, devising the whole of his landed and personal property to the Trustees of the British Museum after the death of his wife and child, with the expressed wish that the money should be spent in building. After the death of the testator's widow, fifty-six years later, when the Museum Trustees came into possession, the property amounted to 71,780*l.*, minus, however, the Treasury tax for legacy duty of the 'trifling' sum of 6300*l.* The bequest has been expended on a block of building which now houses the Print and Drawing Department, newspaper rooms, workrooms for the Manuscript Department, and the two large exhibition galleries and ante-room wherein are now displayed the Japanese drawings bought in 1881 of the well-known collector and connoisseur, Mr. Anderson, and the collections of glass and of ceramics, which have recently been so munificently enriched by Mr. Franks, Mr. Drury Fortnum, and Mr. H. F. Willett. The surplus funds remaining after the completion of this building have been wisely applied towards the expenses of the gallery for the display of the remains of the Halicarnassus Mausoleum, so long left out in the cold. Long residence in Tokio, where he practised as a surgeon, and was attached to the British Legation, gave to Mr. Anderson exceptional opportunity for the study and acquirement of Japanese art, and his recent 'Treatise on the Pictorial Art of Japan' is accepted as authoritative. Of the drawings obtained from his collection, a choice series of about three hundred has been chronologically arranged by Mr. Colvin in the exhibition gallery of his department, elucidated by a handbook compiled from Mr. Anderson's monograph. The earliest date is the beginning of the twelfth century, in a *kakimono* painted by the Emperor Hwei Tsung, with an eagle jessed with scarlet; the latest are the irresistibly comic or grotesquely fantastic and imaginary figure subjects by famous artists of this century,

Toshiû Shi rei, Sunai-goshi, Hiro-naga, Hokusai, or Maki Choku Sai and Hogen, together with studies of animals and birds and fish by Inagaki, Kui-hô, Tô-yei, and others; examples of exquisite observation and delicate manipulation. The earlier specimens belong to the Chinese school, out of which the Japanese developed their own distinctly finer and more artistic style in the fifteenth century. The ceramics, which, with the famous Slade collection of glass, furnish forth the other exhibition gallery, are also chronologically arranged and well seen for the first time. Mr. Fortnum's famous lamp from the Mosque of Omar, dated 1549, has been generously added to the wares of Damascus, and the objects from the Fontaine sale, and Mr. Franks' gift of Majolica, are prominent among the Italian ceramics. Mr. Willett's pottery and stoneware, and Mr. Frank's Chelsea and other china of native fabric, have brought the English collection into great completeness; while Lady Charlotte Schreiber's recent bequest has enriched the French section. Great care has been bestowed upon the arrangement and general setting forth of all the precious objects in the new galleries; and it is to be hoped the discriminating public will avail themselves of the labours of Mr. Franks and Mr. Colvin on their behalf, not forgetting a tribute to the *manes* of William White.

Another improvement to be noted within the British Museum is the setting into the walls of the upper staircase from the Egyptian Gallery of the splendid collection of Roman pavements. The Elgin Room is in process of rearrangement also. In the department of catalogues Mr. Smith prepares a catalogue of the Gem Collection, and a new handbook on the Etruscan and Greek vases is issued.

THE Fine Art Society have on view a series of drawings of Oxford by Mr. John Fulleylove.

A COLLECTION numbering nearly three hundred ancient examples, illustrating the fabrics of glass and enamel over three thousand years, from the seventeenth dynasty before Christ to the fifteenth century of our Lord's era, has been



presented to the Musée de Sèvres by M. Bouriant, Director of the French School of Archaeology in Egypt, and Dr. Fouquet of Cairo.

THE rapid succession of minor exhibitions, devoted to the works of one or more artists, makes any detailed note in a monthly chronicle beside the mark. Thus in Messrs. Dowdeswell's handsome galleries sea-pictures and sketches in oil by Mr. Edwin Hayes, and drawings made 'around London' by Mr. F. G. Cotman, have succeeded the collection of work by Monticelli; not to speak of 'impressions' by A. Ludovici, and pleasing studies on the Norfolk Broads by Mr. W. May. Mr. Vokins has given space to the works of two very opposite members of the Royal Water-colour Society—Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. Thorne Waite; the technical finesse and gay attractiveness of the one artist being an interpretation of nature poles apart from Mr. Waite's generalised, often most impressive, and always strong and healthy style. Messrs. Agnew annually at this season gather, ere dispersion to the happy people who can still afford to collect in these hard times, a choice display of water-colour drawings; and this year some delightful examples of De Wint, Cox, Turner, Girtin, Chambers, Stanfield, John Linnell, and so forth (some of which have come down from Manchester), are mixed with work by later, even 'coming,' men, including among the last Mr. A. Rixon, whose large Thames drawings of *Cookham* and *The Quarry Woods* are full of quiet beauty and artist like style. *The Monk's Fish-pond* is a beautiful specimen of Mr. North's singularly luminous studies of golden late autumn on the edge of winter. Mr. Rickatson shows character and good tone in a study *At Burnham Beeches*. It is something for any young painters of to-day, such as these, to be proud of, if their work can hold its own in a collection which contains Turner's *Northampton* and *Coxes*, Girtin's lovely *Rievaulx Abbey*, David Cox's *Meeting of the Waters, Wicklow*, and *A Storm in Wales*.

ATTENTION must be drawn to the important publication illustrating, by permanent phototypes, the monuments of Greek and Roman sculpture, issued by the Munich firm, late Bruckmann, and in London by Messrs. Asher & Co. Dr. Heinrich Braun is responsible for the historic arrangement and selection of the examples and the elucidatory text, on the principle of schools and subjects rather than strict chronological order. The general editor is Herr Friedrich Bruckmann, and Dr. Leopold Julius supervises the scientific process. The line of selection takes, first, original works, next, antique copies; and recourse is had to plaster casts only in extreme cases of difficulty. Such large groups as those of the Parthenon or Pergamum have been considered beyond the scope of even the folio scale of the publication; but as far as possible, to quote the prospectus, 'have been brought together the largest possible number of such works as have, with more or less certainty, already found a definite place in the historic growth of classic art.' The largest illustrations measure twelve inches by sixteen. The work will be published in about eighty parts containing five plates each, to appear, as near as possible, at intervals of a month; the subscription for the whole series being 12. for each part, with no option as to taking only a portion of the issue. The publication of an illustrated work on classic art upon so extensive and expensive a scheme, is one of the many signs of the active interest now stirring throughout Europe in archaeological matters.

AN appeal has been made to the general public through the columns of the leading journal by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Chairman, by the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, for subscriptions to assist in carrying forward the explorations already begun there under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and the especial control of a committee numbering the most distinguished officers among the learned bodies and leading connoisseurs and students. Subscriptions from the British School of Archaeology at Athens, the Universities of Oxford and Cam-

bridge, and the Society for Hellenic Study, together with private subscriptions, reached the sum of over 1200*l.*; but much more being needed for the work, the wider appeal is made. Mr. Ernest Gardner, Director of the British School at Athens, supervises, conjointly with Dr. Guillemard, Messrs. D. G. Hogarth, M. R. James, and R. Elsey Smith, the work already commenced at Kouklia, the site of the ancient Paphos, at the spot occupied by the great temple of Venus. It is held that Cyprus offers a rich field for archaeological research; and that the position of the island under British jurisdiction should lead us there to emulate, by the private effort which in England has to undertake what in foreign countries is done by Government, the researches of Germany at Olympia and Troy, France in Delos, and Austria in Lycia. We are glad to aid the cause by such publicity as the announcement in our columns may obtain. Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, Old Change, London, E.C., or to the account of the Fund at Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, & Co., Lombard Street, E.C.

Two enthusiastic cyclists careering through France on wheels, wildly and swiftly down hills, painfully and toilsomely up, and, again, either toilsomely or swiftly on the level of the plains, cannot be expected to give a very elaborate account of what they saw on the way. 'Impressions,' whether graphic or literary, would be at utmost of one's anticipation; and impressions accordingly do Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell convey to one in the brilliant little brochure, 'Our Sentimental Journey' (Longmans, London, and New York). The artist and the writer (trod, or rather wheeled, in the track of Lawrence Sterne, after whose famous journey they entitle their little book, and whose ghost they address in their dedication. On a very slender thread of such discipleship are hung the lightest letterpress notes of travel; absolutely disdainful of handbook instruction, descriptive only with the most fugitive touches, and those of people rather than scenery, but having a dry scintillation of expressly American humour, and a certain artistic mode of observation and expression which make them pleasant reading. Mr. Pennell's illustrations are charming: no one knows better how to give the gist of a scene with a few salient strokes. He knows just what to leave out, a negative virtue which implies the converse also; and these graphic notes of his, slight as they seem, have the surety of the good draughtsman in them, and give one quite a summary of such things as struck him, when his tricycle allowed him time to look, in the fair French land betwixt Amiens and Lyons. It must be confessed that Mr. Ruskin, whom our artist travellers thought to confute, may feel justified in his annual adversions on cyclists: for, after all, Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell seem to have had rather a trying time of it on their 'Humber, and to have scored the enjoyment of intelligent travel in somewhat spasmodic and unsatisfying gasps between the intervals of struggle with their wheeled conveyance.

MR. WILLIAM METE and his companions in the matter were seized by a noble ambition when they courageously essayed to reproduce all the published engravings of Blake, the visionary designer, not simply by translating into mere black and white a numerous body of profoundly difficult examples, among the chief charms of which is their beautiful, original, and thoroughly characteristic coloration, but with all the advantages which real and complete facsimiles of colouring so fine and subtle as his could offer to the student. Blake's strangely idiosyncratic designs, or at least a considerable number of them, had already, before our time, and with more or less sympathy, been copied by various means, including (1., the duller sort of handicraft on wood and stone, which, being faithful according to its lights, was favoured by publishers of fifty years ago; (2., the hardly less acceptable 'engraving,' so called, which depended on the skill of operators whom it would be cruel to call artists while they actually disdained to adopt the style, much less the peculiarities of the technique, of the art-poet they libelled, and (3., various 'processes' of



chemical and electrical natures which, so far as they went, are excellent and reliable, and, unlike the last-named methods, in no sense impertinences the more offensive because they pretended to 'improve on the originals.'

It seems never to have struck the professors of 'engraving' alluded to in reference to the second of these groups of reproducers, that to 'improve' the draughtsmanship of Blake (an operation practicable enough if mere correctness were all in all) was really to outrage his memory and make a travesty of his genius. The technique Blake affected was as much a part of his art as the voice of a singer, the touch of a musician, or the literary style of a poet, is essential to the just and proper expression of the motives of each of these artists. It was not due to laziness, ignorance, nor impatience, that the poet who expressed himself in design and colour chose this technique for his purpose. Blake was an admirable draughtsman, much employed by engravers to copy statues and other things requiring exactitude of no mean degree. To 'correct' his drawing of the figure was as great an impertinence as it would be to revise the art of ancient glass-painters according to the rules of those who work realistically in oil, or so to deal with the *charges* of heralds as to make the monsters of their escutcheons resemble those beasts of the forest and the fields whose names the emblems bear. As the lions *regardant*, lions *rampant*, and lions *passant*, are types of certain qualities alleged of the original bearers of shields so charged, and never intended to be mere portraits 'done after the life,' portraits which might express nothing whatever of the qualities alleged, so the types of Blake were anything but faithful to nature, *i.e.*, likenesses of things that went on the earth, in the earth, or over the earth. To make them into such 'likenesses' would be, of course, to depart from the greater truth Blake, with noble judgment and unerring taste, unfailingly favoured. It is safe to say that an unerring taste is the one indispensable test of genius at its very highest. Especially is this true of the genius pictorial. It is in this respect alone that Michael Angelo, mightiest of designers, fails in comparison with Raphael and Da Vinci. Raphael might sometimes be tame, but he was never demonstrative; Da Vinci was frequently bizarre, but he never swaggered nor stooped to exaggerations of the truth. Blake depicted visions and ideas, not men. It cannot be said that he never exaggerated while he delineated the visions which possessed him, but this has nothing to do with his technical style, and no one familiar with the art-poetic of Blake can for a moment doubt that what the fine frenzy of his mind's eyes saw that he drew.

The third group of transcripts of Blake's designs, *i.e.*, those which are due to chemical or electric means, are decidedly more welcome to his admirers than either of the other two. With considerable success, one of them was employed for the illustrations of the late Mr. Gilchrist's sympathetic if rhapsodical 'Life of William Blake.' Of these illustrations, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the greatest of all the visionary's admirers, told us most emphatically that some of them are 'of course line for line, and minutest touch for touch, the counterparts of their originals.' 'They are,' he added, 'smaller, but, on the whole, they may be safely put forward as giving a very sufficient idea of these' (the 'Job' series), 'quite complete, indeed, in many of the most essential respects.' Rossetti, while he rejoiced in the fact, went on to say of another group of illustrations to the 'Life,' the designs of the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. 'Quite as valuable' (as the versions of the 'Job' series), 'although still in another way not quite perfect, are the original plates of the *Songs* also given. These were recovered by Mr. Gilchrist, being the only remnant of the series still in existence on copper; the rest having, it is believed, been stolen after Blake's death, and sold for old metal. They are, therefore, as absolutely the *originals* as those appearing in the copies printed by Blake; and the reason why they must still be

pronounced imperfect is that they were intended as a mere preparation for colouring by hand, as has been explained in the "Life;" while, being here necessarily given without the colour, they cannot be said to embody Blake's intention in producing them. Much which may here seem unaccountably rugged and incomplete is softened by the sweet, liquid, rainbow tints of the coloured copies into a mysterious brilliancy which could never have been obtained over a first printing of a neater or more exact kind; body colour as well as transparent colour being used in the finishing. However, there will be no doubt among those who love Blake's works as to the advisability of including them here' (*i.e.*, in the 'Life'), 'even in the rough; and, indeed, to any observer of poetic feeling it is but the first glance at them which can prove really disappointing. Abundant beauty remains, even without the colour, in the wealth of lovely, ever-varying lines, and plentiful overgrowth from the very heart of the painter, springing and clinging all round the beautiful verses.'

Rossetti could not have foreseen that there would be published a series of real facsimiles from the subtlest and most characteristic of all Blake's designs, embracing, with exquisite fidelity, the very qualities he commended in the illustrations which, being photographic, are, he said, 'counterparts of their originals—line for line, and minutest touch for touch,' with the prodigious advantage to boot of being—which Gilchrist's versions could not be—of the same size as those originals. Rossetti would have rejoiced in this circumstance. Still more would he have rejoiced to find that the designs of Blake would, owing to the devotion and skill of Mr. Muir and his colleagues, be reproduced with all the advantages he regretted the absence of in Gilchrist's prints from the original plates of the transcendently fine *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, which he was so very grateful for even while they were void of the 'sweet, liquid, rainbow tints of the coloured copies,' which are instinct with 'a mysterious brilliancy,' and possessed of that very 'colour' Blake intended them to receive by his own hands or those of his wife. We need no longer have them 'in the rough,' nor need we be disappointed at all while we look at the versions now presented to the world by Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly, Mr. Muir's publisher and the very generous lender to the copyist of that superb instance of Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, which, at a stupendous price, the publisher acquired at the Hamilton Palace sale. It was one of Beckford's treasures.

I have said that Mr. Muir's versions of Blake combine advantages Rossetti admired in Gilchrist's issues severally, *i.e.*, the photographic veracity of the 'Job' series and the energy and verisimilitude (lacking colour) of the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. To these is to be added the colouring Blake stipulated for, and without which, indeed, he did not publish any of the designs to the *Songs*. These three benefits were obtained when Messrs. William and J. B. Muir, Miss Muir, Miss E. J. Drutt, and Mr. J. D. Watts, combined to add to photographically made transcripts of Blake's outlines most laboriously studied and wonderfully faithful tints, applied with astounding patience *by hand*, and in exact facsimile of the colours of the originals. Fifty examples of this extraordinary *opus* were made in this manner, and of the series the following numbers are now before me: 1, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; 2, *Milton*; 3, *There is no Natural Religion*; 4, *The Book of Thel*; 5, *Europe*; and, 6, *America*. Having long familiarity with the drawings and prints of Blake, and having specially compared the reproductions of Mr. Muir and his colleagues with the original versions of the *Milton* in the British Museum and other instances elsewhere, I have very great pleasure in testifying that the facsimiles justify that name in the truest manner; they are simply admirable, tinted with tact and taste, in colours repeated with vigour, accomplishment, and delicacy, while the whole happily reproduces that peculiar coloration which is an element of Blake's poetic design.

F. G. STEPHENS.

## HENDRIK MARTENSZ SORGH.

THIS typical Dutch painter of the seventeenth century was born at Rotterdam in 1621. On this point the authorities agree; but who was his teacher in art has been a question to which confused answers have been given, because all writers upon painting are not familiar with what may be called the technical history of design at large. Many such authorities are apt to conclude that a pupil must needs paint like his master or perish. The fact—as, for example, the biographies of most modern French artists affirm—is quite otherwise. A pupil is not necessarily an imitator of his teacher.

Sorgh's father was Marten Klaasz Rokes, who is said to have been the master of a passage-boat which voyaged from Rotterdam to Dordrecht and back, and who, because, we are told, he was extremely attentive to the safety and comfort of his passengers, was surnamed 'Sorgh,' or the 'Careful.' As the son of Marten, the young Hendrik (or Henry) was known as 'Martenszoon,' a name customarily written in the shorter form of the above title, which is familiar to all of us. It was consonant to the Dutch custom of his time that Martensz should omit to use his father's proper name of Rokes and adopt his complimentary surname of Sorgh; accordingly all the artist's signatures known to me follow this fashion; not one of them includes his patronymic, nor does the form 'Zorg' often occur in signatures of authority.

It seems to be certain that Marten Klaasz (Nicholas's son) Rokes painted landscapes and *The Tempest*, which is now No. 479 in the gallery at Amsterdam, and signed 'M. Sorg, 1668.' It is said that this picture represents the craft Marten the father navigated on the Meuse; if so, and the date is right, we are convinced that the artist must have been advanced in years in 1668, when Marten the son had seen forty-seven summers.

Showing considerable artistic proclivities, the little Martensz was put under the tuition of William Buitenweg, an indifferently good painter of Rotterdam. After a time he was sent to Antwerp in order to work under David Teniers II., who then maintained a numerous school of pupils, some of whom were, no doubt, deft enough to execute pictures suitable—especially when the master had done more or less towards finishing them for selling as veritable gems to innocent amateurs and guileless dealers. Thus, it can hardly be questioned, were produced not a few of the thousand and odd examples which, for two hundred years and more, have borne the name—if they have not supported the honours—of D. Teniers the Younger.

Whether or not H. Martensz Sorgh (we must follow the artist in thus naming him) took part with

Michael Apshoven, D. Ryckaert, Van Helmont, and Abraham Teniers, in helping the great David II., has not been established. It is possible that while in pupilage he might have done so, and yet, when painting on his own account, he might have followed an independent line. In a like manner, it is not a little difficult to separate the early works of Van Dyck from the contemporaneous productions of his master Rubens. No doubt some pictures by the *aides* of Rembrandt, such as Bol and others, bear their teacher's name, and were executed in that curious academy, on the interior doings of which much 'fierce light' has been thrown of late. After a time the modes of these pupils became so distinct and idiosyncratic that it is not very hard to say what belongs to Govaert Flink, what to Bol, and what to Beckhout. Easier is it to recognise Rembrandt's best followers, Gerard Dou and Nicholas Maes.

Nothing can be easier than to distinguish the pictures which bear the name of Hendrik Martensz Sorgh from any that are ascribable to a member of the House of Teniers—*i.e.*, David I., David II., David III., or Abraham, who was the youngest brother of David II. On account of the broadly drawn distinction thus referred to, some doubts have been cast on that part of Sorgh's history which names him among the pupils of the famous Antwerper. But we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by mere general resemblances such as exist between certain works of David II. and those which are signed 'H. M. Sorgh.' The subjects affected by the latter have their analogues in pictures of a category much affected by the immeasurably more various, flexible, mutable, and comprehensive David II. On the other hand, Adrian Van Ostade and Adrian Brauwer's choice of themes for their art very much resembled, and was quite as limited as that of the less vigorous and masterful son of Marten Klaasz Rokes. They all affected boors regaling, with and without the company of ill-favoured or elderly fraus, conversations of mean peasants, domestic scenes of not ungraceful elements, and fish and vegetable markets. At Cassel is a capital *Fish market* by Sorgh, dated in his best time—*i.e.*, 1654; another market scene, and, like the last, Dutch to the core, is in the same gallery, and dated 1653. In the Louvre is No. 411, *Intérieur de Cuisine*, rich in all sorts of culinary apparatus, which illustrates Sorgh very well indeed. In the Van Hoop Collection at Amsterdam is a *Fish-market*, dated 1661, which has long been reckoned one of his best pieces of colouring; at Dresden a *Fish-seller*, dated 1664, and a *Vineyard-keeper Paying his Workmen*, dated 1667, are excellent

pieces; while *Boors at Cards* and *Two Peasants Drinking*, both in our National Gallery, show not only Sorgh's subjects to be like Van Ostade's and Brauwer's, but prove that his treatment of them is very like indeed to theirs, much removed from Teniers's, and—while the art of the last is thoroughly Flemish—quite Dutch. He could not very well have been a pupil of Brauwer or Van Ostade his contemporary, but there can be no doubt that with a general likeness to Teniers II.) his models were the younger men. The picture at Berlin representing *Peasants Playing at Cards*, is an excellent instance to the same effect.

Passing from these comparisons and generalities, let us remark that the taste of Sorgh was, so far as I know, never so coarse and outrageously vulgar as Van Ostade's occasionally appears; it was never employed, like Brauwer's, to illustrate mere stupid, beastly drunkenness, or nasty tricks of any kind. On the other hand, the designs of Sorgh are rarely so bright, animated, and spirited as theirs, nor, in these respects, can Sorgh be compared to Teniers II. He had not the picturesque variety of Gerard Dou, still less had he any of his pathos and humour, nor much of that delicate finishing touch which distinguished the exquisite technique of any of

these masters. His coloration is nearer to Brauwer's than to Van Ostade's; it sometimes approaches that of Teniers II., with less vigour, sparkle, and clearness, and being distinguished by flatness and excess of yellow, has but little of the brilliant silver and purity of his master, David II. Apart from this, the influence of this teacher can hardly be missed in Sorgh's work. To this has been due the ease with which not a few connoisseurs of the last century were persuaded—as their collections remaining intact attest—to buy indifferent Sorghs while they paid for good Tenierses. Otherwise it is impossible not to observe that the chiaroscuro of the Rotterdammer, although much less vivid and luminous than that of the Antwerper, is richer, deeper, and stronger in its contrasts of light and dark tones, and effective with better-fused colours. In respect to chiaroscuro, Sorgh is the own brother of Brauwer. His colouring is weaker and less pure, his tones are often dull, if not opaque, and as to modelling of details—in respect to which he has been very courageously compared with Teniers the Great—I cannot say that he appears to me fit to hold a candle to that master of masters of an exquisitely firm, crisp, and fortunate method of handling, or 'pencil-lin,' so called.

H. M. Sorgh died at Rotterdam in 1682.

F. G. STEPHENS.

## SOME ARCHITECTS OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

1550—1650.

### I.

FOR various reasons too little attention has been paid to the artistic Renaissance which accompanied the revival of letters in England, and its architecture in particular has been misapprehended and misrepresented. For one thing, it is only recently that the historical method has been applied to the study of architecture. So long as the art followed its natural development, so long as there was any traditional style in England at all, rightly or wrongly architects did not attempt to revert to earlier work. In mediæval times, additions and alterations to existing buildings were made in the style of the time, and when Inigo Jones was called upon to restore old St. Paul's, he designed a fine façade in the 'Roman style.' In short, while the art was progressive, its growth was more or less unrealised by itself; but so soon as its energy flagged, this healthy unconsciousness gave way to a dilettante interest in architecture which dabbled in theories on the earlier styles, and led to that Gothic revival which has reached its climax in the present century. Then, again, the orthodox writers on English architecture seem to have held it a point of honour to stop

short of the Renaissance, or only mention it to point the finger of scorn at the degenerate descendant of purer styles; and the consequence is that the amateur public, in spite of a certain sneaking sympathy with the exquisite picturesqueness of many an Elizabethan manor-house, have had to pin their faith to Early English or whatever it might be, to the neglect of a valuable and most suggestive chapter of art.

Ludwig Tieck set the example of this sort of exclusiveness in Germany nearly a hundred years ago, and though it is unlikely that English writers in the earlier part of this century were influenced by his ideas, the feeling was in the air; and this exclusive enthusiasm for Gothic architecture was merely a distant echo of the great wave of Romanticism that spread over Europe in the early part of this century. The dogmatism of this faith, its want of an historical sense and of well-considered principle, could only bring about its own reaction. It is almost a commonplace now-a-days to say that while no new art is possible, the mere antiquarianism of thirty years ago is fatal to the development of art. Revivalism always

comes to an untimely end : its energies are exhausted in the first flare-up, and the reason is that the whole thing is artificial ; it does not grow spontaneously, and as there is no vital principle concerned in it, there is no reason why one form of revivalism should not follow another *ad infinitum* ; and this is just what has happened in England. For the last hundred years there has been complete anarchy in English architecture. In the absence of any guiding principle supplied by a traditional style, every man has been a law to himself. Strawberry Hill, and Churchwarden Gothic, versions of Egyptian architecture, what was supposed to be Greek architecture, and what was supposed to be Elizabethan ;—Italian, French, and German Gothic, strange fancies borrowed from the far East, and others no less wondrous, evolved from the inner consciousness of the nineteenth century, such are the various fashions which have ebbed and flowed since the extinction of the traditional style, each of which has duly landed the great art of architecture in a *cul-de-sac*. Throughout this period original and noble work has been done, but it is in individual cases, and little approach has been made to a general level of good art throughout the country. It is this which so completely separates what has been called the Renaissance of this age from that genuine Renaissance which sprang from the re-awakened intellect of an entire nation. The art of the English Renaissance was as certainly the expression of the age as its literature, though the connexion is much less obvious, and its positive value less.

By the beginning of the sixteenth century Gothic architecture had reached its limit. In spite of isolated works of great beauty, such as Henry VII's Chapel, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the end of the Perpendicular style was barren repetition. Its decay was quickened by political causes. Henry VIII's views on Church property gave a tremendous check to the ecclesiastical temper, to the half-religious, half-ostentatious spirit which led the great Churchmen to build their churches and palaces. In fact, the pietist motive was to be conspicuously absent in Renaissance art. Most Englishmen of the upper classes, excepting those who adhered to the old religion, held either the robust Protestantism of Latimer, or were careless of the claims of religion, except as it affected the State. The beautiful art of the Middle Ages was discredited on account of its supposed relation to Rome, and the mass of the people had no appetite for its mysticism, while the more serious, and a large proportion of excellent hypocrites, held to the stricter tenets of the Reformation, with results unfavourable to any sort of art whatever. When Justice Overdo quoted Persius to Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, the latter replied, 'Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you if I hear any more of these superstitious relics,

these lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery ;' and this describes pretty clearly the attitude of average Puritanism to culture. The net result was that by the middle of the sixteenth century one of the chief factors in the development of Gothic architecture had become indifferent, if not actively hostile, to art ; and it is a remarkable confirmation of this antagonism between orthodoxy and Renaissance art, that when Laud tried to revive the old religious feeling, his school very often reverted to Perpendicular Gothic, notably at Oxford. The curious reappearance of the style in the seventeenth century seems best explained by the intimate association, almost sacrosanct by tradition, between the clerical instinct and Gothic architecture. Laud's attempt was an anachronism, but the success it won was due to the faint survival of the spirit to which he appealed. In considering the Renaissance, one has to bear in mind this instinctive clinging to Gothic traditions in the midst of classical or would-be classical forms, and the peculiar character of the art of our Renaissance from 1550 to 1650 is due to this compromise between the feeling of the old art and the forms of the new. As a matter of fact, no such hard-and-fast separation between an idea and its expression is possible, but for critical purposes it is convenient to consider the two apart.

The terms of expression of the new movement (in other words, its architectural details) were mainly borrowed from Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries ; there is little trace of French influence in English Renaissance work, and the earliest masters were Italians and Germans. Torregiano came to England somewhere about 1506, and was employed at Westminster on the tombs of Henry VII. and his mother, the Countess of Richmond, from about 1512 to 1518. In 1516, he made the tomb of John Young, Master of the Rolls, in the Rolls Chapel ; and soon afterwards, 'a garnishment, an awlter,' and some images for Henry VII's Chapel, which have since been destroyed. In 1530 Holbein designed the old gateway at Whitehall, which was pulled down in the latter part of the last century. In its main lines, this building seems to have followed the regular Tudor composition of a gateway under a two-storied tower, with an oriel window on the first floor, flanked by two octagonal turrets ; but Grose, who gives a drawing of the gateway made by T. Sandby in 1775, says it 'was adorned on each side with four bustos with ornamented moldings all made of baked clay in the proper colours, and glazed in the manner of delft ware.' This sounds rather like a version of the Della Robbias' work, and its use on so elaborate a scale was certainly a new thing in England.\* Holbein,

\* Other early instances of the use of terra-cotta for decorative details are found at Layer Marney, in Essex (1524-1528), and Sutton Place, in Surrey (1529-1530).

however, had already familiarised the Court with Renaissance art, by his admirable designs for daggers, plate, jewellery, and personal ornament. Henry VIII. did not confine his patronage to Holbein. We hear of Gerome de Trevisi and Luca Penni at his Court, and of a certain John of Padua whose identity is uncertain. He is said to have designed Longleat, and the Duke's house at Bradford now in ruins, Sion House, and old Somerset House, for Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, between 1546-49; both of these last have been destroyed. His name appears in a patent granted in 1544 by Henry VIII., and renewed by Edward VI. in 1549. Henry VIII. granted him 2s. a

day '*in consideratione boni et fidelis servitii, quod dilectus serviens noster J. de Padua, nobis in architectura et aliis in re musica inventis impendit ac impendere intendit*;' and it appears from this grant that he

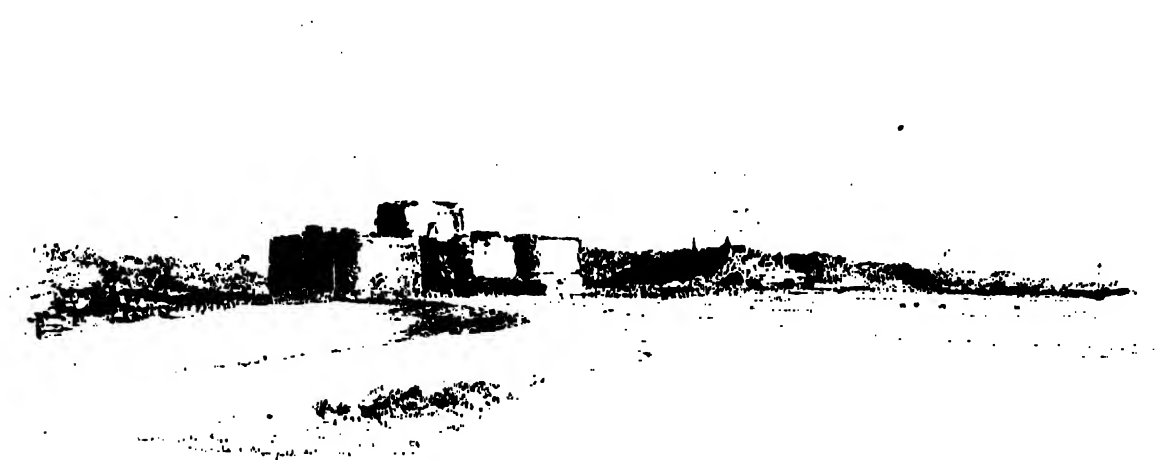
of Camber Castle consists of a central circular keep, surrounded by a dodecagon with five circular bastions engaged on the sides; and it is possible that this sort of work may have suggested some of the eccentricities in planning which are found in drawings of the end of the sixteenth century. About 1567, Theodore Havens or Heave, of Cleves, that

'*artifex egregius et insignis architecturae professor*,' is said to have designed the *Porta Honoris* at Caius College, Cambridge. Willis and Clarke say there is no foundation for this tradition, and that the only work which can with certainty be assigned to him is a curious column with sixty sundials, which used to stand in Caius

Court. The design of the *Porta Honoris*, however, shows unmistakable German influence. Early in the following century we hear of Bernard Janssen, who, with Nicholas Stone, made the tomb of



LONGLEAT, WILTSHIRE. BY REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.



CAMBER CASTLE, RYE. BY REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

entered Henry's service at Easter, 1539. It has been proposed to identify this John of Padua with John Thorpe, probably because the design of Longleat has been attributed to both; but there is very little ground for assigning Longleat to John Thorpe. If John of Padua was the architect, he was in England in 1567 when Longleat was begun on the site of the old house. Stephen the Almajn, or Stephen de Hashenberg, who designed Sandgate Castle in 1540-42 (and probably Camber Castle, near Rye, and Henry's castles on the Kentish coast), was another of the foreigners in the service of Henry VIII. He was employed on purely military architecture, of a curious kind. The plan

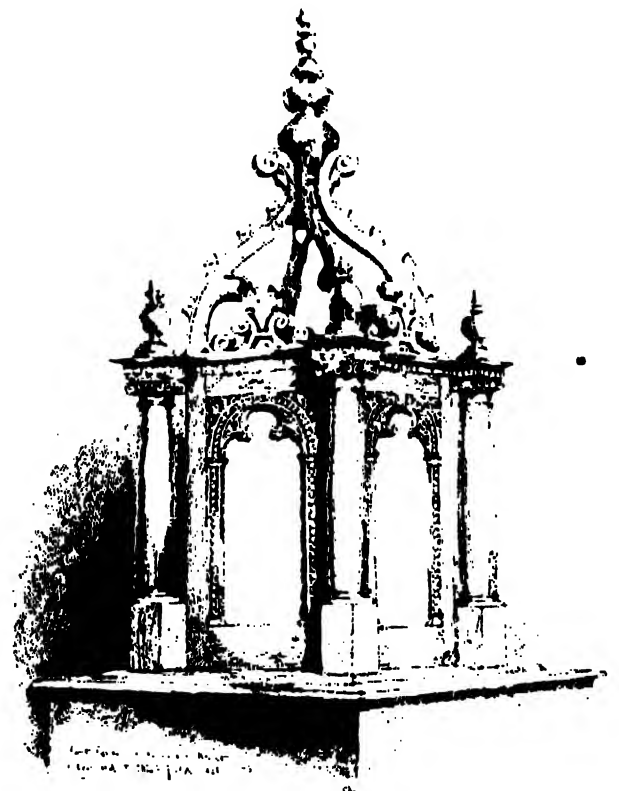
Christopher Sutton in Old Charterhouse Chapel, and was at work on Audley End from about 1610 to 1616; and of Gerard Johnson (perhaps Janssen, a relation of Bernard's), of Amsterdam, called by Dugdale 'a tomb-maker,' who made the monument to Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon Church. It is possible that both these men were related to Cornelius Janssen, the portrait-painter of Amsterdam, who lived in England from 1618 to 1648. Towards the end of the sixteenth century our architecture was much influenced by the Dutch and Germans, and some of its characteristic weaknesses are due to the latter source. Features borrowed from foreign architecture seem to have

been taken up, tried, and abandoned from sheer caprice, perhaps from the same sort of feeling which induces a child to play with a toy and eventually to break it. The earlier architects of the English Renaissance often show this crude uncertainty of taste, and, as a matter of fact, it was not till the time of Inigo Jones that the style settled into Palladianism and the comparatively purer forms of classic. But the enthusiasm for classicism was none the less real among the upper classes. All who could afford to travel fell under the subtle influence of Italy. The great lords sent their architects to study in Italy, and it is known that models of some of our larger houses were obtained from that country; that of Audley End is, I believe, still in existence. Foreign workmen were imported from Italy and the Netherlands. Henry de Pas, the architect of the Royal Exchange, and the workmen employed there in 1566, were Flemings; and the stucco work at Nonesuch was executed by Italian workmen. The admirable plaster-work of our Renaissance art was probably introduced by Italians, such, for instance, as the superb frieze at Hardwick, though it was very soon mastered by the English workmen. I do not know of any instances of casts from the antique having been sent back to England from Italy before the seventeenth century; the practice prevailed in France, but apparently not in England, which may partly account for the inferiority of English figure-work of this period. The result of this wholesale importation of art was that by the end of the sixteenth century English handicraftsmen had acquired some knowledge of classical, or rather Roman details, and that the language of architecture had gained a new range of terms, and, as it were, a fresh vocabulary. When, however, the results are analysed, it is clear that the old ideas were not abandoned, and that the change was little more than one of form.

The smaller gentry and the middle classes who did not travel were not so enamoured of these new designs, so that while the great noblemen's houses, such as Longleat, show pretty clearly the Italian influence, the houses of the smaller gentry and of the bourgeoisie show much of the feeling of late Perpendicular Gothic. The handicraftsman of the time was profoundly imbued with Gothic tradition, and herein held a definite clue to guide him through the labyrinths of alien design. The traditional style supplied the invaluable basis of local colour and feeling. It is one of the many disadvantages under which contemporary architecture starts that the mind of the modern workman is an absolute blank as regards tradition, whereas the workman of the sixteenth century had some share in an accumulated skill transmitted from generation to generation by means of the guilds and the elaborate system of apprenticeship. It was

owing to this fact that a fusion was possible between the Gothic instinct and revived classical detail. This fusion was no deliberate mixture of styles, but a sort of unconscious amalgamation of the two, perhaps more complete in England than in any other country, owing to our inveterate habit of compromise.

The constant translation of Gothic feeling into classical terms is familiar to students of this period. Sometimes it merely suggests its presence, sometimes it asserts its existence *in propria persona*. For instance, the survival of cusping well into the seventeenth century, as in the font-cover from Aldington Church, is



FONT COVER, ALDINGTON, KENT. BY REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

a curious illustration of the former. So is the general use of tracery in the barge-boards of seventeenth-century half timber houses. In Ludlow Parish Church there is a monument to Sir Robert Townsend which shows an extraordinary mixture of styles. The sides and ends of the tomb are divided by fluted Ionic pilasters on pedestals, and the intermediate space is occupied by a richly-carved three centred arch, the head of which is filled with shields set in delicate Perpendicular tracery. A curious feature sometimes found in work of this time, as at the Gate House, Kenilworth, and frequently in the woodwork of the west of England, may, perhaps, be derived from cusping. It consists of a number of small cusps ranged round the soffit of an arch, forming what is in heraldry called 'an invected border.' The feature is common enough in Moorish work, and perhaps was imported by some Englishman who had seen it in Spain; but the identification of details in art is



always an uncertain business, owing to the habitual recurrence of certain type-forms in the art of widely diverse periods, due to no other reason than that the human intellect, working under similar conditions on similar objects, is very apt to repeat itself. We are not met by this difficulty in cases where the far-reaching influence of Gothic tradition is shown in the general design. The disregard of symmetry shown in the spacing of the windows of many of the smaller manor-houses of this period, is entirely Gothic. The old plan of a hall with a projecting wing on each side and a courtyard at the back was adhered to and developed, and that most noticeable feature of our Renaissance house architecture, its long, low lines broken by dormer roofs and gables, has assuredly nothing Italian or classical about it. The front of a house like Knowle (1570) is neither English Gothic nor Italian Renaissance. Its stone gables are Gothic in feeling, but Renaissance in detail. Its symmetry is alien to the former, yet it has little of the bare vertical and horizontal treatment of a purely classical façade. It

is neither one nor the other, but both; and here we get to the primary characteristic of our Renaissance architecture. Instead of being, as has been sometimes asserted, a step backwards, or a merely clumsy attempt to copy the great Italian masters, it was a genuine development, which renewed our national art with the strength and fancy of a wider scholarship and more genial view of life. Instead of being a break in the line, it was a fresh link in the chain of its historical sequence.

There is a close parallelism between the history of Elizabethan literature and its art. The passion for names and imagery borrowed from classical writers shows itself in all the poets of that age; but the wider their scholarship and the higher their social status, the more completely were they dominated by it. Ben Jonson was steeped in classicalism. Robert Greene, in his charming songs and eclogues, uses only such names as Menaphon and Melicertus, and borrows

all his allusions from the Pagan mythologies; and the habit reached its *reductio ad absurdum* when a certain Captain Dover, who started the Cotswold games at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was addressed as 'the champion of the English Olympicks, Pythicks, Nemicks, and Isthmicks.' The practice is of course familiar to readers of Elizabethan literature; the point of interest is that the farther the writer stood from the centre of Court and academical influence, the less was he affected by this mannerism. Sir Philip Sydney, for instance, was anxious that all dramas should be written according to the classical model, but no such 'umbraticus Doctor' could control the national genius. The greatest works of that period are those

that show the least trace of this pedantry; and in the same way, in spite of the efforts of wealthy noblemen to confine the new departure in English art to the strict lines of the Italian Renaissance, the national instinct rejected these limitations, and used the new detail to meet its peculiar

wants and to express the ideas inherited from an earlier art.

There is one curious aspect of English Renaissance architecture which further bears out the resemblance suggested between the literary and artistic developments of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. It is remarkable that though the Renaissance meant nothing if not a return to the objectivity of classical art in England, at any rate it was always accompanied by a strong leaning to allegory. Everything was invested with some symbolical significance. For instance, when the Queen visited Theobalds in 1591, Peele, who was employed to write the speeches for the occasion, makes the gardener say, 'The moles destroyed, and the plot levelled, I cast it into 4 quarters. In the first I framed a maze . . . all this not of pot-herbs but flowers, and of flowers sweetest and fairest, for in so heavenly a maze . . . the virtues were done in roses, flowers fit for the twelve virtues . . . the



COURTYARD, KNOWLE, KENT. BY REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

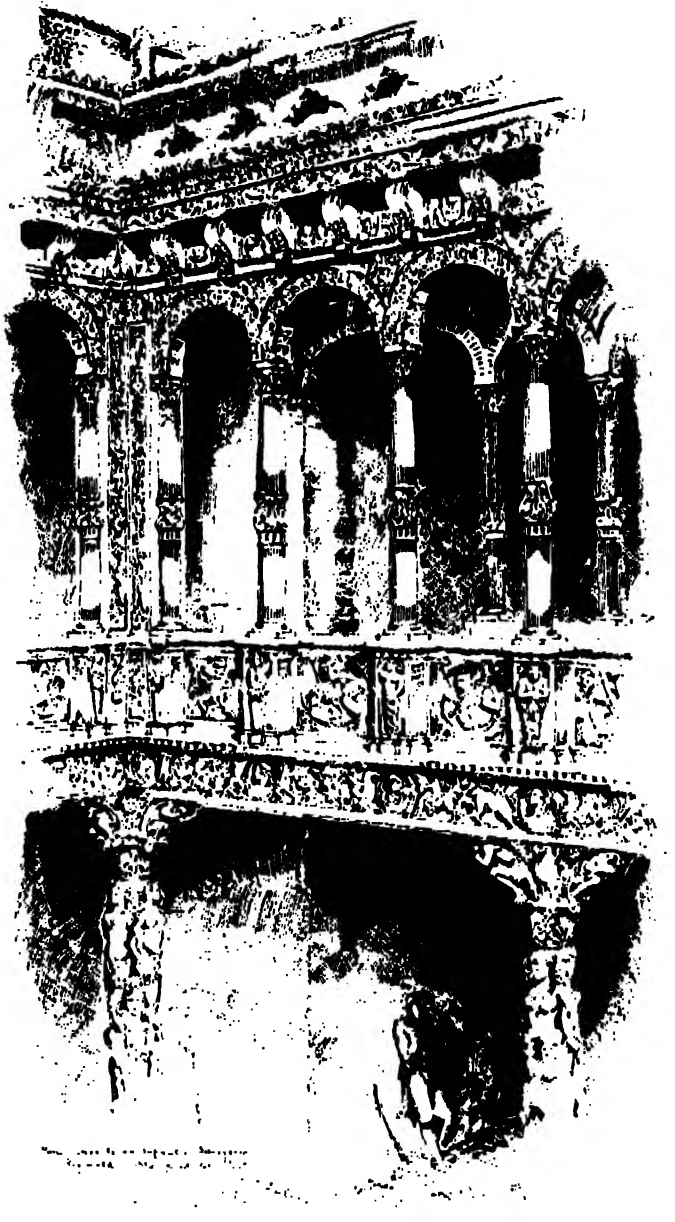


Graces of pansies, partly coloured but on one stalk, never asunder, yet diversely beautified; the muses of nine several flowers, being of sundry natures, yet all sweet, all sovereign.' As the times grew more serious this playfulness was transformed into religious mysticism, without, however, losing its elaborate ingenuity, and 'the parabolising tendency' of the middle ages seems to have roused itself to a dying effort in the works of such men as Herbert and Crashaw. A similar tendency appears in the architecture of this period. John Thorpe, for instance, designed himself a house in the form of an anagram on his own name. The plan of Longford Castle was emblematical of the Trinity. This plan is found in the Soane collection, with a key plan attached, which was evidently a recognised theological diagram of the time, for Sir John Peshall, in his edition of Anthony Wood's *'Antiquities'* (1773) gives an almost exactly similar diagram which is, or was, in one of the old stained glass windows of St. Peter's Church at Oxford. Somewhere about 1593 that interesting person, Sir Thomas Tresham, built himself a triangular lodge at Rushton in Northamptonshire, in which he played on the number three in every conceivable form, from its three-cornered plan to the trefoil on the chimney; whether his symbols referred to theology or the black art is not clear.

Of course it does not do to press this analogy too far. All that the resemblance proves is that a certain feeling was in the air, which realised itself in both art and literature; and that the former was in touch with the national life in a very different way from what it is at present. It also shows how much of mediaevalism lingered in the England of the seventeenth century. This endowment of everything with some spiritual significance was of the very essence of mediaeval art. 'When,' says Heine, 'Homer describes the armour of a hero, it is nothing else than a good armour worth so many oxen; but when a monk of the middle ages describes in his poem the garments of the Mother of God, you may depend upon it, that by each fold of those garments he typifies some special virtue, and that a peculiar meaning lies hidden in the sacred robes of the immaculate Virgin Mary.' Now, Crashaw, who was a fervent admirer of Laud, would have had very much the feelings of the monk. The mysticism of the poet and the symbolism of the builder had alike their origin in the lingering tradition of mediaeval thought. The Englishman of the Renaissance never got anywhere near so close to the materialism of classical art as did the typical Italian. Cellini would probably have considered a statue from a point of view very nearly identical with that of a Greek sculptor. He certainly never troubled his head about any esoteric significance of art. But in English art of that time there is a suggestion of the spirit of the middle ages, and

perhaps its peculiar half-melancholy fascination is due to this conflict of the two ideas, to a dim consciousness of the vain attempt to combine the spiritualism of one age with the graceful Paganism of another.

It has been said, and it is only necessary to repeat a thing often enough to get it believed, that



PATIO, CASA DE LA INFANTA, SARAGOSSA. BY REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

the architecture of the English Renaissance is no style at all, but a sort of hybrid growth. It is hard to say what is meant by a style in that sense. What is probably meant is, that it shows traces of both Gothic and classical influence, sometimes in imperfect fusion, and yet it is neither one nor the other. But for the matter of that every style is what it is by reason of its predecessors, and as Gothic art grew from the remains of Roman architecture, so Renaissance art was a return to the fountain-head, when the Gothic tradition was exhausted. They are both alike genuine historical developments, and, if there is

any merit in the term, both equally 'styles,' inasmuch as both contain certain connected peculiarities which appear in all the art-work of the people at a given period of its existence. The fact that the new movement assumed a uniform character in England, which was clearly marked off from that of contemporary movements in other countries, shows that it was no mere exotic, but the genuine expression of national feeling. The illustrations of a courtyard from Knowle, and one from a nobleman's house in Saragossa, will show how very differently the same feature could be treated by the Renaissance art of different countries.

The architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the last true development of art in England, taking it as the first step in what may be roughly called the Classical movement, which lasted till the end of the last century and disappeared before the Gothic revival. Since then we have had no national style. It is sometimes absurdly asked, when are our architects going to strike out a new style of architecture? And in the latest contribution to the question,\* the unsatisfactory state of English art is

\* A paper by Mr. W. Simpson at the Society of Arts, March 20, 1888.

attributed to inattention to Mr. Ruskin's teaching. The results of Mr. Ruskin's teaching are very much open to question, but apart from that this explanation seems to miss the whole meaning of a vernacular art. The development of architecture is not likely to be affected by the eloquence of Mr. Ruskin or any one else, and if it is to attain any permanent results, it must do so spontaneously, and not under the artificial stimulus supplied by rhapsodists or pedants. The real cause lies deeper, and the real difficulty is far more formidable. Even if an architect could invent a new style (which is about as possible as the invention of a new language), and even if that style was of transcendent value, it would be suffocated by its environment. It is this absence of artistic atmosphere that separates us from those times when the art and thoughts of the people were one, and the artist had not to engage in a battle *à l'outrance* with commercial prejudice. It is not so much the artists as the public that wants educating, for there can be no far-reaching art so long as the mass of the community is perfectly indifferent to its existence. The whole matter is summed up in that bitter sarcasm of Petronius: '*Nolite ergo mirari, si Pictura deficit, quum omnibus diis hominibusque formosior videatur massa auri, quam quidquid Apelles Phidiasve, Græculi delirantes fecerunt.*'

REGINALD T. BLONFIELD, M.A.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### V. - TURNER AND GIRTIN.

WITH Girtin's death may be said to have ended the older school of water-colour. He had changed its method, altered its spirit, and inaugurated a new school of colour, but it still, especially in the modest tints of its colouring, bore traces of its parentage. He had released it from the land of bondage, but the brilliant domain on which it was entering—where light was more liquid and colour more pure than in any other region of art—was still a promised land—or rather, perhaps, an untrodden and unknown land, not even promised. Thomas Girtin went, but Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) remained, and the latter therefore belongs not only to the older school and the transitional period, which was about at its crisis in 1802, but also to the later—even the latest, for there have been no discoveries of technique, no extensions of the range of landscape of very great importance, since his day. It will, therefore, be convenient to consider his earlier drawings first, down to the date of Girtin's death, and to treat the rest separately hereafter.

Little need be said of the facts of Turner's life in these early years; they have been recorded with

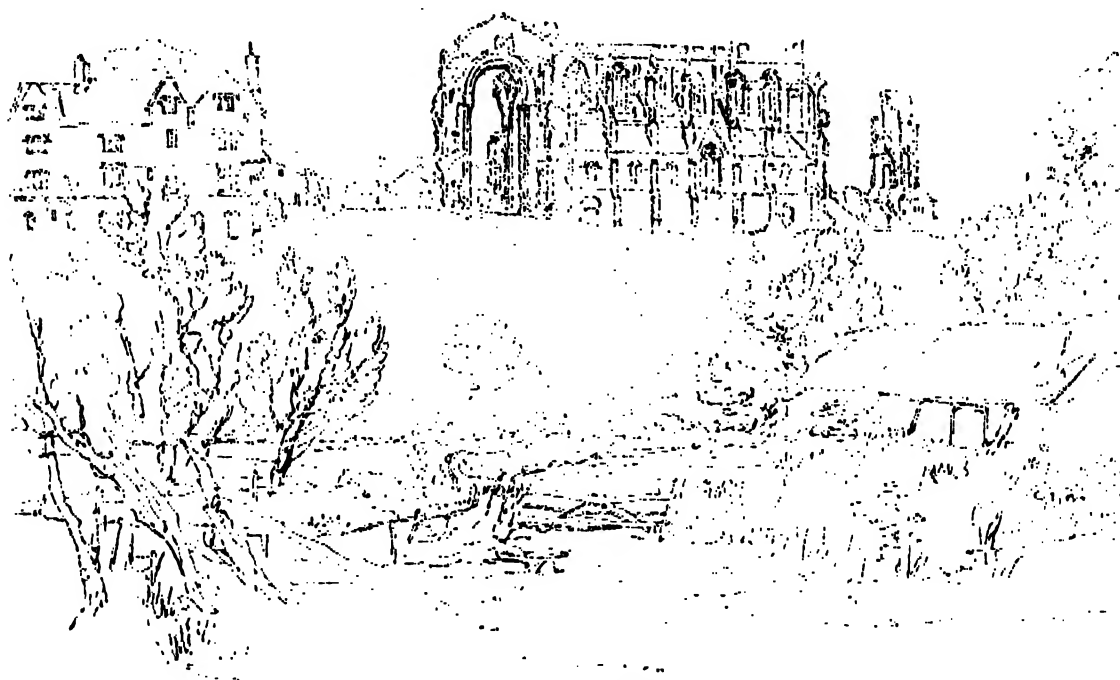
variations by different biographers, and I have attempted to summarise and reconcile the different accounts in the volume on Turner in the 'Great Artist' series. In addition to what has already been said in the previous chapter, and to what will appear subsequently in connexion with his drawings, it will be sufficient here to note the following facts. With the exception of a short period at school at Brentford and visits to Margate, Bristol, and other places, he spent his childhood and youth in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father kept a barber's shop. His mother became insane about the year 1800. Among the elements of his training must not be forgotten the time in the office of Mr. Hardwick, the architect, where he gained a knowledge of architecture and obtained a power of delicate and precise draughtsmanship with the pencil. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy in 1789, and first exhibited there in 1791. In 1792 he obtained (from Mr. J. Walker) his first commissions for drawings to be engraved, and made his first tour in Wales. The first engraving from these drawings appeared in 'Walker's Magazine' for November, 1794, and subsequent engravings in this and other publications show exten-

sive travelling in the south and midland counties of England. These were performed by him on foot, 'twenty to twenty-five miles a-day, with his little modicum of baggage at the end of a stick.' In 1797 he made his first tour in the north of England, in 1799 he was elected A.R.A., in 1800 he went to Scotland for the first time, and in this or next year to the Continent. In 1802 he became a Royal Academician.

Turner's early, that is, very early work, before he began to work for the engravers, is so varied that it bears division into classes, which may be thus described:—1. The drawings (mostly copies of prints coloured) which were put up for sale in the window of his father's shop in Maiden Lane.

scenery by Cozens, are drawn with such delicacy, show such mastery in the use of washes of colour with infinite gradations, and with so fine a sense of light and space and air, that they seem to belong to a later period than 1792, and at least prove how strongly his imagination was stimulated in sympathy with Cozens. We give a copy of one of them, to which we shall have to recur presently.

After his pupilage, which may be said to have ended about 1792, or when he went on his first tour in Wales, and until his election as a Royal Academician in 1802, his work may again be divided into, (1), His topographical and architectural work done for engravings principally in 'Walker's Itinerant' (1794-1798), and 'Whitaker's Parish of Whalley,' published



MALMESBURY ABBEY. PENCIL DRAWING BY TURNER.

2. Sketches made in London, principally on the shores of the Thames. 3. Drawings at Bristol and Margate, when he went on visits to his relations and friends. 4. Copies of drawings (principally of Cozens, but also of Hearn, Paul Sandby, Girtin, and others), which he made for Dr. Monro and Mr. Henderson.

Specimens of most of these may be studied in the National Gallery with the aid of Mr. Ruskin's admirable notes, and frequent opportunity for examination of other examples has been afforded in recent years by the Exhibitions of the Burlington Fine Arts Club and the Royal Academy. Their interest is mainly biographical; they show no strong and striking genius, but yet we find here and there distinct efforts at representing sunlight more warmly than had been done by previous artists in water-colour, an instinct of composition, a daring choice of subject, and especially in some of the earliest of all a distinct sense of colour. Some of the last class, though almost monochrome, especially the copies of mountain

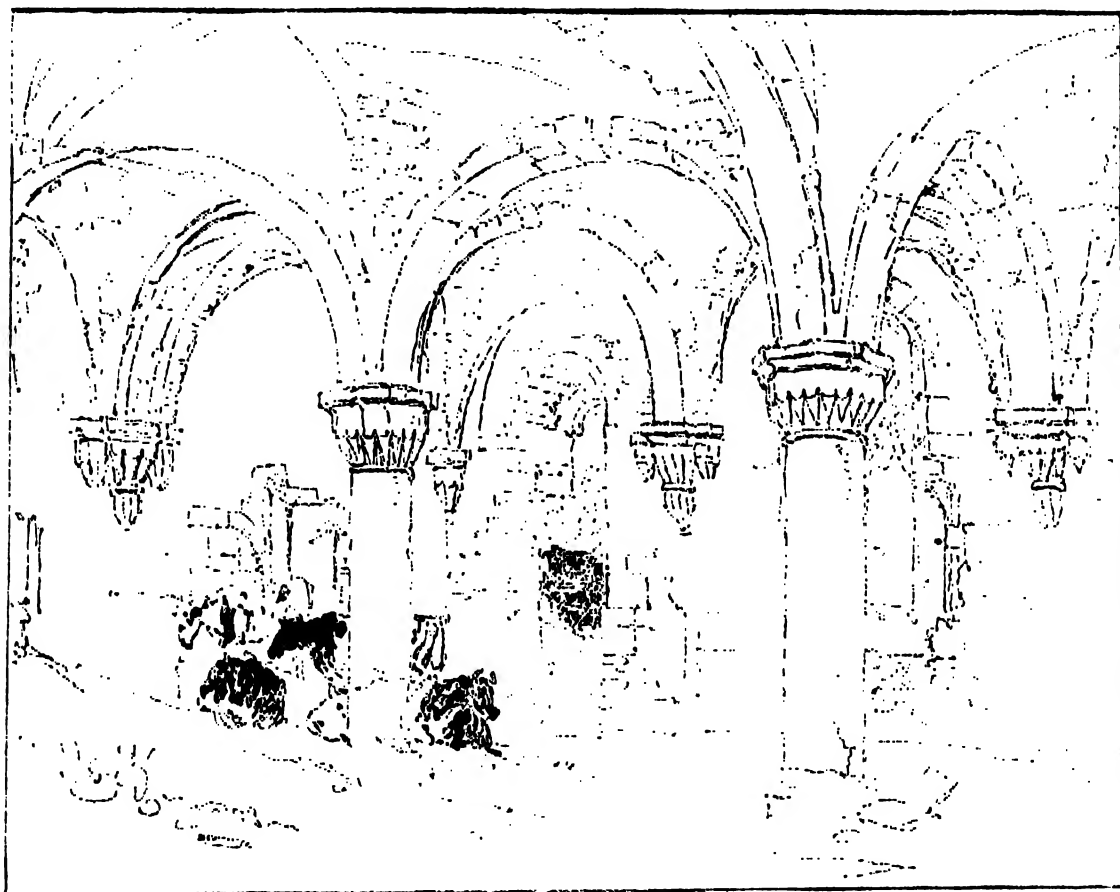
in 1800; (2), His drawings for exhibition at the Royal Academy (1792-1797), principally architectural, and specially distinguished above other men's work for the beauty of interiors of Gothic Churches and Cathedrals; (3), His drawings and paintings in oil, exhibited 1798 and after, of the romantic scenery of the North of England, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Northumberland, Lancashire, &c., in which he first showed his genius as a landscape-painter, as a master of effect, a passionate lover and deep observer of nature, and a pictorial poet; (4), Certain pictures, principally in oil, of sea and shipping, and (5), A few efforts of imagination, such as *The Battle of the Nile*, *The Fifth Plague of Egypt*, and *The Army of the Medes destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind*.

His work for the 'Itinerant,' and the 'Parish of Whalley,' was able, careful, and dexterous—the work, in fact, of a first-rate 'Draughtsman;' but these and other outdoor scenes of the period were distinguishable from the work of his fellows, not by any great

grasp of his subject, poetical feeling, beauty of colour, or power of design, like Girtin's, but rather for their delicate and careful draughtsmanship of form, truth of illumination, observation of local tone and texture, especially of stone, brick, and plaster, in shade and sunlight. Of his beautiful pencil work at this time we give two examples, both of which have also unusual merit of design. One is of the exterior of Malmesbury Abbey, the other of Kirkstall Crypt, the original sketch for the plate in the *Liber Studiorum*. The drawings he now made of interiors were unmistakably superior to those of any of his contem-

nigging or tightness, and that quality called 'infinity,' or endless variation of tone and surface, so that every atom (as in the stained plasterwork of the copper,) seems to differ from the rest, as in Nature. If Turner had died in 1796, his special triumphs as an artist would have been as a painter of interiors, and of light confined and reflected—a water-colour Steenwick of a higher grade.

It was not till his visit to the North, in 1797, that he began to show the poetry that was in him, or began apparently to be spiritually and effectively inspired by intercourse with Nature; not till then that he



KIRSTALL CRYPT. PENCIL DRAWING BY TURNER.

poraries, if they have indeed ever been equalled by any artist in certain qualities of light and exquisite draughtsmanship. One of them, *Interior of Ely Cathedral* (1797), has recently been called 'divine' by Mr. Rawlinson, in his 'Notes on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in the Winter of 1887.' Two of them, of Salisbury Cathedral (1799), are in the South Kensington Museum. Unfortunately we cannot give any worthy translation into black and white of these masterpieces. Our example of his interiors (in colour) is of a humbler order, but it has a special interest, as it is supposed to represent the underground cellar or kitchen of his father's old house in Maiden Lane, and the figure crooning by the copper is probably none other than his mother. It shows great dexterity in handling, especially in producing an effect of exceedingly minute and precise drawing, without any

became the serious rival of Girtin. Then all the long and severe training which he had undergone, all the years of quiet observation of Nature in all her moods which he had stored up, bore blossom and fruit. In these great drawings (we cannot in this article touch upon his oil paintings) he united many of the characteristics of Girtin with a poetic feeling and an invention more peculiarly his own.

The great characteristics of Girtin's art were simplicity and breadth, the elements of grandeur. He rejected from his art everything that was petty or superfluous, concentrating his mind on the larger truths of nature, and employing all his force on noble generalisation. He was the poet at once of sunshine and of gloom, choosing of preference those effects of light which were soft and diffused, not sparkling and divided, but barred and crossed by broad waves of

shadow, separating his subject into large masses of contrasted colour and tone. His temper was always calm and restful, careless for the most part as to choice of subject, but accepting it, whatever it was, as a thing whose nature and beauty were to be revealed, not like Turner, as a thing to be treated and altered and twisted till it assumed a beauty in accordance with his taste, and a shape which conveyed an exoteric idea. He always subjected himself to his subject, whether it was a landscape or a building, and the quality of his poetry was expressive, not creative—he left creation to nature, and assumed the more humble rôle of interpreter. His imagination was

never content with it as it was—it always suggested something else, something more beautiful or grand, better ordered, a vision not to be realised by suppression only, but by alterations, exaggeration, and reconstruction. The two may be taken as typical instances of the two classes into which all poetical landscape-painters may be divided—Girtin of those who use themselves to express Nature, Turner of those who use Nature to express themselves.

Not that Girtin, in expressing Nature, did not express himself too. Indeed, he may be said to have done so more fully and completely than Turner did with all his thought and labour, but his was a more



INTERIOR OF CELLAR. WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY TURNER.

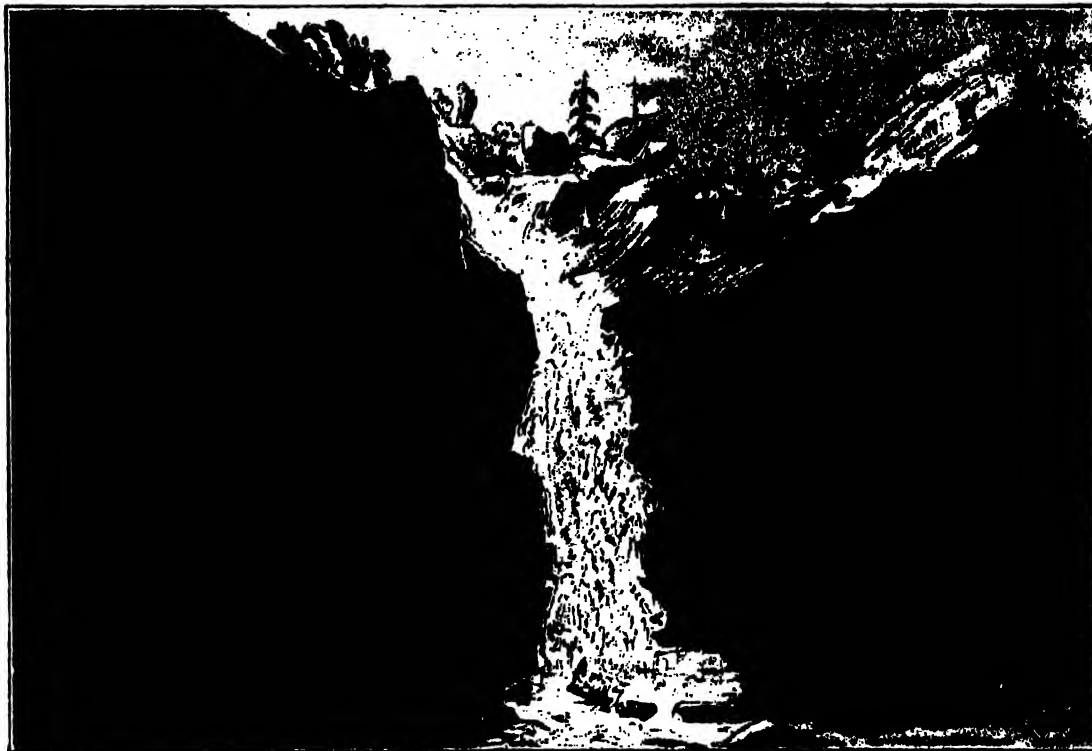
nevertheless very sensitive to fine impressions, and this is seen not only in the effects of light and cloud in which he dressed the earth, but in the seizure of the grandest or most interesting aspects of his architectural subjects, whether cathedral or simple street.

If Girtin's imagination was, on the one hand, passive, receptive, expressive, Turner's was, on the other, active, restless, creative, playing all round and about his subject, which often became at last, if not lost in its adornments, at least transformed beyond recognition. Girtin had turned topography into art, but his art was only Nature at her best; whereas Turner's was a different thing from Nature altogether, not only prose turned to poetry, but translated into another language. By its reflection in Girtin's mind, nature became simplified, shorn of disturbing accident, aggrandised by omission of the trivial, but unaltered in its essential features; but Turner was

automatic and less conscious process, more spontaneous, and less intellectual, of a range narrower, but more certain within its limits, and, lastly, more perfect, but composed of fewer elements. In the growth of their genius Girtin and Turner are again typical of two classes of poetical artists—those whose individuality finds speech, at once producing something new and distinctively written, as it were, of some germ which finds its soil prepared for it, others whose flower is some gorgeous or exquisite variety only to be produced by years of assiduous cultivation. To the one class belongs Masaccio, who suddenly did on the walls of the Brancacci chapel those wonderful frescoes by which, at one unexpected stroke, the claims both of nature and art were satisfied for the first time in the history of modern art. How the power was acquired, how the thought and the skill were matured, we are equally ignorant. He came

and he went, having spent just about the same time on earth as Girtin. As Girtin to Masaccio so Turner to Raphael - a genius many-sided, and of an ex-

Michelangelo, and repairing all the incompleteness of his models by 'a certain idea' which governed his hand, even creating as it copied.



THE REICHENBACH. ORIGINAL DRAWING BY J. R. COZENS.

traordinary gift to assimilate from every source of Nature and art all that was needed to nourish his

Turner's flowers were of a different kind—Wilson and Hearne, Sandby and Cozens, Claude and Van-



THE REICHENBACH. COPY BY TURNER OF DRAWING BY J. R. COZENS.

genius. In his case, as in Turner's, we can see how he roamed about from flower to flower of art or Nature, taking sweetness from Perugino, mystery from Leonardo, and strength from Masaccio and

dervelde, Titian and Girtin, in art; and, instead of beautiful men and women of Umbria and Rome, sunsets at Margate and sunrise on the Yorkshire wold: but it is not the present purpose to draw com-



parison between Turner and Raphael except in so far as it illustrates the contrast between Turner and Girtin.

One point of contrast already mentioned was in the quality of invention or imagination. Girtin surrendered himself to his subject, Turner did not; one simplified while the other embellished, one revealed while the other created. The 'need of creating' was indeed strong upon Turner, even from the first. Though it was long before his work was anything like so completely original as Girtin's, he exercised his invention from the earliest years, and though, through all but the last few years of the period we are now considering, it was kept down by the appetite for study and the quantity of set work which it was his business to get through, it is nearly always traceable. How soon he threw off all topographical restraint, so that his drawings were widely, even recklessly, unfaithful to the actual appearance of the places they were supposed to represent, has been very plainly shown by Mr. Hamerton in his 'Life of Turner.' It was in 1801 probably that he made the study of *Kilchurn Castle*, from which he composed the picture sent to the Academy in 1802, but though the impression was so recent, and he had his sketch (no doubt fairly faithful) to guide him, we find that he has not only completely changed the character of the country (river, mountain, foreground, background, and all), but built out of his own imagination a 'castle quite different from the real one.' 'It is a Turner, and nothing but a Turner,' says Mr. Hamerton. The moral aspect of the latter need not concern us here. It has been treated by Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Hamerton, and others elsewhere. Here the instance of *Kilchurn* may be taken to prove, not that he had in 1802 become quite callous as to local fidelity except in a very large sense indeed, but that now his imagination could and did, when he chose, completely transform the facts of his subject. It has not attained such dominant strength without many and constant endeavours, nor is it easy to determine when the struggle began. I am not sure that it might not be

found if we were to compare some of his boy's 'shilling' drawings with the originals. It is certain that the possession and exercise of an extraordinary faculty of invention is plainly perceptible in those engravings in 'Boswell's Antiquities of England and Wales,' which he coloured while at school at Brentwood about 1786. They display bold effects of light and colour, which not only embellish, but in some sense transform, the poor, lifeless, line-engravings of Noble. That in a very literal sense he 'created even as he copied' we are able to prove by two of our illustrations to this number, one of which represents an original drawing by John Robert Cozens of *The Reichenbach*, and the other a copy of it by Turner. The Cozens belongs to the Hon. R. Allanson-Winn, the Turner to Mr. Frank Dillon, and it is owing to their kindness that we are able to illustrate so forcibly Turner's early habit of improving upon his subjects. The original was drawn in 1776, and the copy probably some twelve or fifteen years later. It will be seen that Turner has not been satisfied with this plain, and probably faithful, transcript from nature. The sides of the cliff have been too monotonous for him, the fall of the water too tame, the whole drawing too empty of light. While adhering nearly literally to the main lines, and not disturbing the place or shape of the bunches of vegetation and groups of stones, he has broken off a piece of the fall at the top, letting in a bright burst of sunshine through the gap, has increased the meagre fall to a torrent, and filled up the uninteresting hollow with clouds of spray.

What Turner did with Cozens' drawings he did afterwards with Nature, but we must leave for the present any further consideration of the fine drawings of 1798-1802, only adding that, though they were the heralds of a greater genius than Girtin's, it is doubtful (if both had died in 1802) whether the palm in the history of English water-colour art would have been awarded to the painter of *Norham Castle* or the painter of *Bridgenorth*: certainly the former picture would never have been painted but for the example of Girtin.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS, FOLLOWED BY MONKS OF THE CERTOSA, PAVIA.

BY BORGOGNONE.

IN the following passage from Sir Henry Layard's edition of Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting' mention is made of a lately discovered picture by Ambrogio da Fossano (better known as Ambrogio Borgognone):—'His masterpiece (1494-95), *Christ bearing the Cross, followed by Carthusian Monks*, in the Academy of Fine Arts at

Pavia, was painted for that religious community. In this fine picture he has represented, in the background, the façade of the church of the Certosa in course of construction.' As this beautiful work is as yet unknown to most lovers of art in this country, we are glad to be able to lay before our readers an illustration of great accuracy and beauty



from the hand of Signor Pacifico Buzio, painter, of Pavia.

This picture possesses a strange story. At the close of the last century, it was preserved in the Certosa of Pavia, in the Chapel of the Annunciation, which is the last chapel on the right hand side of the church. When, in the reign of Joseph II., the monastery was first suppressed the picture disappeared, having been carried off by some unknown hand, and no trace of it was found till, in the year 1874, it was accidentally discovered by the Marquis Crivelli of Milan. He observed it thrust into a dark corner of a building in the Via Ospitaliere, which was formerly the workshop of the Carthusians, but is now used as a woodhouse, where carriers, unloading their carts, throw in their piles of sticks and faggots. The story told by the *fattore* in charge is that the picture had been rescued by him from a pigsty, where it had served as a roof or tent for he knew not how long. On hearing

the sum offered by the Milanese noble the poor man first surmised the value of the picture, and, instead of agreeing to the terms of the Marquis Crivelli, he notified its discovery to the administrator, who ordered its transport to Pavia. On its arrival it was examined by an able painter—Signor G. Trecourt, in that city—who at once declared its value, and soon afterwards the Administrator of the Hospital gave it to the Civic School of Painting. The mournful condition to which this picture was reduced during these vicissitudes in its career can never be completely remedied. The canvas was gradually being laid bare by the scaling away of

the pigments; but it is a matter of deep gratification to all lovers of art to know that, at the earnest suggestion of Senator Morelli and Sir Frederic Burton, who visited Pavia together on a recent occasion, it has been remounted without any attempt at restoration. But what is left of this priceless work remains intact, and may remain so for centuries to come.

Borgognone came from the *bottega* of Vincenzo

Foppa, the father of the Milanese school, and he appears to have been a man of a deeply pious nature, so that M. Rio has styled him the Fiesole of Lombardy. He spent the early years of his youth in the Monastery of the Certosa, and was only known in Milan and the surrounding districts by compositions deeply imbued with religious mysticism. In the *Assumption* in the church of San Spirito, Bergamo, the religious passion of this painter may be seen at its height. The expression of the Apostles, uplifted and absorbed, as it were, in the luminous rays that descend on them



from heaven, would earn for this work a place among the finest productions of the Umbrian school. This painter may also be studied in the National Gallery of London, where, in the *Marriage of St. Catherine of Siena*, and in a triptych with the *Virgin and Child enthroned* in the centre, and the *Agony in the Garden* on one side, with the *Redeemer bearing His Cross* on the other, we see how high were this artist's conceptions of womanly loveliness and purity, how profound the pathos with which He shows forth his Saviour's patient suffering. And here we have the same Christ, only in an hour of sharper pain, as we see in the picture which forms the subject of this paper.

According to Rio, Borgognone was the architect of a portion of the Certosa, which was not completed till 1542, although begun in 1396, and his history is connected with that of this Monastery by a chronological series of paintings executed during thirteen years of his sojourn there. In his double capacity of architect and painter he occupied himself not only in the construction, but also in the decoration of the church, which he, too, might have called his bride, as did Michelangelo that of Sta. Maria Novella. Lanzi also affirms that Borgognone was architect as well as painter, and first mentions him as the artist who, 'at the grand Certosa in Pavia, designed the superb façade of the church.' If these writers are correct in this statement, the fact adds another element of interest to the picture in question.

During a recent visit to Pavia we saw this great work hanging in the place of honour on the end wall of the Civico Istituto di Pittura, on the piazza to the left of Collegio Ghislieri. The face and form of the Christ have suffered most from injury and neglect; nevertheless, even the scar which disfigures the Saviour's face is forgotten, so overwhelming is the sense of the devotional sentiment that pervades the whole work. In the background and on an imaginary height the church of the Certosa is seen to stand, the façade still covered with scaffolding and workmen, as if the painter's architectural work were being carried on simultaneously with the labour of his pencil and his brush. It is the one day in the week in which the Carthusian brethren of this order are allowed to meet and to converse and walk together. The clerics wear the scapular, which vestment signifies a shield for the heart behind and before, and the lay brethren are bearded, weather-beaten men, in long white robes and hoods. With one consent they turn to follow their Saviour, who carries His cross before them. The simple perpendicular lines formed by the long heavy folds of the monks' drapery give to the group in the foreground a classic repose and simplicity that call to mind the composition on an Attic frieze, but the action of the foremost figure, pressing his wasted hand against his side, as if to still the heaving heart below, is a touch of human feeling we should hardly find save in Christian art.

The Order of the Carthusians is the most austere of all the reformed Benedictine congregations, and there is something strangely picturesque in the appearance of the monks themselves, in their ample white robes and hoods, their sandalled feet and shaven heads, for the tonsure is greater with them than with most other orders. Their spare diet, their rigorous seclusion, and their habits of labour, give them an emaciated look, a pale quietude, in which, however, there is no feebleness or ill-health. The sumptuous churches and edifices of the monks of this self-denying order date from the sixteenth century. They had previously been remarkable for their fine libraries and the lay brethren for their skill in gardening. When they were set down in the marshes near Pavia, they drained, they tilled, they planted, till the unhealthy swamp was clothed for miles with beauty and fertility. But this is all changed now. The ground is sinking back to its pristine state; a poisonous miasma rises all around, no human form is seen save that of the guide who shows the tourist through the silent and deserted church and cells, and thinks more of the value of the stones which are used in the altars, and the coloured marbles in the reredoses behind them, than of the paintings which they enclose.

And yet this picture of Ambrogio Borgognone's seems to give us an insight into a spiritual life that death ought never to have touched. In it we see the work of the sacred painter who, in sympathy with the devotion of his brethren, can embody their purest aspiration and give permanence to the fleeting memory of their lives, and in a language more eloquent than words create a lasting record of their faith, as he shows them, issuing side by side in slow procession, from the church porch that he himself had planned, where all the mysteries of his religion in type and antitype were set forth in sculptured imagery. We feel the picture as a consecration hymn in which he dedicates his temple to God, and gives voice and utterance to the emotion that impels his white-robed brethren to follow in the footsteps of their Saviour, upon whose scroll we read,—

'Quicumque vult ponere me venire, abneget  
Semetipsum et tollat crucem suam ac sequatur me.'

## CHARLECOTE HOUSE.

TOURISTS seldom leave Shakespeare's native place without traversing the four or five miles to the north-east which lie between it and the great park encircling Charlecote House. The winding River Avon skirts the enclosure to the west. Large herds of deer are always crouching under the branches of the old oaks and elms within its timber

boundaries. The grey-red mansion where the Lucys have lived for more than three centuries stands at the water's edge; avenues of limes approach it at back and front; the flower-gardens which immediately surround it are separated from the gently undulating park by a sunken fence. The present century has witnessed many additions to the build-

ing, but the Elizabethan portion has not been disfigured by restoration, and from one aspect still seems to the visitor to stand detached from the recent erections. Nowhere is a more finished specimen of Tudor domestic architecture to be met with.

When viewed from the park or from the river, both rich in Shakespearean legends, it rivals, in the sight of the student of English literature, many larger and more elaborate structures enshrining traditions of more stirring history.

The building of the Elizabethan house at Charlecote was begun in 1558—the year of Elizabeth's accession—and was probably finished in 1559. Its owner was Thomas Lucy. For more than five centuries his ancestors had owned the Charlecote manor, which had figured

through intermarriages, with every generation. One Fulk de Lucy, who died in 1303, was 'a special lover of good horses,' and paid forty marks for a black horse at a time when an ox cost sixteen shillings. Many of his descendants sat in Parlia-

ment as Knights of the Shire of Warwick, and nearly all of them, for military services rendered to the Crown at home or abroad, received the honour of knighthood. William Lucy became a Knight of the Bath when Henry VII.'s Queen Elizabeth was crowned at Westminster, and it was Sir William's grandson who built Charlecote as we



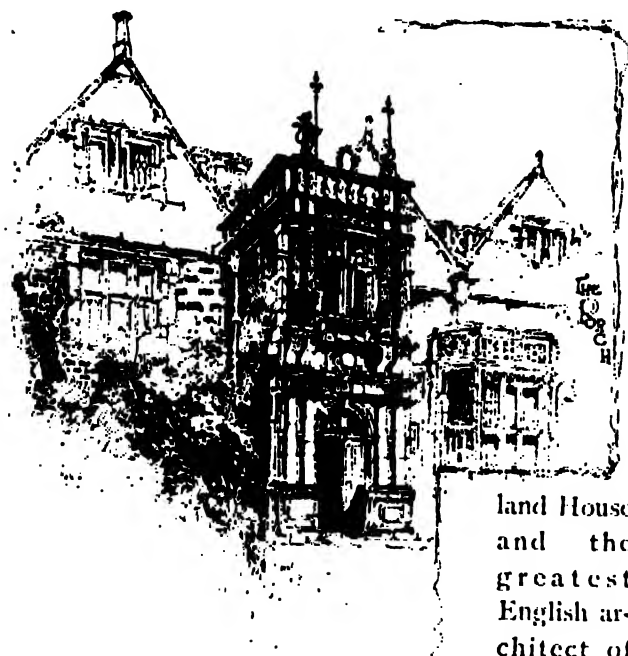
know it. He was only twenty-six years old when he took the work in hand, but his father's death, in 1552, had made him master of his family's great Warwickshire estate, which included, besides Charlecote, the neighbouring properties of Sherborne and Hampton Lucy, the former a grant of Edward VI., and the latter of Queen Mary in 1556. Meanwhile his wife, Joyce Acton, had brought him Sutton Park, at Tenbury, Worcestershire. His worldly position was scarcely inferior to that of a nobleman; he was undoubtedly wealthy enough to freely indulge the taste for elaborate architecture which characterised the aristocracy of his day.

Of the pre-Elizabethan manor-house at Charlecote no trace remains. The Elizabethan mansion, reared probably on the old site, owes nothing to an earlier epoch. The ground-plan roughly resembles the letter E, an eccentric compliment which great builders of the day were fond of paying to the reigning sovereign. The original building, with its gently sloping gables, is flanked at either end by boldly projecting wings, with octagonal angle turrets. The fabric is of red brick; the window dressings are of stone, but all has grown greyish with age. Near the centre of the façade stands an elaborate porch, which supplies on the ground-plan the E's short middle stroke. There is a striking contrast between this richly worked excrescence and the homely simplicity of the rest of the building. It has been suggested that it was by a different and more fashionable architect, who was acquainted with both the Italian and French Renaissance styles, and



in Domesday Book under the name of Ceorlecote. At first the lords of the manor took their surname from the place, but early in the thirteenth century William de Charlecote, who had fought with the Barons against King John, assumed, for reasons which antiquaries have not determined, the name of Lucy. A manor-house, with a chapel attached, was in existence at Charlecote throughout the middle ages, and its owners' prosperity grew, chiefly

that it was added after the house was built. John of Padua, *alias* John Thorpe, the designer of Hol-



land House and the greatest English architect of the time, is

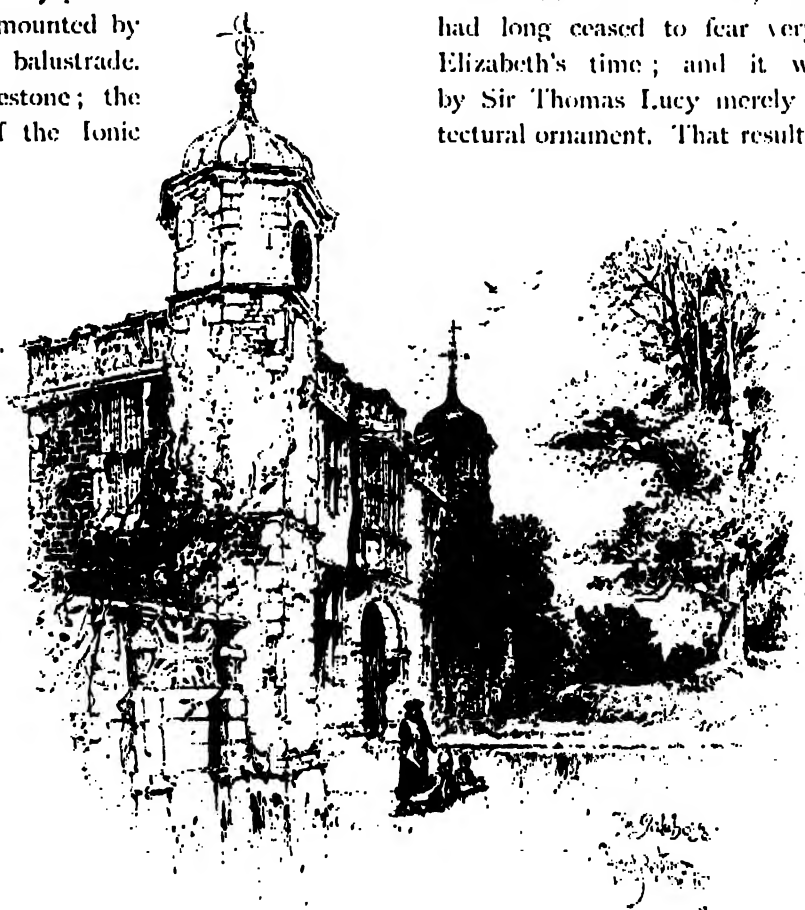
credited on uncertain grounds with this admirable specimen of Renaissance architecture. It is in two floors, each supported by pillars, and the whole surmounted by a delicately carved balustrade. The front is of freestone; the lower pillars are of the Ionic order, the upper of the Composite. Over the doorway, on the ground storey, the royal arms, with the letters 'E.R.' are engraved, and in the spandri's are the initial letters 'T.L.' *z.c.*, Thomas Lucy.

But the porch is not the only remarkable feature of the exterior of Charlecote. Before the house lies a quadrangular garden court enclosed by low terrace walls, protected from without by the sunken fence. On the side of the enclosure that is farthest from the house rises a massive structure two storeys high, and completely isolated. Through its ground-floor runs a narrow archway, closed at the outward end by iron gates. This structure is the detached gate-

house, of which few examples remain in England. In earlier Tudor times large mansions were usually quadrangular in shape, like the colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. In that case the gate-house invariably surmounted the one archway by which the inner quadrangle could be entered. It was at times battlemented and fortified to resist attack, but more often architects lavished on it their most elaborate schemes of decoration. When the quadrangular form of building was dying out its memory occasionally survived in a forecourt fronted by an isolated building, exactly modelled after the older fashioned gate-house; but now that three sides of the quadrangle were absent, it stood, as here at Charlecote, at some fifty yards distance from the mansion, looking like a stately lodge.

In its architecture the gate-house at Charlecote exactly resembles the main building. Octagonal turrets adorn its four angles. Its roof is flat, and is surmounted by a balustrade; oriel windows project on the second floor above both ends of the archway. In Elizabethan days the porter lived on the ground-floor; the upper formed a large banqueting-room. As a defence against unwelcome intruders the gate-house still had its uses, but great householders had long ceased to fear very formidable foes in Elizabeth's time; and it was probably erected by Sir Thomas Lucy merely as an effective architectural ornament. That result it certainly achieved.

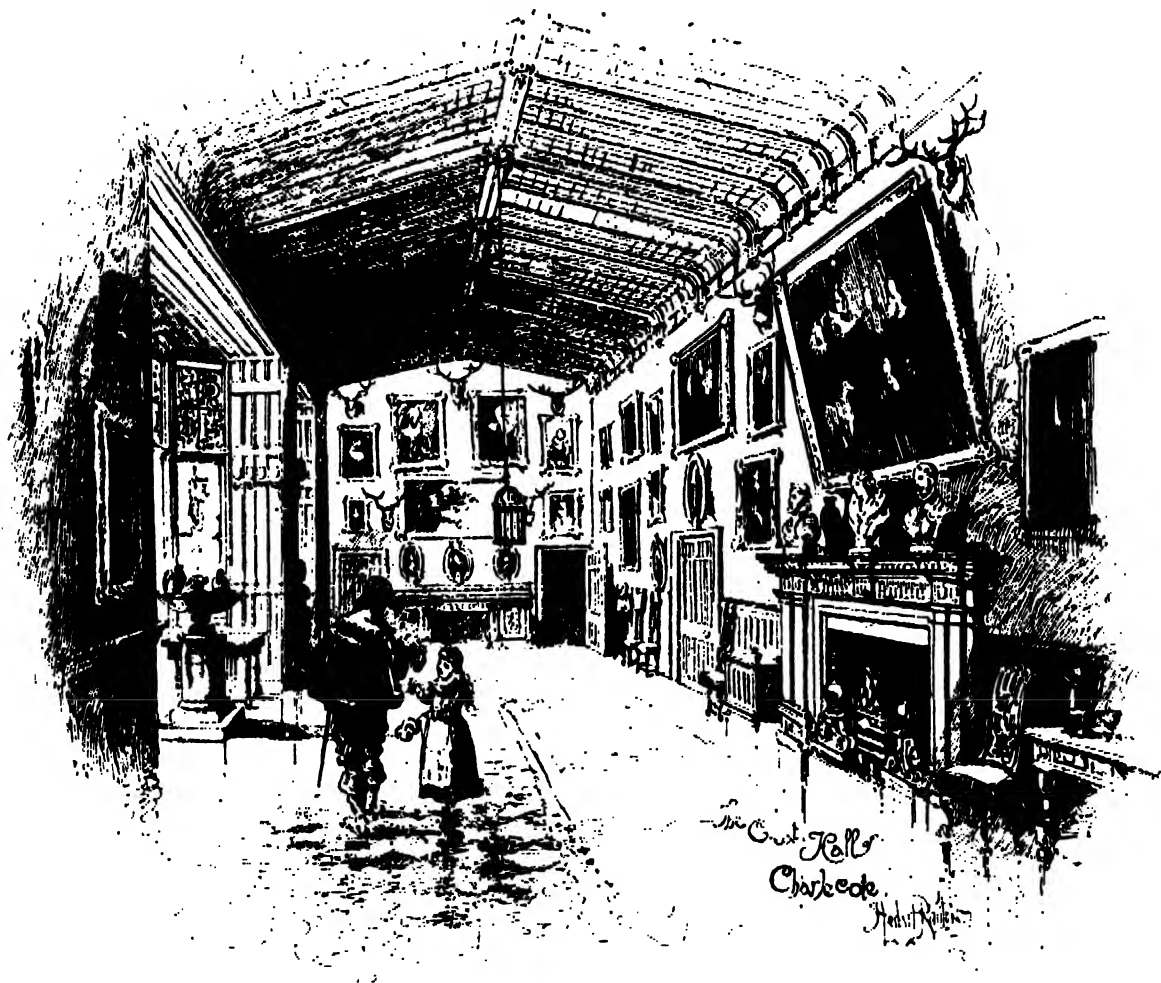
The hall of the house is reached through the great entrance-porch. Except an old oak side-board, dated 1558, there is little here that is genuinely Elizabethan. The family portraits are of later date, and the oak panelling is of modern construction. The magnificent table inlaid with rare mosaics that stood in the centre came from the Borghese palace by way of Fonthill. One



doorway leads to the billiard and drawing-rooms in the northern wing, which were refitted some five-and-thirty years ago, and another leads to the staircase of genuine old oak, conducting the visitor to the bedchambers, in one of which Queen Elizabeth is very improbably said to have slept on

her progress from Kenilworth in 1575. The library and dining-rooms, which lie at the back of the hall, are mainly recent additions, dating only from 1833. Their elaborate ceilings are said to be reproduced from Elizabethan models; and in the library stand chairs, couch, and cabinet of coromandel wood, inlaid with ivory, which, tradition says, were presented by Queen Elizabeth to Leicester in 1575, and were brought here from Kenilworth in the seventeenth century. The west front, *i.e.*, the back, and southern portions of the modern house were all erected in

building of his manor-house, he was knighted (in 1565), and he subsequently sat in two parliaments (1571 and 1584) as knight of the shire of Warwick. In 1586 he was high sheriff of the neighbouring county of Worcestershire, in right of the property derived from his wife. The town of Stratford-on-Avon knew him well. As a local justice and commissioner of the musters for the county of Warwick, he frequently rode thither, and the Corporation liberally supplied him on his visits with sack, claret, wine, and sugar, at the 'Bear' or the 'Swan,' the



1833. They are of red brick, and, viewed from the outside, harmonise fairly well with the original building, but give it an irregular shape. Within there is little to distinguish them from portions of a very modern country-house.\*

No Shakespearean relic of unique interest appears within Charlecote House to-day; but the modern bust of the poet in the hall recalls the relationship which tradition has set up between Sir Thomas Lucy, its builder, and the dramatist in his youth. By 1586 or 1587, when the two men are alleged to have become acquainted, Thomas Lucy had grown in dignity. Six years after he had completed the re-

chief inns of the city. But these performances never made a man famous. Had not tradition credited Sir Thomas Lucy with preserving deer in Charlecote Park, and accused the poet Shakespeare of poaching on his preserves, there would have been no reason why his name should have escaped a respectable obscurity. It is very frequently stated that he entertained Queen Elizabeth on her way to the great entertainment provided for her at Kenilworth by Leicester in 1575. In itself this is small title to fame, but the whole story is shadowy. It is impossible that the Queen could have slept there, for her authentic route is known, and makes no mention of Charlecote as a resting-place at night. Some urge modestly that she breakfasted there, but this report lacks confirmation.

\* An interesting account of Charlecote appears in Mr. W. Niven's privately printed 'Old Warwickshire House' (1878).



## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Art season threatens to be even fuller than usual. There seems no limit to the picture exhibitions, for, in addition to the old-established societies and the periodical shows at the large dealers, there are the constantly shifting 'sole' exhibitions, while new galleries, more or less speculative, are constantly opened. The art market, so to speak, is, as far as production is concerned, in a condition of extraordinary activity, and the middle-man, who acts between producer and customer, assumes various guises of more or less dignity. A monthly record might, as 'Art columns' indicate, become merely a descriptive catalogue of exhibitions, or an advertisement of forthcoming productions. This month the visitors who buzzed about the studios in April will see their contents distributed over the walls of Burlington House, the New Gallery, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the exhibition-rooms of the two Water-Colour Societies and the British Artists. At the Royal Academy the President again takes the line with an important and large picture of the kind vaguely called monumental. Sir Frederick Leighton is loyal to the artist's mission as prophet of the good and the beautiful, and his work is not untimely as a protest against the submersion of the old canons of art in the worship of the characteristic and the actual. *The Captivity of Andromache* gives opportunity for grouping the noble and lovely forms of women and children in a semi processional design upon a raised terrace, looking to the distant mountains crested by rolling clouds, the central figure being the widow of Hector in her sable robes of mourning, as she waits her turn among her brilliantly attired companions to draw water at the fountain. Resplendent colour, not wholly happy in accord, though beautiful in passages, and great beauty of type and line, mark this carefully considered composition, a worthy sequence to *The Daphnephoria* and *The Arts of Peace and War*. The newly elected Associate, Mr. W. B. Richmond, has painted portraits of several fair women with the peculiar distinction of style and chosen costume which mark him out as the especial painter of well bred ladies. But he has also ventured on a tougher theme, and produced a noteworthy portrait of Prince Bismarck. Less the statesman and the iron willed diplomatist than in the famous presentation by Herr Lenbach, yet in the singularly piercing eye, the compressed mouth, and the strong lines of brow and jaw, one can read the same character in milder phase. Mr. Richmond's colouring makes the Prince much fresher and more ruddy than in the German likeness. A portrait of interest in the musical world will be Mr. Milks' capital and characteristic version of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The exhibition at Burlington House exemplifies, as usual, that most of our really strong men find satisfactory artistic and safest pecuniary reward in portraiture. Among 'seascapists' Mr. Henry Moore shows that he is the true artist by painting *post election* into the Academic body his best pictures. The dark blue sea off the pale sandy coast of the Needles, under a sky of light cloud and swift sunshine, is in workmanship and colour one of his finest and truest efforts, a picture to live with and be refreshed by. We are sorry that one of our leading 'outside' painters of landscape, Mr. Alfred Parsons, has been too ill to finish pictures. The 'New Gallery' has drawn to its first exhibition the work of Mr. Burne Jones. Other artists of the newer school have not sent their best to the Academy, while they could feel more sure of welcome and good place elsewhere. Mr. Thornycroft, R.A., maintains the credit of our sculpture with a fine *Medea*, and Mr. Simonds an ingenious *Fortune*, spinning a disk, so the absence of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., is less conspicuous. With such brief studio notes we must leave the May exhibitions to return to them again, for our record of the minor picture shows opened last month claims again present space.

THE Spring Exhibition at Mr. Wallis' French Gallery shows the painters, almost exclusively other than French in nation-

ality, whom one is now accustomed to welcome, working at their best, but on no new departure intent. Interest centres a good deal in young Joanowitz, Professor A. C. Müller's most distinguished pupil, whose brilliant picture, *Montenegrins returning from a Faction Feud*, bringing in prisoners, shows such vigorous command of the excessive picturesqueness of his subject-matter, with a sound technique—a little thin and sketchy in parts—and harmonious warm colour, not without delicate passages. Professor Holmberg's familiar groups of cardinals and ecclesiastics, under aspects variously humorous or pathetic—a theme which in less able hands would become monotonous—we have not seen before on the large scale, to which, however, the thorough workmanship and study of the painter is more than equal. On the second floor Mr. Wallis shows *Ishtar*, a vision from Byron's 'Manfred,' which, though very popular in Germany, is not a favourable example of that uncertain and individual artist, Gabriel Max, lacking many technical attractions, and possessing only in minor degree the supernatural suggestiveness of which the painter has so singular and sensitive a power.

THE Fine Art Society has been exhibiting drawings and oil paintings illustrative of Cornish scenery and people by three artists, Mr. Gorch, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Ayerst Ingram. The work of the first-named young painter has always attracted us by a certain directness of intention and clean, unaffected workmanship. There is a resemblance to the mode of Mr. Walter Langley, but clearly no conscious imitation. Many of the smaller pieces here, both figure and landscape, are over-inky in the greys, but, on the whole, Mr. Gorch is a colourist, and the over half-life scale study of a bright eyed village child with her slate, *An Artist of the Newlyn School*, indicates, together with good handling, a right pleasant power of characterisation. The charm of Mr. East's landscape is of subtler quality, although his larger oil sketches here sometimes too palpably betray the palette-knife and the oil-can. But both in observance and interpretation of the effects of light on colour and form Mr. East shows true artistic faculty. Among rising landscape men who have made a mark within the Academy exhibitions for some years, as well as elsewhere, his name stands high. To Mr. Ingram has fallen the marine side of this little gallery of Cornish views, and if lacking originality, many of his sketches are agreeable, while one or two are something more—notably a *Moombas*, misty and lurid, over a wall of dark waters, which curl and break into dim fretted foam on the beach at one's feet.

Into the Royal Water colour Society have been elected Associates Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Arthur Melville, and Miss Edith Martineau, mainly figure painters, and Mr. Elmslie landscape artist.

THE enthusiasm for things Japanese which has broken out with special force this art season assumes a piquant form in the charming show of Mr. Mortimer Menpes' clever sketches and studies, shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, with the fantastic support of flower-pink walls, frames of varied metal colours, and tinted muslin velarium. Moreover, the hanging is Japanese, inasmuch as the pictures are arranged in irregular flights across the walls. Mr. Menpes' beautiful and dainty work does not need adventitious aid of this sort. Whether in water or oil his colour is gemlike, and absolutely right in disposition; and there is genuine charm in his figures and background which, while suggestive as the 'notes' of Mr. Whistler, to whom he acknowledges so much obligation, are carried just that one step farther towards distinct expression for which Mr. Whistler has accustomed us to sigh in vain. The etchings and dry-points are a little disappointing, for the individuality of Mr. Menpes' work with the needle makes one expect much. The abhorrence of outline and use of perpendicular strokes peculiar to his mode

becomes less style than manner, and the completeness of suggestion which we have admired in the colour-work seems absent from many of these undeniably clever little plates.

Some of the frames used for Mr. Menpes' Japanese pictures present a very 'dodgy' novelty. The broad flat is covered with a metallised silk, gold or otherwise, presenting a particularly soft and rich surface. Other frames have the flat broken by flutings. In all cases the mount is deeper below than above.

It is a pity that so much affectation marks the work of the clever company of painters, more or less young, who exhibit at the Dudley Gallery under the title of the New English Art Club. It is also a pity that those among them who imitate the recent phases of French art should apparently fix on the weakest or crudest eccentricities as the point of their approach. We fail to see why the truth which underlies the system of painting primarily on a scheme of 'values,' or the seizing of a whole impression, which precludes the focusing of the mental or the physical vision on detail in parts, or, again, the reverse of this, the concentration of finish on the point most interesting to the painter—why, to repeat, such truths cannot be illustrated without a purposed selection of ugly or sordid models, or poverty-stricken landscape material, a defiance of all laws of composition, an accentuation of common motives or a wayward choice of strange treatment to no purpose but strangeness. Examples of what we mean are painfully plentiful in the Dudley Gallery. Such a pity, too! For here is earnest talent to the front and much loving observation of the appearance of things. Mr. J. J. Shannon's little sketch of *Charles Burke, Esq.*, in military undress, seated at a study-table lit by shaded spirit-lamp, is, in its way, a study of values as good as possible, admirable in chiaroscuro, in low, rich, harmonised colour, with character in every touch. Mr. T. B. Kennington models carefully and tenderly the head and the bare legs and feet of the little waif, *One of the Masses*, who sits crookedly crouched on the ground before him. Mr. S. J. Solomon accentuates the vivacity of a brilliant type in the face of *Mrs. Delissa Joseph*, and is perhaps not affected in the momentary attitude of the lady just rising, with arms straight down, to greet a visitor. The face is the only finished part of the picture, from our old-fashioned standpoint; but new England has strange theories about completeness. Mr. Henry Tuke's portrait of *Mrs. Fox* is a little dull and heavy in its graduated brown and stone colour; but the bit of rustic life, *The Promise*, a boy's and a girl's heads and hands, against a background of fruit-blossom, is deliciously fresh and well modelled, but an instance of the fad of placing the subject on the canvas as if it was a piece awkwardly cut out of a big picture, a fashion for which Mr. Tadema has something to answer. Mr. Whistler honours the gallery by literally a very dirty daub, which he calls *A White Note*, from something in it supposed to be a figure in white garments; but this, in common with other productions elsewhere, suggests the notion that Mr. Whistler is laughing at the public and mocking his own mannerism. If Mr. Wilson Steer's object in painting the large canvas, *Summer Evening*, wherein ungainly bathers distress the spectator by their nude angularities on a sandy sea-beach, is to produce, very cheaply, the effect of burning sunset when all shadows are violet blue, he has succeeded. The production has certainly this merit. With greater carefulness Mr. Laidlow aims at the strange effects of light on the waters of the Norfolk broads, where afterglow is yielding to twilight and the silver of the rising moon. Much of the landscape work and some *genre* is to be admired for the earnest search after specific atmospheric effects, rendered on the principle of truth of tone and relative value, and, in so far, beautiful. Some little pieces by Mr. Francis Bate, a literary exponent of the new school, whose pamphlet we lately noted, may be named in this connexion. Passing over certain clever assiduous eccentricities, which do not deserve grave comment, we must give space to a word of strong commendation on the only sculpture shown in the exhibition, a head in bas-relief and a bust head in bronze, by Mr. J. Stirling Lee. Both are modelled with a sensitive strength and purpose, and the treatment of the

relief, a very beautiful head inclined a little backward and sideways, is in tender management of the varied planes and general poetic conception, nearer the fine work of the Tuscan and Siennese masters of the Renaissance than aught we have seen for long.

A CATALOGUE which will be some day much sought after by collectors is the 'Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection,' Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886 (published by David Douglas), illustrated with page etchings of that choice gathering of some pictures by Mr. Hole and M. Zilcken, and with sketch reminiscences of others from the same hands.

MR. MOBERLY BELL, in his remarkably pleasant book, 'From Pharaoh to Fella' (Wells Gardner & Co.), has contrived to convey a serious amount of 'Egyptology,' and to enunciate his views on the much-vexed annexation question, while carrying the reader with him from Marseilles to Cairo, up the Nile and back again, and introducing in a piquant way his various *compagnons de voyage*. With him went M. George Montbard, whose graphic contributions to the volume bring it to our library table. The artist, who seems as much at home with the figure as with street views and landscape, throws considerable character into his slighter sketches, while some of the more elaborate efforts have come out a little heavily in Mr. Charles Barbant's engraving. The plates of the mummies of the Pharaohs at Boulak are, of course, made from photographs, and other unsigned illustrations indicate a like source. The fancy cover of Mr. Montbard's designing and the general drawing-room-table look of the book are calculated to disguise the really substantial nature of its contents, especially as Mr. Bell, like a clever *chef de cuisine*, knows how to serve up the toughest facts or newest theories in such vivacious style that the reader is instructed in Egyptian history and converted to the writer's pet convictions without being aware of it.

THE two volumes in which Messrs. Blackie & Sons have brought out, 'The Henry Irving Shakespeare,' edited by the popular actor and Mr. Frank Marshall, should be right welcome to the larger section of Shakespeare readers and lovers who are glad to have their research done for them by the commentator, and who enjoy the plays from their practicable dramatic side. The historic and other instructive matter seems to us thorough and admirably arranged, so as not to crowd the pages of the dramas themselves. The portions which might be, for brevity, or convenience, or propriety, omitted in readings or dramatic performance are bracketed distinctly, but not italicised, and the pages are clear and well margined. Copious woodcuts from the ready pencil of Mr. Gordon Brown break and interleave the text. Facile draughtsmanship and a sufficiently spirited interpretation of situation—rather reminiscent of stage management, and without much attempt at any *finesse* of individualised type—mark these designs, which is, though not high praise, a good deal to be able to say of designs furnished on so plentiful a scale. The tone has, perhaps purposely, been kept pale. Mr. Irving, in his introductory essay, 'Shakespeare as a Playwright,' takes opportunity to defend the completeness and splendour with which the Shakespearian drama is now placed on the stage, not as necessary for the right production of the play, but as necessary in response to the public demand for detail and development in all art. The stage, he argues, has become 'not only a mirror of the passions, but a nursery for the arts.' *Se non è vero è ben trovato!*

AMONG the obituaries of men known in the art world who passed from their labours last month was recorded that of the Rev. C. W. King, of Cambridge, the classical scholar, whose many books on antique gems, notably the erudite and authoritative volume, 'Antique Gems and Kings,' and whose collection of the precious things on which he wrote, are well known and honoured by students.



## COOKHAM, ON THE THAMES.

ETCHED BY S. MYERS.

THE village of Cookham is interesting to lovers of art, not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames, within sight of the Cliveden woods, but from its association with the too brief life of Frederick Walker. It was a favourite haunt of his, and he lies buried in

its churchyard. The church contains a monument to his memory, with a medallion portrait. In the PORTFOLIO for March, 1877, appeared a reproduction of his beautiful water-colour drawing of the village street, with a girl driving a flock of geese in the foreground.

### JAMES C. HOOK, R.A.

#### IV.

THE reader has seen how Mr. Hook's two sons played as babies beside his easel in the most remote of his summer haunts and, with a strong hereditary instinct, grew to love the blue Atlantic and its wild shore as intensely as the Surrey pines and heather. The wholesome discipline of a country school succeeded the free woodland life of their childhood, and all the attractions and distractions of the world succeeded that. Yet the young Hooks have been well content to settle down with their wives, within a few gunshots of their father's house, to a life as homely, peaceful and healthy as his own.

The head of the 'clan' rejoices to call himself an 'English working man,' and the sons follow their father's craft. They have inherited no mean portion of his professional skill, and have improved their many opportunities of becoming intimate with the finest scenery and perhaps the finest men in England. Each son profited in his turn by the curriculum of the schools of the Royal Academy, and both have since become frequent contributors to its exhibitions, while both now have their studios beneath the broad roof of 'Silverbeck.' Allan, the elder, paints in a large and lofty room over his father's, looking away in one direction, past his own cottage, to the lovely vale of Tilford, and in another towards the Devil's Jumps. A glance at his studio reveals his ruling passion, for piled in the corners are all sorts of sea-faring tackle, while even the cupboards send forth the wholesome aroma of Stockholm tar. The owner of this room, while coasting in his little cutter and lying at anchor in the Western harbours, was able to study the most picturesque and romantic aspects of seafaring and fishing life, and to accumulate much good material. Thus he can show us, if he likes, what is 'beautiful and strange,' and true as well. Truth, not only in story but in detail, may be described as his ideal in art: an ideal he is able to realise by his close acquaintance with craft of all kinds, and with the men who sail them.

Bryan Hook entered the schools of the Academy

soon after the Keepership had devolved on his uncle, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, who has lately, in his turn, retired. Discharging most difficult and heavy duties with skill, tact, energy and firmness to which hundreds of old students besides myself can testify, the Keeper's courtesy and kindness never failed, even when illness made those duties irksome and painful. Every student, backward or advanced, and even the shyest probationer, was sure of his encouragement and daily help—encouragement so kindly and help so admirable that, unlike the perfunctory and detested visits of some masters, Mr. Pickersgill's rounds were looked forward to as the pleasantest event in the day, and the old Curator of the Antique School (whose memory went back to the days of Fuseli) had an easy time of it.

Bryan Hook's career in the schools was a happy and successful one, and it finally resulted in his carrying off, in 1882, the Turner Gold Medal for the best landscape. Since that time he has been a regular contributor to the exhibitions at Burlington House, while he also holds a recognised, and in my opinion a high place among black-and-white draughtsmen. He is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and for the most part has chosen a line of art which has enabled him to show us our sea-birds in the wildest and most rugged of their haunts—this not only on canvas but in such books and periodicals as he has illustrated. Devotedly fond of gun and sail and of all animals, he is equally at home in or on the water, in following the hounds, in tending the innumerable pets at 'Beefolds.'

But meanwhile, continuing our walk, we have reached the door of 'Silverbeck,' and if these two formidable colliers will allow us, we will enter with their master, and cast our eyes about us, seeking for ourselves evidences of his tastes and pursuits. But surely this is the residence of some homely country gentleman with a taste for art rather than of a professional artist? Mr. 'Cimabue Brown' would shake his tresses, and the sallow worshippers of sunflower

and lily would be stricken speechless. Upon the cover of the billiard-table in the hall lie a couple of breech-loaders, an axe, two or three chisels and a recently-shot rabbit, while piled in a corner are the hand-bills, spades, pruning-saws, and fag-hooks reserved by the owner for his own particular use. Above these, is a row of antlers fixed to a plank, which was cut from a great limb of 'The King's Oak' at Tilford blown off some years since. No ordinary tree is that. Centuries ago it was held a boundary-mark by the monks of Waverley and, according to modern computation, the acorn whence it sprung must have ripened in the rough days of King Edgar. Surviving perils of all kinds, this sturdy tree still flourishes, and perhaps will see many a generation yet pass from the little village to sleep on the heathery hill-side opposite. On the antlers I have mentioned hangs almost every variety of hat and cap except that approved by fashion, from the simple head-dress of plaited rushes worn by haymakers and harvestmen (and by our friend when in his studio) to a genuine beaver wide-a-wake. Behind these head-dresses lies a trout-rod set up and ready

for use, and below them half-a-dozen other rods and sundry crops and whips. Old oaken cabinets and cupboards, here and there, conceal, if the truth must be told, no choice curiosities or china, but nails and screws, hinges and all sorts of useful hardware. Close to the broad oak staircase stands a column and vase of red Aberdeen granite. These were the gift of an old and intimate friend of Mr. Hook's, Mr. Macdonald, who will listen no more (as he used to do so delightedly) to the rich concert of the Churt nightingales.

Drawing-rooms and dining-rooms are not without interest to students of human nature, so I will very briefly describe these. The walls of the drawing-room are chiefly covered with works in black and white, though we find a few of the inimitable water-colour sketches of John Lewis sparkling with the play of splendid Eastern sunshine and shadow. Mr. T. O. Barlow is well represented, and one or two examples of the work of S. Palmer's brush and needle are here also. In a corner of the room is almost the only piece of our host's original work (besides a few family portraits) that is to be found

hanging in the house. This is a fine proof of the *Coast-boy gathering Eggs*, and it is here chiefly because it was printed at the press upstairs by Mr. Seymour Haden's own hands, on the occasion of an Etching Club holiday.

Glancing enviously at the fine specimens of old English cabinet-work round the walls, we will cross the hall again to the dining-room, and defer the anxiously-expected visit to the studio till we have eaten of the substantial and very British fare resting on a ponderous oak table which, in its day, saw generation after generation of men learned in the law crowd hungrily into the hall of Clement's Inn.

Our host leads, not only the conversation of this table, but the hearty laughter which helps the digestion of a joint of his own beef and a pair of fine game-fowls. Story and joke and anecdote go round, and by chance even a stray pun explodes,

duly reproved by the kindly hostess. Accidentally Mr. Hook fills a glass of claret to the very brim, and as he lifts it to his mouth we note that his small sinewy hand is as steady as that of any professional pistol-shot. The talk



NEAR THE LIZARD.

running on physical activity as he rolls up his cigarette of Turkish after dinner, he shows us by a lithe trick or two that, in spite of the crow's-feet and white beard, he is still far more limber and muscular than many a young man of twenty. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that, besides having almost the activity of a boy, he has all a boy's health and love of frolic and fun. Yet (this being Saturday), he will retire to his studio after his six-o'clock supper, and work hard for more than an hour, preparing the lessons for the Sunday-school, where he is to teach on the morrow.

From the dining-room window we can see under the veranda roof, and away over the lawn and ha-ha to the hanger, and far beyond that again, over the trees and fields, the sky-line of Hindhead. This prospect has a fascination which seems to be shared by Mr. Hook in spite of its familiarity, for he often gazes at it with evident pleasure, and says, suddenly: 'That is what was made for our enjoyment—not gas-lamps and policemen.' He adds: 'In the country there's not a single useless thing, however filthy, and in London there's hardly a single

thing that is of use. *Everything* has its use in the country, down to an old bone.'

On the wall opposite us hangs a portrait of a very beautiful young lady, who is stooping down to stroke a collie. This is Mrs. Hook with her dog, painted soon after the return from Italy forty years ago. Besides this picture and *A Fracture* (described before), there are works by W. L. Wyllie, Landseer, Allan Hook, and a few others; while by the door hangs, in its original carved frame, a portrait by Hogarth which has a little history. The painter, it is said, used to stay in this neighbourhood and no doubt was glad to pay his travelling expenses pretty handsomely by painting some of the inhabitants. This particular example was discovered in the old farmhouse hard by and, with some fine corner cupboards and other relics, was sold by the farmer to his successor. In a line with the Hogarth hangs a fine portrait by Jackson of Dr. Adam Clarke, which was painted for the Wesleyan Conference, and by that body presented to Clarke's wife. The contents of a large 'Chippendale' book-case standing between these two pictures are very character-

istic of their owner. A complete collection of the British poets fills one side (Burns being evidently well used), and among the other books Shakespeare is repeated, for 'he towers,' says Mr. Hook, 'head and shoulders above all the other poets.' Books on natural history (Bewick's, of course, among them), gardening, botany, fishing, and other country subjects, are interspersed with a commentary or two, and a selection of general literature evidently chosen by a man whose character is constructive and practical.

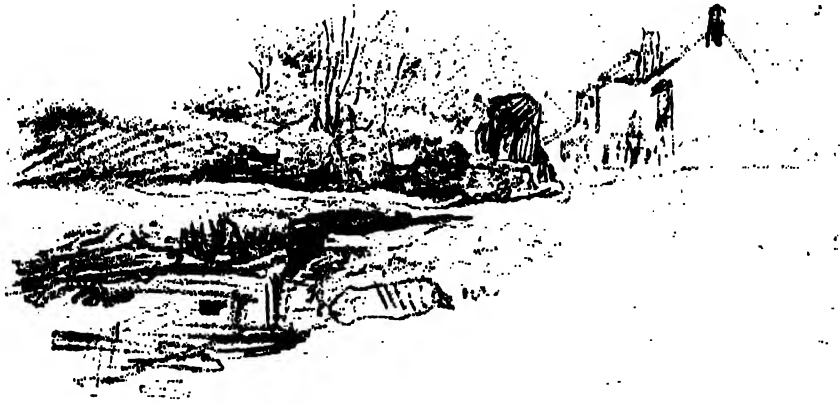
It is when the artist pulls open the drawers beneath, to show us some unfinished etchings, that his turn of mind is even more evident than among his books, and we are fairly astonished at his almost boyish delight in all kinds of tools, whether for work or sport. No one would have suspected the presence in this splendid piece of furniture of three large drawers full of carpenter's tools, but Mrs. Hook explains that Buck's is her husband's 'toy-shop,' and that he is *very* fond of going there. Fly-books, knives, all kinds of interesting knickknacks, are crowded into the pigeon-holes, and piles of florists' catalogues

(against which we have a grudge) completely fill one special drawer.

Crossing the hall again, under the face of a tall eight-day clock (which is generally regulated to a nicety by means of a small transit instrument), we pass through a doorway into the spacious studio. Forty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, it is floored entirely with solid oak and is full of great windows so arranged that every variety and amount of north and east light can be brought to bear. Sliding doors divide the studio proper from a conservatory which is chiefly used for painting from models, who stand there in the sun, naturally lighted.

Here again, in his studio, are plentiful evidences of the artist's country tastes, and if we were allowed to range about we should find stowed away with the painting paraphernalia in and on the ancient furniture, tools and knives enough to realise a boy's

dream. At one end of the room, on a ledge over the hot-water pipes, lies a long bat-folding net, the use of which our host thoroughly enjoys and understands, though, like his keen love of sport generally, he will by no means acknowledge it to strangers. But



A DEVONSHIRE FISHING VILLAGE.

the big net is not the only thing here which shows to the initiated that he has not altogether forgotten the lore he learnt of the Islington and Stamford Hill bird-catchers what time he followed them about, even to their little shops in St. Giles's and Shoreditch, to cheapen an occasional Redpoll or Bullfinch, and to drink in bird knowledge with endless thirst. On another ledge, palette and brushes lie, and both are *scrupulously* clean. For the brushes Mrs. Hook (who will depute the work of washing them to no one, is responsible, he for the palette, and thus we arrive at one secret of his bright colour. He never so much as hints that he thinks himself a good painter, but he says pretty emphatically, as we look at the white tools, 'A bad painter is always a dirty one.' He says, 'It is one of the things I am most particular about. Once, when I was Visitor at the Academy, I was so disgusted with the state of some of the students' brushes that I went out to Barbe's (their cheap French ones are splendid) and brought in a great bundle, which I gave away on the one condition that they were to be kept clean.'

The pictures are, as usual, all faced inwards to the wall, for the painter has more than his share of the reluctance of his profession to show incomplete work. We being privileged he wheels round easel after easel and shows us without a particle of pride, ostentation, or false humility, what he has on hand for the ensuing exhibition. There is a good deal to be learnt of a man's character from the way he shows you his handiwork and belongings, if you watch his manner and mentally note down his explanations. Here we find the frankness of a child and a child's pleasure in having done something which pleases the person he shows it to. The work is far from childish and we may look in vain for signs of decadence. Of course there is the usual choice of subject. If purchasers will bargain for nothing but rough seas or harbours with boats and fish I suppose they must, but it seems a pity, and more than a pity, that a man who revels in our best poets and knows by heart many a page of Burns and Shakespeare, should confine himself to a range of subject so extremely limited. Artists, it seems, must paint to please themselves or to please the public, and, in the former case, picture after picture is often returned upon their hands, being beyond the comprehension of rich Vandals. Yet in Mr. Hook's most popular works poetry and pathos may very often be discerned by those who care to seek them. If we wanted further evidence of what is in him, this little sketch here of a maiden waiting by an old Cornish stile for a sweetheart who is coming to her from far away, under the rich sunset of a summer's evening, would convince us. The artist evidently longs to paint this lovely subject, and feels its poetry keenly, yet it may be predicted with tolerable certainty that he will never be encouraged to do so, but on the contrary will be urged not to depart from the old beaten track. Yes, we may look in vain for signs of decadence in the work around us. It seems rather to show the ripening of much power and much knowledge, and the vigour of the prime of an exceptionally vigorous life. Speaking of decadence of power, he says:—'Men get too soon into their painting-rooms, and that is one reason of their falling off. I don't see why a man should ever take altogether to his studio, for when he gets old he can choose fine, warm weather to work in.' Glancing at his strong frame and the perfectly healthy colour of the speaker's face and eyes, we may think that it may be all very well for him to speak thus, who has often painted at his easel in a boat pulled through a rough sea by a couple of fishermen, and of whom some St. Ives men (qualmish themselves, perhaps, after a long bout on land, said they would give a shilling to see him sick. We know that this well warmed room is not his largest studio, but the sea-shore, 'when the stormy winds do blow;' but how about the chilly Londoner and his chillier

models—the Aphrodites and Leanders, who shiver in a very unclassical manner indeed if the studio fire gets low? For all his strength Mr. Hook husbands his health, and his Cornish friends would as soon think of starting for the lifeboat without their oilskins and thick woollen clothing, as he of going out in rough weather without his light waterproof. Indeed, it is a saying among his brother R.A.'s, when they are speaking of something very improbable, 'It will happen when you see Hook without his cloak!'

To return, however, from this digression to his work again. The reader who has seen the best examples at Burlington House of late years, may have noticed that his first mental impression was not, 'How capitably painted!'—'How clever!' but that he was content to snuff the sea-breeze without troubling himself to inquire into the means by which it overcame even the peculiarly potent smell of the Royal Academy refreshments. Had he been more curious and (following Mr. Ruskin's advice) brought a magnifying-glass to bear, he would have made some interesting discoveries about the execution which makes the fish quiver and kick and brings the surge of the waves as plainly to his ear as did the shell of his childhood.

'The grand thing in all painting,' says Mr. Hook (as, having finished his cigarette, he loads a tiny, silver-mounted 'plague-pipe' from his pouch, putting the finishing touch with the bar of his watch-chain), 'the grand thing is not to mess your colour about—to put it on sharply and leave it alone; not to mix up tints with a knife. Any mixing with the knife makes mud. I knock the colours together *on the picture*, and I haven't mixed a tint with the knife for years, not even in my historical pictures.' He sketches in with the brush, he tells us, using perhaps a little raw umber or Roman ochre, and then begins at once to finish. 'But I can't,' he adds. 'I always try to do it and always fail. I keep trying at it and at last it comes. You get desperately excited with the thing flying before you, and work better so. You can't do a sea slowly. You must do it quickly, or not at all. The first day I go down and plan the sea and lay in a preparation; the next day I try to finish it and fail; the picture is too opaque to leave. The third day I get what I can of the transparency and colour with thin work over a solid ground. But I have to bide my time for all this. It's done weather permitting, like the sailing of a packet-boat. A picture may be on the stocks for three weeks.' This, however, is an unusually long time for a sea to take him; and, incredible, as it may seem, Mr. Hook last summer finished in six days the beautiful little picture of a rough sea which stands here before us.

Thus much we learn from his own mouth, but by

further investigation and inquiry we may discover that he uses a good deal of copal, real ultramarine for his seas and skies, and that one of the chief secrets of his work appears to be the superimposition of one thin painting upon another. The colours, owing to the way they are 'knocked together,' glimmer through and among one another in little jets and sparks over that essential in all brilliant work—a pure, *white* ground. I have said, 'one of the chief secrets.' Let any one, grateful for the revelation (if revelation it be), try to do likewise and however 'desperately excited' he may get in the process, he is likely to achieve little else than 'a variation in blue and green.'

It will be seen that our friend's method is entirely his own. Moreover, it may not be superfluous to add that his pictures are entirely his own doing—painted entirely from beginning to end with his own hand. A convenient and lucrative practice has been handed down from the Old Masters to some modern ones of easy-going conscience. It consists in employing pupils and others to transfer a design from a sketch to the canvas, and even to paint the less important parts of a picture from

beginning to end. The possessors of Mr. Hook's works, however, may gather comfort upon being told that he has never been known by his own family, or by any one, to employ any person to execute the smallest bit of work in a picture. He approaches his work with no slapdash confidence, for no one appreciates its intense difficulty more thoroughly than himself, and probably he cannot tell you precisely how he overcomes that difficulty, for he works, as we have already heard, in a state of the greatest excitement and absorption. His method is not one that enjoins the half-mechanical mixing and deliberate application of every tint like so much plaster to a wall. He says of a little spurt of blue-grey spray with the sun shining through it, which we notice on account of its slight but eminently skilful execution, 'Ah! if you try to *do* it you *have* done it. You've mucked it.' Once gone, that little spurt of spray with all his skill or any quantity of studio work, he could never get again. It was done in the excitement of the moment—done, in all probability, quite unconsciously of the brush and palette.

It is from *Punch*, I think, that we gather how two British workmen went one day to some great

picture show, and one said to the other as the first thing that occurred to him, 'Wot a sight of paint, Bill! I expect it cost summat.' 'Ah!' said the other, 'let alone the men's time a layin' of it on.' Now many picture-buyers seem to like a 'sight of paint' for their money, and so long as the result fills a good wall-space, they are not averse to paying pretty stiffly for 'layin' of it on.' But Mr. Hook thinks that large pictures are far easier to paint than small ones, and deplores the rage for covering the walls at any price, certainly at the price of excellence and those great triumphs and prerogatives of art—concentration and condensation. 'All materials,' he says, 'have their limit of size. Who would care for Cooper's miniature of Oliver Cromwell if it were of the size of nature? But large art is the easiest, and so are large pictures. You use bigger tools, and pots instead of a palette, and there you are!'

Pursuing the subject, we remark that some have been described as flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public and asking them to pay heavily for the privilege; but, according to our host, the public are not always averse to the process. 'They like to think you've spat a picture,



LERWICK, 1872.

and they call that "genius." They always think such a lot of the easiest part too—the frame or something else—that was no trouble to do.' The mention of frames leads him to a vigorous condemnation of what he calls the 'upholstery of art,' and he says many pictures are simply ruined by this. Once on varnishing day he was so exercised by the deleterious effect of the bright gold that, while his brother-Academicians were at lunch, he went quietly out and rubbed his new frames all over with a glaze of raw sienna and black. In this philippic, I think, we surely cannot but agree with him. It seems to be decreed I suppose by the frame-makers themselves that works of art, however valuable, should for the most part be enclosed by hideous, unchanging designs made by the yard like trimmings, and glaring with brazen burnish. The picture may depend on the greatest subtleties of tone and hue, on the eye being led peacefully away into a twilight landscape or the silver mysteries of early morning; the eye, on the other hand, may come full butt against the well-stuffed scarlet tunic of a portly major-general, but in each case the frame is much the same.

We look our fill at the Cornish subjects, and at a Scotch one which is especially delightful in its homely

sentiment, play of harmonious colour, and extraordinary range of tone, from delicate pearl-like greys to rich sea-weed of intensest depth. Then their author wheels them away and brings out a picture or two he has lately painted in Italy, from which we turn with concealed disappointment and a feeling of depression. For all their brilliant blue skies, bold lines of mountain and vivid verdure beneath, we miss the variety and harmony we had just enjoyed so much, and fall to congratulating ourselves on the passing beauty of our own maligned native island. But partly perhaps from old association and partly from a love of light and sunshine, Mr. Hook is very fond of Italy and the Italians. 'Sea pictures,' he says (seeing our preference), 'knock everything else to pieces. It is the contrast between the bright sea—the dark weed and the land; the soft, moving water with the hard ground.'

Thus gradually approaching the vexed subject of colour, we agree with him that there are certain pictures which, as he puts it, would be all the better for a fortnight's use as oilcloth in a London lodging-house, but feel confident within ourselves that his own work is the opposite pole to this kind of art. Let any person who is interested in the questions raised by the colours of Nature as opposed (and they very often *are* opposed) to the colours of art, pluck for himself a fragment of the brightest orange lichen he can find upon a Cornish rock and hold it by a piece of white paper. He will probably be astonished at its lowness of tone, and the same applies to everything in English landscape, where many things may be relatively brilliant, but nothing is glaring or gaudy. The lustrous charm of Nature's colours would seem therefore to consist in their inter-distribution and play one with the other, each being so placed as to set off and enhance the beauty of its neighbour, not to vaunt its own isolated splendour. The intense difficulty of rendering this subtle charm no one has conquered more completely than the man to whom we are talking, and the peculiarity of his execution (which has never been desired, or sought, or acquired as a trick, but which grew incidentally) ministers very largely to his success, as bearing some analogy to Nature's own method of distributing her colours.

From the discussion of colour the conversation glides to colourists and we find that, in our host's opinion, Turner stands as pre-eminent among painters as he holds that Shakespeare stands among the poets, and though he admires Claude's 'ivory distances' he thinks that, unlike Turner's, they are wanting in the 'exquisite silvery quality of Nature,' and in other qualities equally supreme, shown by such works as *Crossing the Brook* and *The Frosty Morning* in the National Gallery.

In the old days, he says, he loved Titian, Bellini, and a few other colourists, but thought little of many other painters of great reputation. It has

been seen that he founded his early practice on the best masters of the Venetian school, but that there came a time when he shook off all mannerism. His reasons (or one of them) are simple:—'When two men ride the same horse one *must* ride behind, and a man of any originality can't stand that. He kicks and strikes and kicks and strikes till he gets out of it.' Although he has lost none of his early admiration for the Venetian school, he derives the keenest delight from the best Dutch painters. Only last year he was revelling in the galleries of the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, and he considers Jan Steen well-nigh as great a man as Michael Angelo. His own works are evidence that he is likely to appreciate extraordinary powers of gem-like finish combined with luminousness and breadth and individuality, more highly than mere canvas acreage, with few recommendations but a large superficial area for the price.

He has been using to-day some of his little pencil sketches, and they lie here on the table. His earlier ones were very careful, now and then elaborate, but these for the most part are equally slight (mere indications, some of them), and are done with a 6 B pencil in thin India-paper books. It may be described as a sort of sketching stenography, so much is expressed by such small means; but, as in shorthand, the highest skill is shown in that expression. There is not a touch in these sketches which is not full of meaning, while they show at the same time impetuous vigour and decision. 'I never exhaust my enthusiasm over a sketch,' he says. 'I don't dull myself, but to do as much as this is exciting. If I do more, I dull myself and take the edge off.'

Our attention is attracted by a small table, covered with toys, standing under a window. Everybody knows how often Mr. Hook paints and has painted children, but not perhaps how much he likes them, or how he enters into all their frolic. 'Look at this!' he says, suddenly snatching up by a string a gaudy tin tortoise, and following its very untortoise-like career over the floor. 'This makes them simply scream and dance with delight.' Strange performance for models!—but wait. 'I always paint children running about the room or conservatory, and never think of making them stand still except just to get the drawing.' A chiming clock on the mantelpiece does good work sometimes when stillness is essential, and many an hour has Mrs. Hook devoted to showing off the internal marvels, vocal and motive, of mechanical animals, for the benefit of little Hodge, who is all unconscious that he will be admired by hundreds of fine ladies and gentlemen in a town even larger than mighty Farnham, whither he jolts now and then on market-day behind Daddy's donkey. When all else fails—clock and toys and all—a great musical-box is set a-going. Yet this singular uproar is not half



so fatal to the artist's peace as would be one Philistine glance over his shoulder.

Yes, he is fond of children and they like him too. The other day two of his scholars, a pair of sturdy little labourer's boys, brought him a present to the Sunday-school—the handsomest they could think of. Standing bashfully before him with red faces, each little lad tugged at his ragged pocket and, in time, produced a great, rosy apple, shining with friction. They did not know that their teacher had bushels of apples such as these. They knew they liked him, and they thought he must like to have their apples. Needless to say, he took them with delight—even a little touched, perhaps—telling the givers he would eat one himself and give one to Mrs. Hook.

Just as we are going to leave the room a heron glares at us from a glass case and Mr. Hook explains that he is using him for an etched book-plate, the copper of which, just re-grounded for further work, he shows us. Remembering that he was a member of the now half-forgotten Club in its palmyest days, we ask him what he thinks of the large so-called 'etchings' of the present time. He says:—'In large etchings you lose the *impulse of the hand*, which is the chief beauty of the art. It becomes a trick—a piece of quackery, like the dot and lozenge of the old engravers.'

But it seems almost useless to enter into any such discussion about etching. The meaning of the word and the character of the work have alike altered. Once upon a time the etcher was the artist, and the printer the mechanic, but the day has come when their positions seem not infrequently reversed. Once, a highly-finished etching, full as it ought to be of variety of tone, sparkle, shadow-transparency and feeling, was a work upon which a man was content to dwell day after day and often week after week—now skilfully directing the attacks of the hungry mordant, now arresting them little by little and step by step till the lines varied from the faintest scratch to a deep excavation in the copper. The printer, on the other hand, never did more and was never asked to do more, than to show the etcher mercilessly the real state of his plate. If it lacked the ripe qualities and rich tones he desired, the patient artist took it home again, nothing daunted, and worked lovingly away till they came at last. He concentrated all his enthusiasm and all his knowledge upon those few superficial inches of steel or copper, and thus those

few inches grew in time (but not without labour and not without accident), to hold as much poetry and beauty and knowledge as will be found anywhere. Then there arose a school who, from motives that are best left without inquiry, said these little plates were not etchings after all, thence proceeding to show the world what were. The part the printer played in this wonderful renaissance the world never inquired. The public were blind to the facts that sparkle and transparency were gone; that for a lovely melody of tone was substituted a small and monotonous gamut of sooty blacks. They opened their eyes and their purses when they beheld huge proofs (these having been, perhaps, two hours or more in the printer's hands) on vellum, parchment, or even silk

on anything, in short, but straightforward paper, and bearing on the margin some scratch or other called a '*remarque*,' together with the stamp of a protective association. In the old times etchers could and did represent the glow of sunset, the flush of dawn, the pallid sheen of the moon, or the ruddy glint of firelight, by means of the skilful use of their needle and acid, and would by no means have deputed the attempt to their printers. Now, shadow and sunlight are sometimes travestied by differently coloured inks; suns, and sunsets too, are smudged in with a dirty rag, and the last achievement has been to use ink of a greenish hue for a building seen by night, and bright orange for the lamp-lit windows!

If we look at these little proofs—*The Coast-boy gathering Eggs*; *Colin, thou ken'st, the Southerne Shepherds' Boye*; and *The Fisherman's Good-night*, before we leave the studio, and look at them with humility, we shall find all that old beauty, that sparkle, variety, and that '*impulse of the hand*,' which the fathers of the art never despised, and which alone constitute true etching.

A. H. PALMER.

NOTE.—The degree to which printers may usefully help an etching (if their help was foreseen by the etcher) was fully discussed in this periodical for May 1880 in an article entitled '*The Portfolio and the Pall Mall Gazette*.' The text of Mr. Palmer's article seems rather to convey the impression that he is opposed to all printing which is not strictly mechanical, but this would be a mistaken interpretation, as he himself is an intelligent printer of etchings, and we have before us a letter from him in which he speaks approvingly of the '*dodges and processes*' used in printing (including *retoussage*), though, of course, he would not tolerate their misapplication.

EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

## MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

THE burst of life which has of late years come to cheer those in whom all hope for English sculpture was not extinct has taken that middle course between two extremes in which safety lies

for the artist as for most men. It has neither, on the one hand, attempted to revivify the old belief in what, no doubt in all sincerity, was called pure classicism; nor has it followed the French develop-



ments in an opposite direction—developments which threatened at one time to obliterate all distinctions between sculpture and painting but those which can be recognised by the sense of touch.

If we may judge from the few fragments that are left, the ancient sculptors of Gothic England, such as those who adorned the west front of Wells, were not unworthy to stand beside their foreign rivals. Both their works and their traditions vanished, however, so completely during the centuries which preceded the arrival on our shores of the wave set in motion by the Italian Renaissance, that the history of English sculpture begins even later than that of English painting. Under the Stuarts, of course, a few isolated men arose who could model a statue, just as a painter or two existed to prove that there was no divine law against an Englishman taking to Art. Some time between his birth in 1586 and his death sixty-one years later, Nicholas Stone made the fine monuments to Sir Francis Vere and to Sir George Hollis in Westminster Abbey; while in the last half of the seventeenth century, Grinling Gibbons finished the model for what still remains one of the most refined portrait figures in the world, the neglected James II. in Whitehall Yard. Cibber was a countryman, not of Flaxman but of Thorwaldsen; and so I cannot quote his *Melancholy* and *Raving Madness*, at 'Bedlam,' as links in the chain, but must allow that a gulf intervenes between Gibbons and Banks, who was born fourteen years after the great wood-carver's death. Thomas Banks may be called the parent, using the word in a rather bald sense, of English ideal sculpture. He was born in Lambeth in 1735. By his father, who was the Duke of Beaufort's agent, he was devoted to an artistic career when still very young. Before he was twenty-five he had gained three medals from the Society of Arts; had won employment from Kent, the fashionable architect; and had become a student in the newly founded schools of the Royal Academy. There, in 1770, he was awarded the first gold medal for a *Rape of Proserpine*, and two years later the Travelling Studentship. From 1772 to 1779 he lived in Rome; from 1779 to 1781 in Russia; and then he settled in London, where he died eighteen years later, a disappointed man, but, thanks to a rich wife, not a pauper.

Flaxman was born at York in 1755, and was therefore twenty years younger than Banks. He was accustomed to sculpture from his babyhood, for his father was the Brucciani of the time, and the boy started modelling almost before he could talk. We are told that he gained a prize somewhere when he was only eleven years and six months old. However that may be, we know that in 1772 he failed to win the gold medal of the Academy, which he had entered on its foundation three years before. In the year of his failure—at

which, it is said, he wept in public—he began to exhibit, and from the first his choice of subject betrays his sympathies and proves how narrowly the artistic ideas of his time were confined to the examples of Greece and Rome. In 1772 we have a *Figure of History*, in 1773 a *Grecian Comedy*, in 1777 a *Pompey* and an *Agrippina*. These are followed by *Hercules tearing his Hair after having put on the poisoned Shirt*, *The Death of Caesar*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Prometheus*, *Venus and Cupid*, and the *Fury of Athamas*. In 1787 he went to Rome and worked there for seven years, beginning his designs from the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' from Æschylus and Dante. In 1794 he returned to England and settled down in a house in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square. There he died twenty-two years later, having carried to its highest sculpturesque expression that enthusiasm for things classic which covered the face of England with sham Parthenons and filled libraries with the more admirable restorations, such as those of Stuart and Revett.

Flaxman was a man of genius, and, as men of genius do, he brought the deluge after him. Down to his death—that is, to the end of the first quarter of the present century—the history of modern English sculpture is that of an attempt to build a school, here in the inhospitable north, on foundations contrived in Athens some two-and-twenty centuries ago. From 1826 to about 1875 the only men who showed any real originality, any real power to set the art on a footing which could lead to anything like a true development, were John Henry Foley and Alfred Stevens. Foley began in the old orthodox fashion, modelling the figure in what was called a pure style, and casting drapery with a simplicity into which not even genius could infuse much expression. As the years passed on, however, he became alive to his mistake, and rediscovered the secret which gives him his best claim to originality. This secret was simply that complex draperies have infinitely greater capabilities than those which can be rolled up and put into the pocket. Whether it were the example of Michel Angelo, or the freer notions that began to obtain in the studios of Paris, that influenced Foley in his later years, it is needless here to inquire. The important thing to remember is that it was mainly through his prompting that a new field, or rather a new ideal, was suggested to English sculptors, and that at an opportune moment.

A far greater artist than Foley was Alfred Stevens whose name twenty years ago was just beginning to be known in the wider artistic circles. But his bow not many can bend, and his example is likely to be felt more in the treatment of details than in attempts to rival his conceptions in their entirety. Speaking broadly, the effect of these two men's careers was to stimulate the national interest

in the art they professed, to encourage the younger men who were acquainted with their work, and to point out a route by which English sculpture might at last attain a real vitality.

The second extreme to which I alluded when I commenced this article is that of the French naturalistic, or picturesque, school—the school which owed its influence mainly to the genius of Barye and Carpeaux. Barye's devotion to what we should call a picturesque view of sculpture was the natural result of his choice of models. Lions and tigers, elephants and alligators, are rather picturesque than sculptural by their very nature. Their forms are full of light and shadow, of quick transition, of sharp contrasts between opposing textures, of contrasting lines; their aesthetic value lies more in action than repose, more in complexity than in unity. All this Barye saw easily enough, so when he elected to become an *animalier* in bronze he unconsciously laid the foundation for a new departure in the art he had chosen. Victor Cousin had said, 'Qu'il ne peut pas y avoir de sculpture moderne; qu'elle est exclusivement antique, car elle est, avant tout, la représentation de la beauté de la forme, et que le soin, comme l'adoration, de la beauté, appartient au paganisme.' What Cousin meant by 'la beauté de la forme' was no more necessary for a successful statue than the unities for a good drama, and this the sculptors of the new generation were about to show. The man who went farthest of them all, who went, indeed, farther than the powers of the material in which he worked could follow him, was the sculptor of *La Danse* at the Grand Opéra, of the *Ugolino* in the Tuileries Gardens, of the fountain of the Luxembourg. In all these Carpeaux fell into the mistake of attempting feats which, even in their fullest success, proclaim the limits of marble. The result is that, although he has only been dead since 1875, and although during much of that time his name has been a rallying cry for those who aimed at the emancipation of the art he practised, his influence is already on the wane, and every year sees the better men more ready to bow to the natural conditions of their art.

The movement, then, of which Mr. Hamo Thornycroft may with justice be called the leader, springs partly from the revived interest in all art matters which has distinguished the present generation; partly from the impetus given by two men, one an artist of talent the other of genius; while its direction has been determined by the opposing thrust of two examples—or, rather, of a tradition against an example—the classic tradition endorsed by Flaxman, against the example set by the naturalistic school of France. From the one has come a desire for beauty, for balance, for repose; from the other a toleration for modernity, and for so much of quick, energetic

action, as may not be incompatible with aesthetic repose.

Hamo Thornycroft was born in London in 1850. His mother, Mary Thornycroft, herself a sculptor—'sculptress' is impossible—of very considerable ability, was the daughter of John Francis, the well-known pupil of Chantrey, and the author of a bust of Wellington in the National Portrait Gallery. His father, too, won some distinction in the same art; and was employed on several important undertakings, and was helped in them greatly by his son. Hamo spent his early years, from 1854 to 1862, at a farm in the north, and received his first teaching at Macclesfield Grammar School. Returning to London while he was still a child, he was next sent to University College School—surely the most clumsily named institution in the whole world—where he could combine the study of Lemprière's immoral pages with that of his heroes and heroines in unemotional stone, at the other end of Gower Street. He began to draw at the British Museum when he was sixteen; and, he tells me, he had not been many times in the place before his youthful mind was made up as to the infinite superiority of the Greeks to the Romans. For the subject of his first attempt he pitched upon the *Nike fastening her Sandal*, a cast from which now occupies a place of honour in his private studio. From the *Nike* he went on to the *Fates*; and then it was his fate to make a clay model from the *Dancing Faun*—a convulsed, spasmodic figure, in which neither he nor any other artist of fine organization can take unalloyed pleasure.

Mr. Thornycroft was one of the last students admitted to the Academy while it was still in occupation of its old home in Trafalgar Square. He was eighteen, and had been a hard worker in Bloomsbury, so that it was not astonishing that, with the genius we now know him to possess, he should have taken five medals during his course there. These were—(1), for a model from the antique; (2), for a restoration of the Ilyssus; (3), for a model from the life; (4), for a drawing from the life; and, (5), the gold medal for his group of a warrior bearing a youth from the field of battle. This group was exhibited in 1876; and has won a wide popularity through its selection as a standing prize for the London Art Union. With the winning of the gold medal Mr. Thornycroft's academic career came to an end. It had included visits to Rome and Florence; during which he had examined the relics of the great Italian Renaissance with the eye of a practised workman, and had digested what they taught with the balanced intelligence that is one of his chief characteristics.

In 1877 he did not exhibit at all. He was busy on the statue which appeared at the Academy of

the following year. This statue, although it failed to find a purchaser, drew attention to the fact that England again possessed a sculptor who could invent a theme. The subject was *Lot's Wife*. The woman was taken at the moment when she was half flesh and half salt. The conceit was exactly of the kind that would seem good to an inexperienced artist with a touch of originality. We may bless our lucky stars that it was not followed by a Galatea half turned into flesh. (If Gibson had thought of that he would have done it to a certainty; it would have given him a peculiar justification for an experiment with colour.) The modelling of the head, throat, and arms, of *Lot's Wife*, was full of mastery, and was conceived, moreover, on a nobler scale than had been common in England. Where the statue failed was in its lower part. There it was difficult to prevent the encroaching salt from looking merely like bad or unfinished carving. The final outcome was not a woman, but a block of stone in course of metamorphosis. Two years later an enormous advance was made good by the *Artemis*, now at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's palace in Cheshire. In the conception of this statue, or rather group, for the presence of the hound gives it a technical claim to the more ambitious title, very unusual ingenuity is shown. The goddess, as she walks on the mountain-side, has come suddenly upon game. As she stops and recoils to find time to fit an arrow, her dog creeps to the front on her wrong side, winding his 'lead' about her limbs and drawing her whole frame into a graceful sinuosity. The goddess's right hand is raised over her shoulder, in act to draw an arrow from her quiver, while her left, with its deadly bow, rests almost on the hound's back. Anent this dog Mr. Thornycroft tells a curious story. It appears that he had great difficulty in finding a canine model to suit his notions, when one day a forlorn deerhound took refuge in his porch. As no owner could be found he gave her house-room and she sat for her portrait, but privation or ill-usage had played havoc with her, and her sittings were barely over before she died.

Early in 1881 Mr. Thornycroft was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He was only in his thirty-first year, an age at which, so far as I can discover, no sculptor had yet reached that honour. He soon justified his elevation. In the Academy which opened in the following May, few things attracted more attention than the plaster model of his *Teucer*. This stood near the door of the lecture-room, and during the whole summer it was seldom without its little group of admirers; and now, in the final bronze, it has become the property of the nation. Teucer was the stepbrother of Ajax. In the fights round Troy he hung in the shadow of his brother's shield, and sent his whistling arrows

out again and again in search of Hector's heart. The gods, however, turned the shafts aside, and although many a meaner Trojan fell, Hector was untouched. Hector was untouched, and Teucer was puzzled and furious. He was the best archer among the Greeks, and he put all his skill into every shot. This is the man Mr. Thornycroft has realised. Teucer was small, and so we find his head counting for more in his height than it otherwise would. He is wiry, muscular, long in the thigh, and well let down in the calf, as small men are wont to be. In his features we can read the intense desire to kill and the want of confidence begotten by failure, and in his whole body the nervous tension, the springing vitality, of the active and ubiquitous Bowman. The Chantrey Trustees have never deserved better of the country than when they bought this statue. In an article contributed to the 'Century Magazine' for 1883, Mr. Edmund Gosse declares it has done more to revive the prestige of sculpture in England than any other figure produced within the present generation; and I have no doubt he is right.

In 1882 Mr. Thornycroft was not represented at the Academy by new work; but in spite of that, his was the pervading spirit of the sculpture-room. The *Artemis* and the *Teucer* were both there, the one in marble, the other in bronze: I may safely say, that never before had an English sculptor had two such figures together in one English exhibition. The next was a year of *recueillement*; and then, in 1884, came the *Mower*, the statue reproduced in our plate, which is, in some ways, the finest thing its author has yet produced. Its peculiar strength lies in its combination of style with reality, of imagination with sincerity of outlook. This is a real mower, a real English peasant, in whom there is no touch of surrender to conventional notions of the picturesque beyond the substitution of breeches for trousers and the nakedness of the torso. The almost classic regularity of the features has been pointed to as another touch of conventionality; but here there is nothing more than can be fairly accounted for by care in selecting a model. The modelling of the torso is even more searching than in the *Teucer*; while in the pose, in the management of the drapery, even to the single brace on which so much depends, in the hang of the scythe, and in the provision of exactly the right amount of shadow required to help the facial expression, Mr. Thornycroft has contrived to blend life and unity with very singular success.

In 1885 his best thing was a small sketch in wax for an Edward I. on horseback. The group was one of those intended for Blackfriars Bridge. It would have done credit to the sculptor had it ever been carried out. In 1886 came the *Sower*, which I venture to think the least successful of Mr. Thorny-

croft's ideal statues. No mere point in a continuous action seems well adapted for sculpture; or, at least,



THE SOWER. STUDY FOR DRAPEY.

for a figure in the round. For a statue to look well on its pedestal it should embody some moment complete in itself, or some action that does not suggest too rigorously that it is impatient to get down. I know, of course, that many of the best statues in the world violate this rule. But they are nearly all equestrian groups, in which the man, at least, is left more or less in repose. Leopardi's *Calceoli*, Fremiet's *Jeanne d'Arc*, Lesueur's *Charles I.*, Rauch's *Frederick the Great*—in each of these the human figure is without any very violent action, and by its quietude counteracts the movement of the horse. In Mr. Thornycroft's *Sower*, on the other hand, the motion was continuous, and of the kind to bring an ungraceful repetition into the man's limbs.

The *Sower* was succeeded by the model for the statue of General Gordon, which is to be squeezed in between the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and so watch for ever the penitential vigil of so different a man as Nelson. The monument will deserve a better place if it do justice to the sketch.

To the Academy just opened Mr. Thornycroft has sent a statue of *Medea Charming the Dragon*, some early sketches for which are here reproduced. It would be impertinent to criticise it without a more intimate knowledge of its details than I have yet had time to acquire. That it has pleased his colleagues may be inferred, perhaps, from the intelligence which reaches me, as I write these final



MEDEA. STUDIES FOR DRAPEY.

words, that Mr. Thornycroft has, within the last few hours, been elected to the full honours of the Academy.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### VI.—Francia, Bonington, and Colman.

THE choice of the year 1802 as the close of a period in Turner's art is useful not only because it was also the year of Girtin's death. In this year also Turner was elected a Royal Academician; and he afterwards exhibited comparatively few water-colour drawings, for he never belonged to either of the Water-Colour Societies. As far as the

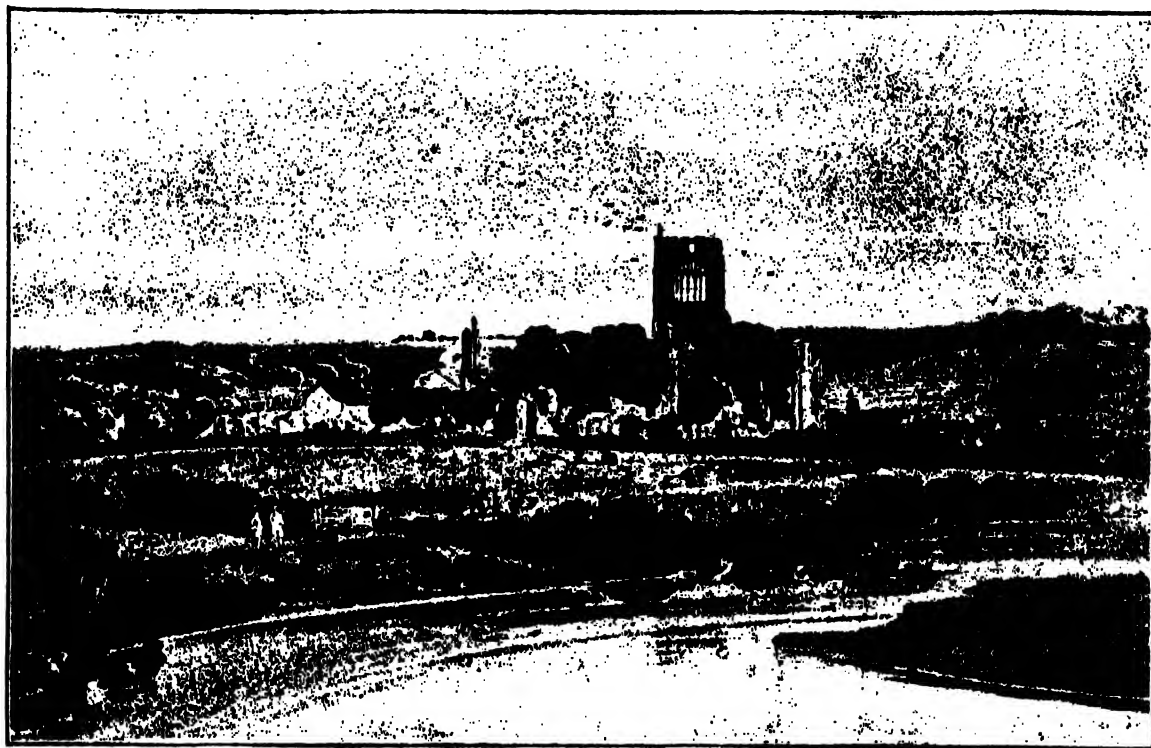
public were concerned, he was hereafter principally known as a painter in oil, his water-colours reaching them only in translation by engraving. Moreover, the year 1802 marks another important fact in his life. The subjects of his exhibited works were still exclusively English; but in 1803 six out of his seven contributions to the walls of the Academy were

scenes from the Continent. Among them were two large oil pictures, *The Vintage at Macon*, lent by the Earl of Yarborough last winter to the Grosvenor Gallery, and *Calais Pier*, the well-known picture in the National Gallery. The other picture was a *Holy Family*. So far had Turner got away from mere topography and England; so far also from Girtin.

Besides all this, the popular knowledge of Turner may be said to begin with the painting of *Calais Pier*, for the best of his previous work has, till within the last few years, been comparatively lost sight of. A few interesting but unimportant drawings and water-colours in the vaults of the National Gallery, and a few dark oil pictures upstairs, attracted but

seldom found in his later work. The *Kilchurn* is, as Mr. Hamerton says, in regard to the liberties it takes with nature, 'a Turner, and nothing but a Turner;' but it is a Turner modified in feeling and style by the example of Girtin.

The *Norham Castle* is the most celebrated. It was repeated in the 'Liber Studiorum' and the 'Rivers of England;' and it was to this drawing that Turner referred many years after, when, while making sketches for 'Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Descriptive Illustrations by Sir Walter Scott, 1826,' he one day took off his hat to Norham Castle, and Cadell, the publisher, who was with him, expressed surprise. 'Oh!' said



KIRSTALL ABBEY. GIRTIN. (WATER-COLOUR.)

little attention in the presence of his more brilliant later masterpieces; and even the Ellison and the William Smith gifts at the South Kensington Museum contained only one important example of the period—the *Warkworth Castle* of 1799. But latterly nearly all the great drawings of his Girtin-esque period and the best of his early oil pictures—the works, in fact, which made his first fame, and raised him to the rank of Academician—have appeared here and there in sale-rooms, and at exhibitions of deceased masters. The Winter Exhibition of 1887 at Burlington House contained some of the finest of the drawings. There was the *Norham Castle* of 1798, the *Bridge over the Usk* and *The Abbey Pool* of 1799, the *Fonthill* of 1800, and the *Edinburgh* and *Kilchurn Castle* of 1802. Of these none is nobler, nor now in better condition, than *The Abbey Pool*. The *Fonthill* has become 'foxy;' but all of them have a breadth and simplicity which is

Turner, 'I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years since. It took; and from that day to this I have had as much to do as my hands could execute.' Probably the effect of the sun behind the solemn bulk of mound and ruin, their outlines blurred with light, grand and indistinct against the evening sky, and the watery foreground rich with varied reflections, gave the drawing the charm of novelty as well as beauty. Yet this class of effect appears to have been first attempted, not by Turner, but by Girtin; for it is reported of the latter that one day he had—

'Sketched a picturesque part of an ancient town. He drew the outline at broad day, and had purposed to colour the scene as it then appeared; but in passing near the spot at the going down of the sun, and perceiving the buildings under the influence of twilight had assumed so unexpected a mass of shadow in the fading light of the sky, and that the reflections in the water still increased the vastness of

the mass; moreover, that the arches of a bridge opposed their distinct forms, dark also, to a bright gleam on the horizon; he was so possessed with the solemn grandeur of the composition, which had gained so much in sentiment by the change of light, that he determined to make an attempt at imitation, and by ardent application accomplished the object.\*

This anecdote belongs to the earlier part of Girtin's career, for the writer adds: 'This piece was wrought with bold and masterly execution, and led to that daring style of effect which he subsequently practised with so much success.'

So far then, and no farther at present, can we trace Turner's career, leaving him still the disciple of Girtin, but yet, as it were, passing him by, as he passed so many others, to a greater future of his own. Much must be left unsaid of Girtin, of his influence on Turner, and his great part in the development of water-colour painting in both *technique* and feeling. If in comparing the two artists it may seem to some that I have weighted the balance in favour of Girtin, I may plead at least that Turner can afford it, for if the whole of his work down to 1803 were abolished, and the memory of it destroyed, his fame would scarcely be prejudiced one tittle; but all I have written is but a feather's weight in comparison with the following few lines from Mr. Ruskin, which, by the kindness of Mr. Francis Pierrepont Barnard, I am allowed to print:—

*'Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,  
'16th June, 1887.*

'DEAR SIR,—

'I have the deepest and the fondest regard for your great-grandfather's work, holding it to be entirely authoritative and faultless as a type, not only of pure water-colour execution, but of pure artistic feeling and insight into what is noblest and capable of enduring dignity in familiar subjects. He is often as impressive to me as Nature herself; nor do I doubt that Turner owed more to his teaching and companionship than to his own genius in the first years of his life.

'Believe me,

'Your faithful Servant,

'JOHN RUSKIN.'

It has been possible hitherto to trace with more or less accuracy the successive stages by which water-colour painting was raised to a distinct branch of art, but after this result had once been finally attained by the united efforts of Girtin and Turner the road is no longer single and straight. 'Power, brilliancy, and truth, were so evidently the result of the new manner,' wrote Mr. Richard Redgrave, 'that it soon superseded the old one.' Everyone now 'had the seed,' and the result was, that nearly all the band of clever and enthusiastic young artists who gathered at Dr. Monro's and many others began to find a means

to express their individuality and to interpret nature in their own way. It is astonishing how much alike the early work of many of these artists is, and how soon after the change in method was accomplished each began to assert his personality. They soon formed a real and original school of landscape, and also to feel their strength as a body. The result was the foundation of 'The Society of Painters in Water-colours' (now the Royal Society, &c.), which held its first Exhibition in April, 1805, at rooms in Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. The original members were:—G. Barret, J. Christall, W. S. Gilpin, J. Glover, W. Havell, R. Hills, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, F. Nicholson, N. Pocock, W. H. Pyne, S. Rigaud, S. Shelley, J. Varley, C. Varley, W. F. Wells. It is evident that in treating a large body of men all engaged in developing the resources of the same art, all starting at about the same point at about the same time, though of different ages, it is impossible to observe anything like a strict chronological order.

'The growth of the art,' writes Mr. Redgrave, 'after the foundation of the new Society and the opening of their separate exhibition, was rapid and steady, and improvements in execution were continuous. The new mode of treatment once adopted, many minor excellences speedily followed. It is asserted on competent authority that some of the principal of these were due to the genius of Turner. The mode of taking out lights, for instance, from the masses of local colour by means of bread is undoubtedly due to him, and is said to have had a startling effect on his contemporaries when works so treated were first exhibited. Washing, in order to obtain a granulated surface, practised so largely by Robson and others; stippling, carried to excess by the cattle-painter, Hills, but of great value when applied with discretion and not in excess, and many other varied executive processes, were introduced within a few years after the foundation of the new Society, and if not all due to Turner were certainly incorporated most successfully into his bold and liberal practice.'

The order in which we now take the more celebrated of the water-colour artists who flourished in the first quarter of the present century is of comparatively little importance, but the name of François Louis Thomas Francia (1772–1839) will at least afford a link between the old and new, for he was a member of that early Sketching Society formed by Girtin, of which mention has already been made, and he was afterwards a member of the Water-colour Society. The share he had in the development of the school is difficult to estimate, but it seems probable that it was larger than is generally supposed. He was certainly an artist of great natural gifts, and he was either the same age or the senior of Girtin. He was a Frenchman by birth, and was born at Calais, December 21st, 1772, but early in life settled in London and began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1795. In that year and the following twenty-six he exhibited eighty-five pictures.

\* 'Somerset House Gazette,' i. 81.



ings, at Somerset House. For some time he was Secretary of the Water-colour Society, and was painter in water-colours to the Duchess of York. In 1816 he was an unsuccessful candidate for an Associateship of the Royal Academy, and in the following year he returned to Calais, where he died in 1839. This is nearly all that is recorded of Francia. His drawings are not often to be met with, and he was either a small producer or his works have been sold for those of other artists. Some of them bear a strong resemblance to those of Girtin. His subjects were mostly of coast scenes with shipping, of which he was an admirable draughtsman. There are several in the

not be denied. He spent most of his life in France, and the greatness of his merit has not till recently been fully understood in England. It was ignorance rather than want of taste that has made England (in the words of M. Chesneau) 'too lightly yield to France the glory of this young genius.' It is true that Mr. Ruskin, in a note to this passage has said that 'if the young genius had learned the first rules of perspective, and never seen either Paris or Venice, it had been extremely better for him;' but this is a hard saying, and difficult of proof, which need not interfere with our appreciation of those beautiful drawings of French architecture and exquisite pic-



COAST SCENE. FRANCIA. (WATER-COLOUR.)

South Kensington Museum, ranging from 1799 to 1827, all worthy of study, and some remarkable for their fine colour and poetical feeling. In the British Museum, also, he is represented by some very interesting drawings once belonging to Mr. Henderson. Two are masterly sketches in monochrome on grey paper, heightened with white; others are small and very refined studies of tone in pencil. Another in full but delicate colour, more like a Turner than a Girtin, is a shore scene at Calais on a breezy day, the sun shining in fitful gleams through a light sky upon the pearly, dancing waves. If it cannot be said of Francia that he was a great genius, he was certainly an artist of rare taste, refinement, and skill, and a true student of nature, who deserves a very honourable place among the masters of his school.

It is probable that Francia had no little share in the collection of Richard Parkes Bonington (1801-1828), and at least the name of genius should

be attached to the pictures of Italian light and colour which he managed to execute during the few years of his life.

It is one of the most remarkable facts about Bonington that, though he received his art-education in France, there is little that is French about his art. This would be still more remarkable if we accepted without qualification the statement of M. Chesneau that he studied in the French Schools from the age of fifteen. He is known to have studied at the Louvre at this time, but that is not quite the same thing, especially as he was then copying pictures in water-colours with a skill which surprised Delacroix. This water-colour art he could not have learnt in the French Schools. He learnt it from Francia, who learnt it in England; so that the base of his art-education must have been English. He afterwards became a pupil at the Institute, and drew for a while in the *atelier* of Baron Gros; but his art was never Gallicised, but remained both in colour



and sentiment entirely English. Though he was but a youth, it was not the French School which influenced him, but he that influenced the French School. His works have no affinity with those of any French artist who could have been his master; but they have a very strong affinity with those of many English artists—with Girtin's, and Francia's, and Turner's, and Copley Fielding's, and Collins'. When you see a fine drawing or picture which reminds you of one of these artists, but 'with a difference,' it is very likely to be a Bonington; but a drawing by Bonington will never be mistaken for that of any artist of the French School; and when in 1826 he exhibited for the first time in England, his pictures (they were of the French coast and exhibited at the British Institution) were said to be the work of Collins, one of the most distinctly British of all painters. He seems to me to belong not only to the English School, but to the specially English section of it—the water-colour section; for though he painted in oils, he did not do so till 1824 or 1825 (four or five years before his death), and his oil pictures aim at the pure colour and luminous qualities of water-colour. Yet historically he is more important in relation to France than England. He may be regarded as an offset of the English school planted in France, whose life was spent in developing, not the art of his native country, but that of the land in which he resided. Constable was no doubt the most potent foreign force in the foundation of the modern French school of landscape; but Bonington may be said to have led the way to the triumph of English landscape art at the Salon of 1824, when Constable, Copley Fielding, and he were all awarded medals. It should be remembered that some years before this Bonington had won a reputation in Paris. He had sketched on the Seine, as Turner had sketched on the Thames; and the novelty and beauty of his water-colour drawings had from the first procured them a ready sale. In 1822 he had exhibited at the Salon, and obtained a premium from the Société des Amis des Arts. Moreover, in France, as in England, there was topographical drawing to do, and no one did it so picturesquely as Bonington. His finest work of this kind is to be found among the lithographs of Baron Taylor's 'Voyage Pittoresque dans l'ancienne France.'

It was probably about 1825 that Bonington went to Italy, where he made a number of sketches in Venice, Bologna, and elsewhere, remarkable for their pure bright colour and masterly execution. Between this visit and his death in 1828, he painted most of his greatest pictures in oil. Among his contributions to the Salon of 1827 were two grand views of Venice and two celebrated scenes from French history—*Francis I. and the Queen of Navarre*, and *Henry III. receiving the Spanish Ambassador*, the last of which was bought by the late Lord Hertford at Lord Sey-

mour's sale in Paris for 49,000 francs; and if only to show that the high merit of his pictures is now recognised in his native country, it may be mentioned that at the 'Novar' sale at Christie's, in 1878, *The Fish Market, Boulogne*, and *The Grand Canal, Venice*, brought 3500*l.* apiece. The latter and the *Henry III.* were at the Royal Academy in 1828, but he died in the same year, and what effect they produced soon passed away. Since then it may be urged that there have been few opportunities for the British public to become acquainted with the rare quality of his work. He is poorly represented in all our national collec-



GROUP. BONINGTON. (WATER-COLOUR.)

tions, though there is a very interesting sketch-book and some brilliant, but slight, drawings by him in the British Museum. If his early death and the circumstances of his life have prevented him from taking any very eminent place in our art-history, his rank is among the best, whether he be considered as a painter in water-colour or a painter in oils. Such rank must, however grudgingly, be at last awarded him, if we mean by best choiceness of gift rather than quantity of achievement.

If Bonington was the pupil of Francia, John Sell Cotman (1782-1842) was his fellow-student and a fellow-member of Girtin's Sketching Society. He was born at Norwich, and lived there and at Yarmouth for many years of his life, and is regarded generally as one of the so-called 'Norwich School'. Nevertheless, in his education and practice he was rather to London, and his true master

and Girtin rather than John Crome (1769-1821). The name of the latter artist should not, however, be forgotten in connexion with Cotman, nor yet in connexion with water-colour art, for Crome practised it with much skill as a sketcher, using it mainly for studies from nature. In this, as in the practice of etching for the same purpose, he seems to have been self-directed, and though his water-colours are slight and weak in colour they are distinguished by a breadth of treatment and a painter's feeling, which, in his case, can scarcely be traced to the example of any living artist. Cotman, however, came to London when about sixteen or seventeen, and made the

poetic ideals of landscape art. This appears most plainly, perhaps, in some of the plates of his 'Liber Studiorum,' a small book of soft etchings, varied in style and feeling, which he published in 1838; but the two plates from his 'Liber' which have been selected for reproduction here are rather examples of his picturesque interpretation of familiar scenes, and of that breadth of treatment already mentioned.

He had not indeed much time in his busy life to cultivate the more imaginative side of his genius. In 1807 he returned to Norwich, and set up as a drawing-master and artist, painting portraits as well



MOUSEHOLD HEATH, NORWICH. OLD CROME. (ETCHING.)

acquaintance of Turner, Girtin, De Wint, and others of the group of artists who met at Dr. Monro's. The engraving, after his drawing of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, which was given with our last number, shows a feeling in the treatment of his subject not unlike that of Girtin as displayed in the latter artist's drawing of Bridgnorth, a plate from which has also been published in illustration of these papers; but in Cotman's case perhaps more than that of others the influence of Turner and Girtin is equally balanced, both contributing to the formation of his own marked individuality as an artist. He had specially that love of largeness and breadth which was one of the characteristics of Girtin, but his colour is often very like that of Turner; and his feeling for elegance of form and for classic sentiment in composition, shows that he was affected, as Turner's was, by

as landscapes. He married early, and his increasing family made great calls upon his industry. Those were not days when a water-colour artist could command high prices; and his drawing lessons were his principal source of income, notwithstanding that his production of original work was enormous. In 1808 the Norwich Exhibition contained no less than sixty-seven of his works. Another source of income was, after a few years, found in the publication by subscription of etchings of architecture. It is probable that work of this kind was more congenial to him than to most; for he had a distinct taste for 'antiquities,' and a feeling for the picturesque qualities of Gothic architecture. His first volume was published in 1811, and consisted of twenty-four plates of ancient buildings in various parts of England. Then came 'Specimens of Norman and Gothic Architecture in the County of Norfolk'

(1817), 'A Series of Etchings illustrative of the Architectural Antiquities of Norfolk' (1818), and 'Engravings of the most remarkable of the Sepulchral Brasses of Norfolk' (1819). In 1822 was published 'Architectural Antiquities of Normandy,' with letterpress by his friend and patron Dawson Turner. A large portion of his working life for many years must have been devoted to these etchings, which are executed in a free and masterly manner, somewhat in the style of Piranesi, whom he took for a model.

In 1825 Cotman was elected an Associate of the Water-colour Society, and from this year till 1839 he was a constant contributor to their exhibitions, sending views of France and Norfolk, landscapes and sketches of figures; and in 1834 he obtained, greatly through the persistent championship of Turner, the post of drawing-master to King's College, London.

Of the art of Cotman and his influence on the water-colour school, it is difficult even yet to say the last word, and scarcely the first would have been spoken if it were not for Mr. Wedmore in one of the most careful of his 'Studies in English Art.' To me he seems to have never completely expressed himself as a landscape-painter, being hindered by the quantity of his architectural works, his duties as a teacher, and, lastly, the very variety of his sympathy both for nature and art. It can certainly be said of him that he was a first-rate draughtsman of architecture and shipping, and a colourist, especially in his later work, of originality and genius. Mr. Wedmore notices the Norman journeys as a 'marked changing time for Cotman,' when 'he became possessed with the wish to have more of composition in his work;' he notes,

from 1808 to 1818, a change from sober browns to 'goodly yellows, not violent but golden,' and then 'to the golden yellows that are of his own and Norfolk, Cotman adds,' as in a drawing of a castle in Normandy, 'blues that are pure and exquisite, liquid and intense. And he weds them so, in this Norman landscape of towering castle and sleeping water—they are such full chords, making such profound harmonies that one thinks he must have been to Venice in his dreams and seen Giorgione.'

Lastly, it may be said that though his drawings and pictures (and he executed several fine pictures in oil) differ greatly in style and feeling, they are nearly always remarkable for largeness of design and unusual breadth 'of light and colour. His great fear seems to have been to render his

subject poor and undignified by too numerous divisions and overwork. It was his principle to 'leave out, but add nothing,' and he 'left out' with great daring, sometimes carrying simplicity almost to baldness, especially in his clouds and wall spaces, which have only sufficient detail to suggest substance and form. He sought for the same merit in his colour, preserving pure and unbroken the prevalent hue of his masses. In this characteristic he may be regarded with Francia and Bonington as an artistic descendant of Girtin.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTE.—It has been kindly pointed out by a subscriber that the drawing by Thomas Hearne in the British Museum, etched by Mr. Murray for our April number, and referred to in our March number, page 50, does not represent Shrewsbury Bridge, as stated on the mount, but Elvet Bridge, Durham, which now exists pretty much as shown by Hearne.



FROM COTMAN'S 'LIBER STUDIORUM.' (SOFT GROUND ETCHING.)



SHIPS RIDING IN A GALE. FRANCIA. (PENCIL.)

## AN ALTAR-PIECE OF MASTER STEPHAN.

*(See No. 705 of the Early German Room at the National Gallery.)*

CHILDREN, I know indeed it cannot be,  
 And it may be I sin in wishing it  
 (God willing otherwise); yet all my soul,  
 Feeling the earth so slip away and leave  
 A dim waste set for it to travel on,  
 (Dim, waste, ah me!) reaches forth in one wish—  
 Not to earth, no, but to the little church  
 (Ye know, my children), where above the shrine  
 Hangs Master Stephan's picture plain to see:  
 If I could see it once before I die!  
 God knows I cannot turn upon the bed,  
 Nor stir one foot, nor scarcely hear my voice:  
 How could I cross the street, and cross the bridge,  
 And climb the little hill, and find the church,  
 And enter?—for a weary way it was  
 This many a year for old folks such as me.  
 I could not ever do it—no—that is,  
 Unless the good God pleased to send a saint  
 To do it—work a little miracle,  
 And let me walk so far as just the church,  
 Enter, and look one last look at the piece,  
 Then crawl back somehow, and lie down and die.  
 That might be; but I do not think of late  
 So many miracles have been. Maybe,  
 The dear saints do not care to come to earth,  
 Finding the earth so wicked. So they stay  
 And praise God, and God lets them, and we lose  
 The ministry that used to be so good.  
 No, there will not be any wonder worked  
 For my sake; and I would not have it so:  
 The blessed saints to do the like for me!  
 I am a poor old woman, children—see,  
 And just a-dying; and I served, I hope,  
 The blessed Mother as a poor soul could.  
 Alack, but if I could have seen it now:  
 There was the saint—Saint Catherine—stood i' the  
     midst,  
 And there was the wheel broken under her,  
 She standing looking out so calm and sweet  
 With her blue eyes; and under her the wheel,  
 All broken, though she died, it must have been,  
 That way, by that same ugly broken wheel.  
 Who could have thought they would have killed  
     her so?  
 Ah! but folks, too, are wicked nowadays:  
 There was the thing that Master Martin said—  
 What was it? . . . but I cannot think. Aenn-  
     chen,

My head is not clear, Aennchen, what is it?  
 Oh, ay, Saint Catherine! Master Stephan's piece!  
 She with the wheel and looking up to heaven—  
 Was she not looking up to heaven?—and there  
 On each side of her stood the two great saints,  
 Saint Matthew and Saint John: I know the  
     piece!  
 Saint John is holding up between his hands  
 A cup, and there's a bird about his feet—  
 An eagle.—Master Stonnchen told me so.  
 And with Saint Matthew is an angel: he  
 Holds up a book he wrote, they read in church,  
 One told me, but being Latin I knew not.  
 And Master Stephan made them plain and clear—  
 This is Saint Matthew, that one is Saint John—  
 So that poor, simple people may find out,  
 And pray, and give them honour, each for each.  
 I used to do it! Aennchen, Klaus, I went  
 (Ye know it) every day, and all the year,  
 Across the street, across the bridge, and climbed  
 The little hill, and found the church, and knelt  
 There, there before the altar,—there before  
 The picture, and I pray'd, and used to love  
 To see the dear saints' face above my face,  
 Across the little lamp, that flared at times,  
 Calm and so beautiful and heavenly. Ah!  
 The saint, I thought, although she cannot give  
 An answer (though so good) will take the prayer,  
 And tell the Blessed Mother, and look so  
 Out of her eyes: she cannot say her nay,  
 She cannot say her nay,—I never could  
 If any woman with her eyes should come  
 And ask a favour: never! ah, my head!  
 I know not what I say. I sin, maybe,  
 To speak so of a saint: the blessed soul  
 Forgive me. And I shall not ever now  
 See her again, unless, please God, I see  
 The beautiful white heaven with gates of gold.

Oh, what is this? I see a light . . . Good-bye . . .  
 I see a light, and in it comes and comes  
 An angel; and I see . . . Good-bye, good-bye; . . .  
 God's good and gracious angel beckons me,  
 Children, across the darkness. God is good:  
 His angel hath a clear and shining face  
 And lights me in the dark: wide wastes of dark  
 Stand, and the light falls on them,—so; I see  
 The angel, and the path to tread with him.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## ART CHRONICLE.

AT the opening banquet of the Royal Academy a good remark was made by one of the distinguished guests to the effect that in the divisions and schisms within the camp of the Fine Arts of to-day may be recognised the signs of vitality and force which mark great movements. One immediate result of these divisions, and one not wholly to be welcomed, is the perpetual multiplication of galleries, as each scheme of exhibition in turn fails to satisfy the aspirations or requirements of the artists who make or mar its success. When the Grosvenor Gallery opened, it became undoubtedly the congenial home of certain painters who had voluntarily, or otherwise, kept outside the Academy precincts. The most distinguished of these outsiders are now among the 'Forty,' but the ideal exhibiting ground was yet craved for. Whether the New Gallery, opened the second week in May with much *éclat*, will prove a lasting satisfaction remains for the future to decide. Meantime, we have here, certainly, singularly fitting surroundings for the Arts. A cool central hall, marble paved and lined, with cipollino columns and fountain jet, lit amply from above, gives good position for sculpture; round it, on the upper floor, runs a balcony with golden balustrades, on the walls of which hang drawings in water-colour and monotone; out of it open, on the ground-floor, at slightly different levels, the two picture galleries, of good size, well lit, where only enough canvasses are hung to be really seen. All this is highly satisfactory, and honour is due to the strenuous exertions of Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé, and their willing coadjutors, which in the short space of three months transmuted the premises of the 'Co-operative Meat Market' in Regent Street into the rich and elegant interior designed by Mr. Robson. As regards the contents of the galleries, one cannot but remark at outset that nearly all the best work here, with the exception of that by Mr. Burne Jones, who in the second year of his election into the Academy has sent nothing to their exhibition, is by men who are also represented in Burlington House or in Bond Street, so that virtually what we have here is a choicer opportunity for accredited painters than is afforded by the pictorial hurly-burly at the Academy or less congenial surroundings elsewhere. What, therefore, is to be hoped for and gained at the New Gallery is what was hoped for, and at first gained, at the Grosvenor Gallery—that suitable and highly favourable surroundings would induce men of mark and promise to do and to show their best work, untrammelled by the fallacies of either a conventional or a popular standard. We have given so much space to preamble that a cursory note or two must chronicle the contents of the new exhibition. Most conspicuous and important are three pictures by Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A.: two are from the Perseus series, remarkable for beauty of expression and for inventive power of design within the chosen influence of mediæval feeling, wherein Perseus becomes a dainty-stepping hero in shining armour, Andromeda a wan maiden with wistful face and tender limbs, the fateful dragon a sculpturesque coil of brazen rings, and the rocks of Joppa the volcanic stratification familiar in the panels of Botticelli and his compeers. The third picture shows Danaë in crimson mantle, pathetically observant of the building of that tower overlaid with brass wherein Acrasius, her father, thought safely to immure her and guard himself against the curse predicted to fall on him through her offspring, Perseus. Fine in design, harmonious in colour, and complete in the confessedly mannered fulfilment of the ideal at which they aim, these pictures testify also to the unwearied study of the artist to perfect himself in all means of expression. Mr. Watts, R.A., has sent a solemn and benignant *Angel of Death*, encompassing within the comforting embrace of its dark wings a little infant, whose eyes it closes. At Burlington House the painter has a beautiful nude figure of *Dawn*, a-tiptoe on the mountain-top. In both pieces the dignified and intense expression of thought raises

the work on to an ideal level above its technical shortcomings. In portraiture Mr. Herkomer is unequal, but at his best, in the trenchant and genial study of *Alexander Macmillan, Esq.* Mr. Richmond has nowhere a more gracefully distinguished and well-elaborated subject than *Lady Ermentrude Malet*. Mr. Tadema sends a bit of complete art in a tiny subject picture, two small portraits, and notably a sketch for the Heliogabalus, which indicates how much more satisfactory might have been that clever and learned, but mistaken, picture in the Academy. M. Legros has sent a life-size group of praying peasant women, austere and strong. Mr. Weguelin has an idyllic composition of *Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs*. Rustic studies of coarse, picturesque strength by Mrs. Swinnerton strike one as curiously incongruous among the surrounding company. In landscape Mr. North, Mr. East, Mr. Mark Fisher, are at their best; but Mr. Alfred Hunt is, perhaps, better seen at Burlington House. Signor Costa, whose interesting landscape-art is always welcome, is here—we think differently from most of the daily press criticism—less harmonious in feeling and sensitive in handling than usual, in the large square study, *The First Smile of Morn*. Among the sculpture the case of medals by the members of the Society of Medallists contains some beautiful work. Miss E. Hallé must be congratulated on a more than creditable *Pietà* in bronze, in which the art of relief is treated with both character and knowledge. To the drawings upstairs Mr. Burne Jones contributes a number of those minute studies in pencil which indicate the deliberate carefulness of his mode, and M. Legros sends excellent black and white work.

THE current exhibition at Burlington House is marked by a few surprises of very incongruous kind. One is that Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., the veteran painter of Surrey wealds and woodland, has ventured into a fresh line, and produces a large, broadly composed view of *The Thames Pool*, crowded with shipping and shining with the murky brilliance of a London afternoon. Another surprise is that any artist who could paint such a vivid portrait and masterly feat of work as Mr. Sargent's *Mrs. H. G. Marquand* could stoop to such a performance as the effigy of *Mrs. E. D. Roit*, and still further that the hangers should place such a piece of impudence as the latter on the line. A novel spectacle on Academic walls is the ambitious essay of Mr. S. J. Solomon to depict *Niobe* and her stricken daughters, grouped in tortured postures on the rising levels of a marble stair, the fated mother alone standing erect, with agonised head thrown back, clutching the lifeless body of a young daughter which seems just falling from her grasp. In the Salon this heroic, somewhat abnormal, effort would raise no wonderment; but we are not used to the sort of thing in Burlington House, and the strangely powerful, rather inchoate composition, repellent in many lines, blocked out with an almost savage defiance and breadth of handling, takes away one's breath a little amid the conventional weakness or tentative timidity of its average surroundings. A legitimate success, in a very different corner of the ground, has been won by Mr. Frank Bramly in a domestic interior, *A Hopeless Dawn*, where women weep for the lives gone down in the deep that thunders and rolls outside their cottage. The subject and treatment have the strong pathos of Israel's, with less gloom, and are as absolutely free of sentimentality in feeling as of weakness in the quiet, firm workmanship. The young painter comes to the front with a leap. These are among the surprises of an exhibition which otherwise, save in the reassertion of Sir E. Leighton and in Mr. Waterhouse's curiously realised 'passing' of a most weird *Lady of Shalott*, indicates only a fair average of excellence and no new departures. It remains to welcome entry on our walls of the great French painter Carolus Duran, whose extraordinarily vivid head of M. Pasteur is an example of the perception



sees and the knowledge that records, poising in balance between the too much and the too little at the point of perfect artistic expression.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT was elected full Academician in May. His *Medea*, in the current Exhibition, charming the dragon guardian of the Golden Fleece, who coils about her limbs and lays his head against her lyre, is a dignified and imaginative creation, strong in motive, rhythmic in line, showing studied care in the thoroughness with which the composition is thought out all round.

THE Gaton Park pictures—the collection of the late Lord Monson—indicated that depreciation from the fancy figures paid for 'Old Masters' induced by modern research and change of taste. But the dispersion of this choice gathering was full of interest, and brought up some exciting 'bids.' The well-known *Virge au bis-relief*, attributed to L. da Vinci, but otherwise ascribed by experts, and in the similar picture in the Brera called by Da Sesto, only brought 2100 guineas, whereas Lord Monson gave 4000. The celebrated *Card Players* of Nicholas Maas, or, more probably, Fabritius (Carel Faber), a pupil of Rembrandt, which raised much competition, so vigorous and splendid is the work and lighting given to the uninviting boy and girl who make the subject, fell at 1375*l.* 10*s.* The Director of the National Gallery acquired Dobson's fine portrait picture of *Endymion Porter* with his page and dog. Should the authorities desire to offer, Mr. Agnew declared his readiness to part, at sale price, with the lovely Mrs. Payne Galloway and her child, known as *Pickaback*, by Reynolds, for which he gave 4100 guineas, and with an early Gainsborough landscape out of the same sale. A portrait of Mrs. Trimmer, by H. Howard, R.A., was bought for the National Portrait Gallery. In a mixed collection from various good sources which went under the hammer the day of the Monson sale were a considerable number of fine examples of the English school of the eighteenth century. Of three portraits of Lady Hamilton by Romney, bequeathed by 'Poet' Hayley to Captain Godfrey, one supremely attractive, *Lady Hamilton reading the Gazette of one of Nelson's Victories*, shown at Burlington House in 1877, was bought by Mr. Agnew at 1312*l.*

THE critics have been much exercised by the versatility and activity of Mr. Herkomer, R.A., who, in addition to his duties as director of the colony of art-aspiring youth at Bushey and the leisure exercise of any number of artistic handicrafts, has found time to set forth a theatre, be stage machinist, painter, decorator, manager, dancing-master, composer, poet, &c.; further, to send seven pictures to Burlington House, five to the New Gallery, and, moreover, to show at the Fine Art Society's a little collection of outdoor sketches and studies in water colours around his home at Bushey, the freshness and truthful charm of which commend themselves to the public with a force that drew purchasers of nearly every drawing at no small figure within the first week of the exhibition.

THE Grosvenor Gallery, although indisputably deprived of prestige and weight by the absence of its former most distinguished supporters, has yet, under the collaboration of M. Deschamps with Sir Coutts Lindsay, much that is interesting. That original genius, Herr Adolf Menzel of Berlin, is represented by a large picture of the *Piazza d'Erba, Verona*, in which the artist, with his usual vivacity and forceful manner,

presents what interests himself most, the common, noisy, crowded, gesticulating modern human life. To contrast this version of the scene with, for instance, that of Mr. Birker Foster in the Water Colour Society's room, pretty, conventional, romantic, is amusing. Other notable canvases are Mr. C. Gregory's fresh, masterful portraiture of a young hoyden *Miss Mabel Galloway*. A clever full-length, by Mr. Shannon, of *Mr. Henry Vigne*; an effective showy figure, *Myrrha*, by the same hand; Mr. A. Hacker's ambitious daughters of Judah weeping *By the Waters of Babylon*, which has the look so haunting in this young painter's various work, of being painted 'after' somebody else; Mr. J. Reid's strongly characterised pictures, *Smugglers*, *Thirty Years ago*, and *The Fisherman's Haven*. Last, but by no means at all least, we name *The Triumph of Spring*, the most adventurous and successful picture yet painted by Mr. Jacomb-Hood. If French art of a certain school, by M. Wagrez, for example, did not exist, perhaps Mr. Hood's picture might not have been painted. Yet we would not mar by inference of reflected manner the praise due to this charmingly imaginative and delightful idyl, wherein the joyous throng of undraped youths and girls, and children, are placed so fittingly among the brilliant green meadow grass and blossoming fruit trees, under the tender brilliance of vernal sunshine and shadow. The picture is full of carefully thought out work and does the painter great credit.

THE Exhibitions of the two Water-colour Societies offer no especial mark for comment. The elder institution in Pall Mall keeps up the prestige of a closed body with a first-rate collection. The latest elections prove additions. Miss Martineau's figure-work, though somewhat laboured, is earnest in motive, capitally drawn, and sound. Mr. Arthur Melville puts strong individuality and brilliance into his Oriental sketches. Mr. Emslie, who, by the way, also enters as a figure-painter, has yet to show what weight his 'smartness' will add to the Society. It must be noted that the eminent sea-scapist, Mr. Powell, has sent some lovely landscapes. The absentees at the Institute are important and many, and in spite of very liberal elections the exhibitions suffer from the way in which members enter into competition at other Galleries.

THE sale of that portion of the late Mr. Bolckow's famous collection of modern pictures, which were housed at Marton Hall, raised much enthusiasm at Messrs. Christie's early in May. The sum realised by seventy pictures was 71,387*l.* The largest figures were given for Muller's *Ancient Tombs and Dwellings in Lycia*, Landseer's *Bruemar*, Millais' *North-west Passage*, and Rosa Bonheur's *Denizens of the Highlands*, which fell to Mr. Agnew at 5000 guineas. Troyon's *Water-cart*, which is said to have been bought originally for 40*l.*, was secured, also by Mr. Agnew, at 2000 guineas.

A GOODLY shipment of representative works by living and deceased British artists has gone to the Melbourne Exhibition, thanks to the generosity of possessors, headed by the Duke of Westminster, who lends three fine Turners, besides pictures by contemporary artists. Mr. Joshua lends Alma Tadema's *Apodyterium*, Earl of Rosebery Millais' *Mr. Gladstone*, and the Duke of Norfolk that painter's *Cardinal Manning*. There will be a considerable number of pictures and portraits by Mr. Watts, R.A.; and Lord Armstrong contributes works of Wilson, Morland, Constable, &c.

## ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI'

BY DANTE GABRIEL CHARLES ROSSETTI.

THIS small picture on panel—it measures only twenty-eight by sixteen inches—is the one perfect outcome of the original motive of the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood by its representative and typical member. It is not correct, nor would it be just, to say more of his influence on that much-misrepresented company than admits his leadership. Each of the three distinguished painters concerned so completely followed his own devices, that, after a year or two, Rossetti was Rossetti alone, and hardly any traces of his genius were to be found except on his own canvases. Meanwhile, however, he was undoubtedly dominant, and every painting by the Brotherhood, notwithstanding the extraordinary vigour and originality of each example, took some colour, devout or romantic energy, and a peculiar inspiration from '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' or *The Annunciation*, as it is often called, which is reproduced before us. It is an excellent instance which gives nearly every feature but the coloration of the design, while, even of that noble and poetical element, the true value in tone is adequately (or very nearly so) translated into monochrome, so that the chiaroscuro of the example at large—a feature on which Rossetti exerted the purest taste and exhausted the utmost care—is justly given. It is true that no translation into monochrome could give the coloured radiance of the flames playing about the feet of the heavenly messenger, and reflected in the white stone floor of the Virgin's chamber. The golden ring, or nimbus, within which the Holy Dove takes its flight, must be allowed for, in addition to the fires about the feet of Gabriel. We must accept these shortcomings, as well as the hardly sufficient lustre of the lamp of watching which is at the head of Mary's couch, and essential to the design. That design is, within its own limits, although only the second of the artist's conceptions to be carried into effect in art, simply the finest of his productions, except *The Bride*. The nimbus of the archangel is not more a part of Rossetti's masterpiece than the other emblematic lustres, while there is special significance in the fiery feet of the Messenger of God. The idea of the Annunciation as a mystery, thus illustrated by the Archangel's namesake, is imperfectly appreciated by us without due recognition of the character of the fire streaming from the feet of the Messenger of Peace as he approached the earth.

I do not know another picture of Gabriel with fiery feet, and have always accepted this striking element of Rossetti's work as quite original, due no doubt, at a distance, to the antique Hermes

with the sandals of swiftness, and having, perhaps, an indistinct reference to the accounts of acrolites bursting into flame as they approach our planet. The remainder of the composition is instinct with the poetic spirit of Fra Angelico, whose devotional mysticism and beautiful fancy were akin to Rossetti's in his youth. The design is as Gothic as it can be, and like to one of Angelico's, because, in choice reticence and the severest mood, it combines mysticism with not a little realism expressed in what may be called the chastened shorthand of art. The shrinking and submission of Mary are in the mood of Angelico; the dove on its errand, the lamp, the lily, and the glimpse of the tree outside the window, even the bright sky, all belong to the school of San Marco's Convent; and although the features of the damsel are very English, no early Florentine depicted a more intelligent or chaster Mother of God.

As to this Virgin and Gabriel owing anything to the German revival of so-called Christian art at Rome, as it was laboured at and toiled over by Overbeck and his followers, I, who saw the picture painted and was in the artist's counsels intimately, know nothing more baseless and ridiculous than the fancy which has affected to recognise a connexion between the one and the other; much less can I admit that the slightest obligation was due from the ardent Pre-Raphaelite to those learned Tedeschi, the Herren Overbeck, Cornelius, and the robust Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who, on German lines, attempted to revive Christian art. Such a man as Rossetti, who, in fact, knew little and cared less for the Tedeschi, was the last to build on any school. Overbeck and Cornelius were of the school scholastic, and thoroughly 'accomplished' artists. If Rossetti drank from ancient springs, at all, it would be at the fountain-head, which is very far indeed from being Teutonic. The association of Pre-Raphaelitism with the Tractarian movement, another outsiders' fancy, was extremely slight as regards Rossetti, and absolutely *nil* in respect to the Brotherhood at large.

The picture may be said to describe itself. In a chamber, whose pure white sides and floor exhibit an intensity of soft morning light, the couch of Mary, itself almost entirely white, is placed close to the wall where dawn would strike its earliest rays, and with its head towards the window. A scanty blue curtain shaded the face of the sleeper; behind, attached to the wall, a lamp (such as in antique chambers was rarely extinguished, and supposed efficacious against evil spirits) is still alight, although it is



broad day without, and the sun reveals the tree growing close to the opening. At the foot of the couch Mary's embroidery frame, with a lily unfinished on its bright red cloth, bespeaks one of those domestic occupations which painters have agreed to ascribe to the maiden mother. The majority of them ask us to suppose that she was reading when the gentlest of the archangels appeared. This would not suit Rossetti's idea that the Virgin was aroused from sleep, if not from prayer, when the light of Heaven filled the room, and the words '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' were uttered by Mary in submission to her lot. The Virgins Annunciate of Angelico, Simone Memmi, Taddeo Bartoli, Fra Bartolommeo, and others, generally appear handsomely clad, if not crowned and jewelled, and most of them are enthroned under arched canopies, adorned with sculptures. The Flemings and Germans went far beyond this, and expended the resources of their skill on Mary's brocade, jewels, goldsmithery, and even the illuminations of the breviary they bestowed upon her. Rossetti gave her no ornaments, except the gilded nimbus, which, as in other pictures, glows round her hair, and was kindled when the angel spoke. She is covered from throat to heel by a simple robe of lawn, leaving her arms bare, and her dark auburn tresses fall on her shoulders, and, like her contours, have not the amplitude of womanhood. It suited Rossetti's views of his subject that the Virgin, who is almost girlish in her slenderness, should have but lately passed out of the adolescent state to that of womanhood. Fra Angelico, whose designs of the *Rosa Mystica* are the chastest and most virginal of all, never produced a maiden more passionless than this; her earnest and reverent eyes brood, not without knowledge of pain to come, upon the meaning of Gabriel's salutation; while awestruck, but not overpowered, she shrinks against the wall, whose whiteness differentiates the candour of her garment, and contrasts with the lustrous nimbus of metallic gold which encloses the dark warmth of her tresses—the unbound condition of which has, of course, a meaning my readers recognise in relation to the Dove which, as in all early pictures of the Annunciation, descends from above, hovers towards Mary on his downward path, and is indicated by the declaration of the angelic harbinger.

Nearly all the more ancient pictures of the Italian, German, and Low Country Schools, not less than cognate sculptured representations of this subject, give magnificent if not royal adornments—sometimes even archangelic crowns, armour, and weapons—to Gabriel when appearing to Mary. He is usually winged, and his vast pinions, glittering with gold, azure, and vermilion, and *semée* with stars, reach from his superb tiara to the floor. A stupendous design by Holbein gives a Gabriel all

glorious to behold, with pinions such as we seem to hear rustling; while, in a voice mighty but subdued, he, adorned and robed like the Kaiser and grasping the sceptre of his archangelhood, delivers his message to a round-eyed and plump Jungfrau very different from Rossetti's, and the fattest of doves appears between the imperial angel and the ponderous maiden. These figures indicate a motive quite other than that before us; in which the stalwart, wingless harbinger, who is simply clad in white from radiant head to fiery feet, and holds the lily—an emblem and a sceptre in one—which it is his duty to deliver to Mary, approaches her with a calm and passionless face, which assorts with his noble, unmoved, and undemonstrative air, as he stands erect, and—unlike the Gabriels of Angelico, Memmi, Holbein, Dürer, Del Sarto, Raphael, Giovanni Santi, Tintoret, and Rembrandt—makes no obeisance to Mary, not yet crowned Queen of Heaven. In Tintoret's picture Gabriel rushes into the stately chamber of the Virgin as if on the wings of a whirlwind, and a host of angels follow him to witness the event.

The first picture Rossetti painted is called *The Girlhood of the Virgin*, and it represents Mary in the house of her parents, attended, so to say, by a boy-angel, who guards the indispensable lilies growing in a pot, while anxious-eyed Anna, her mother, seems to watch the maiden sitting musing by her broidery frame, and Joachim tends a vine growing at the window lattice. This work was begun and finished in 1848 and 1849, at a dismal studio which Rossetti shared with Mr. Holman Hunt at the then No. 7 Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, a region which was then only a little less squalid than now. It was exhibited as No. 368 at the Chinese Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, in the latter year, and sold to the then Marchioness of Bath. In the same place was begun and, I think, finished, the picture before us, which (in '1850') bears the date of its completion. The face of Mary was a true and just likeness, with hardly any alteration, of the painter's younger sister, Miss Christina Rossetti, now renowned as a poetess, who sat for it. The face of Gabriel was mostly founded on that of Mr. Woolner, now a Royal Academician, and famous throughout the world as a sculptor; other persons, including, if my memory does not betray me, myself, sat in aid for the same. Mr. Woolner's hair supplied the characteristic form and colour of the Archangel's. Rossetti worked a long time on the draperies of both the figures, and modelled the whole with the care and learning of a gem-engraver. In Mary's robe he used a lead-pencil to a considerable extent. The whole, which remains in perfect condition, was painted with copal, turpentine, and very little oil; copal being the predominating vehicle; the oil, poppy oil. While—not without struggles and efforts innumerable and gallant, for

Rossetti's technique was, even in 1849, in a somewhat tentative and uncertain condition—this picture was in progress, the 'Germ' was concocted and put forth. The first number of that amazing publication appeared on 'Magazine Day' of December, 1849. The last number (4) was issued soon after Rossetti wrote on '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' the date 'March, 1850.' In this year the picture was No. 225 at the Portland Gallery, 316 Regent Street; to which place the tenants of the Hyde Park Gallery had removed their exhibition. '*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*' was priced at 50*l.* After changing hands more than once, including those of Mr. Heugh (with whose collection it

was sold in 1874 for 388*l.* 10*s.*), it passed into the possession of Mr. William Graham, who lent it to the Academy Winter Exhibition in 1883, and at whose sale in 1886 it was bought (price 840*l.*) for the National Gallery by Sir Frederick Burton, out of a fund bequeathed by the late Mr. John Lucas Walker. It is now No. 1210 in the Gallery.

In pure, solid, delicate, and beautiful draughtsmanship—in which term are included drawing and modelling—this gem may be compared without fear with any picture in the collection. An epitome of beauty and poetry, it proves that large panels are not necessary for grand art.

F. G. STEPHENS.

## A WINDY DAY.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, AFTER A DRAWING BY GEORGE CHAMBERS.

GEORGE CHAMBERS, who in the course of his short life of thirty-seven years (1803–1840) was by turns sailor, house-painter, panorama-painter, scene-painter, and finally painter of battle-pieces and marine subjects, is not perhaps as well known as he should be, but has yet attained a secure and honourable place among English painters, for the truth, the vigour, and the fine colour of his works. Two of his most important pictures, *The Bombard-*

*ment of Algiers* in 1816 and *The Capture of Portobello* are in the collection of marine pictures at Greenwich. The drawing, which Mr. C. O. Murray has etched for us, is at the South Kensington Museum, and is an excellent example of his skill in water-colours and fresh observation of nature. The scene is evidently Dutch, possibly on the Zuider Zee, and is full of the movement of air and water and the light from a broken sky.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### VII.—FIGURE PAINTERS: *Stothard, Blake, Cattermole, &c.*

THE practice of water-colour painting has had so much greater influence upon landscape than upon figure-painting, that I have hitherto said little about the latter. The peculiar qualities of water-colour upon paper—the superior luminousness of ground and transparency of pigment, the absorbent character of paper which favours perfect fusion of tint, the surface which can be altered almost at will by skilful manipulation so that numberless varieties of texture can be obtained—all these are favourable for the rendering of atmospheric effects, so subtle and complicated that oil can only approach them with difficulty, and with a sacrifice of its special qualities. In figure-painting these properties of water-colour are not of the same relative value. Force, solidity, and precision, are of the first importance in figure-painting (or, at least, were so regarded at the time of which I write), and these could be attained with greater facility in oil. In executing works of large size oil has also manifest advantages; and though latterly M. Meissonier, Professor Herkomer, and other artists of distinction, have produced

large figure pictures in water-colour, the attempts have been rare, and the success perhaps but comparative.

Yet there are figure subjects of a certain class and size in which the peculiar properties of water-colour tell. In miniature portraits, for instance, where the extreme refinements of clear and pearly complexion, or the inner light of the brightest eye, are to be represented 'in small.' It would have taxed the power of Van Eyck himself to have produced the effect as of a fine Cosway. In small genre subjects, where refinements of clear light are essential to beauty, water at least will hold its own with oil; and, not to speak of its value for sketching purposes, its brightness and purity will always favour its employment for small designs of a decorative or symbolical character.

The water-colour genre painting is, however, a comparatively recent development; and the earlier English water-colourists who attempted figure subjects did not, as a rule, get beyond what may more properly be called coloured drawings than pictures.

The roll of these, as compared to that of the landscape-painters, is a small one; but since the days of Paul Sandby, to go no farther back, it has never been empty. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, semi-classical compositions in the elegant manner of Cipriani were fashionable among amateurs as well as professionals; and scenes of more or less fancy genre in the manner of Gainsborough, Watteau, and more affected artists, were produced in numbers. The works of English lyric and idyllic poets—especially Thomson, Blair, and Beattie—supplied the sentiment and often the subject of many others. Nor were more dramatic and severer subjects neglected. Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and even the Bible, inspired these designers; and it may be said that there was no side of English art from the 'High Art' of Barry and Fuseli to the pastorals of Morland that was not reflected in small by artists who used water-colours to shade and tint their designs. Viewed in relation to the progress of water-colour painting these works were for the most part like the drawings of the landscape 'draughtsman'—they were monochromes or monochromes tinted—and it would be impossible here even to mention all of the artists who at this (as at all other periods) used water-colour to tint or shade their designs and studies of figures. The line and the wash are not of less use in one kind of design than another, and have been employed not only by painters, but by sculptors and engravers. No one, perhaps, ever used them with more dexterity than Flaxman; but this is not the place to treat his genius. For much the same reason no due review of the merits of the book-illustrators as such can be given here, though most, perhaps all of them, used water-colour in preparing their designs for the engraver; nor yet of the caricaturists, though at least one of them, Thomas Rowlandson (1776-1827), used the brush with much skill.

Yet it is impossible without regret to pass over so lightly those hundreds of designs which during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of this illustrated nearly every British poet and novelist, and many a foreign and classic author besides. If the history of design in England be ever written, the book-illustrator will assume a more prominent place than is usually assigned to him. A great deal of what is strongest, most living, and most national, in English art lies between the covers of books. In the history of modern painting our portrait-painters and our landscape-painters more than hold their own against those of other nations, but the same can scarcely be said of our classical and historical painters. It is not in our galleries, but in our books, that we must seek for this kind of strength. Can any nation produce anything to excel, or even to parallel, Flaxman's designs to Homer, Stothard's to the 'Pilgrim's Pro-

gress,' or Blake's to 'Job?' Nay, if we take the illustrators of novels, from Stothard to Cruikshank, are there many painters who can compare with them in beauty and force of design, in fertility of invention, in expression, in passion; in a word, in the most intellectual and spiritual qualities of art?

But water-colour painting is the present theme, and I can only take account of a few of those designers who illustrate the progress of the art. It commenced, as has been indicated, in the colouring of designs generally drawn in pencil, and the most popular subjects were those which are so well known from the engravings of Bartolozzi and his school, graceful semi-classical allegories of Cupids and Nymphs, Gods and Goddesses, Fauns and Satyrs, or elegant pastorals of Daphnis and Chloe, Strephon and Urania. It was a fashion in the service of which all artists—amateur and professional, painters in oil as well as painters in water-colour—were engaged; but the introducer of it, or, at least, the greatest stimulator of it, in England, was Giovanni Battista Cipriani, R.A. (1727-1785), an Italian, who came to England with Sir William Chambers and Wilton, the sculptor, in 1755, and remained there, producing numberless drawings full of elegance and graceful invention, until his death. Cipriani, his friend Bartolozzi (an elegant designer as well as a fine engraver), and Angelica Kauffmann, the leaders of this school, were all foreigners; but one of the best of this class of designer was an Englishwoman, an amateur of birth and distinction—Lady Diana, or as she was usually called, Lady Di Beauclerk (1734-1808). She was the eldest daughter of Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough, who was married first in 1757 to Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1768; and secondly, two days after her divorce, to Topham Beauclerk. Her most important work was the illustration of Dryden's 'Fables,' published by Bensley in 1797, but she also illustrated the Hon. W. R. Spencer's translation of Bürger's 'Leonora,' and produced many charming designs of amorini, &c., which were engraved by Bartolozzi. A saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported that 'many of her ladyship's drawings might be studied as models;' and the estimation in which her grace, fancy, and skill, were held in her day, though exaggerated perhaps, was not without justification, as is sufficiently proved by Bartolozzi's engravings, and a large and elegant drawing—*Group of Gipsies and Female Rustics*—now in the South Kensington Museum. Horace Walpole speaks of her designs in terms of unbounded admiration. Her first attempt in the art of illustration consisted of seven designs 'in sut-water' for his 'Mysterious Mother.' To these he devoted a closet at Strawberry Hill, which he christened 'The Beauclerk Closet,' where they hung

on Indian blue damask.\* He wrote, 'Salvator Rosa and Guido could not surpass their expression and beauty.' This was from Horace Walpole perhaps the highest measure of praise, and he calls them in other passages 'incomparable' and 'sublime.'

Another large coloured drawing at South Kensington, which is a good illustration of the style and poetical sentiment of the time, is *The Sybarite*, by John Downman, A.R.A., dated 1805, an illustration of a poem by Isaac D'Israeli. It shows also a great deal of skill in the use of water-colour in tinting on a large scale. Downman's designs of this character are not strong, but they have the pleasing ele-

gance which was in vogue in his time; and he was reckoned of sufficient importance by Boydell to receive a commission to paint *Rosalind giving the Chain to Orlando*, for the Shakespeare Gallery. His chief excellence lay, however, in his portraits, mostly profiles in pencil tinted. Downman died in 1824, but the date of his birth

is not recorded. He belongs to a large class of artists whose mainstay was portrait, but who from time to time, with more or less success, essayed domestic subjects and illustrations of the poets. One of these was Thomas Heaphy (1775-1835), a man of much talent, whose small portraits in water-colours were beautifully executed and sometimes set in highly finished landscapes. He appears to have been of a restless disposition. The son of a dyer, he commenced life as an engraver. He then took to portrait-painting and joined the Water-Colour Society in 1807, but he left it after a few years. He visited the British camp in the Peninsula and painted portraits of the officers; and on his return founded the Society of British Artists, of which he was the first President. Then he went to Italy, and when he came back

formed a new Water-Colour Society, which appears to have had but a short life. His works are seldom mentioned, but those which I have seen are very skilful, highly finished, and rich in colour. There are two drawings by him in the South Kensington Museum, one of which is a clever genre composition called *The Wounded Leg, or The Village Doctress*. His most celebrated work was a drawing of *Hastings Fish Market*, which was exhibited in 1809 and sold for 500*l.*, a sum then unprecedented in the history of water-colours. Heaphy was portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

No such distinction befell Joshua Cristall (1767-

1847), one of the earliest of our water-colour artists who depicted genre subjects, perhaps the first to do so in a purely simple and natural manner. He was also, perhaps, the first who can be said to have 'painted' such subjects in water-colour. In the South Kensington Museum are several of his works, including a large composition wrought throughout in



STUDIES. BY JOSHUA CRISTALL.

colour, full of figures well drawn, and evidently the result of careful study from life. The subject is the same as that of Heaphy's masterpiece, viz., the Fish Market at Hastings. Cristall was the son of a Cornish sailor, the master of a small trading vessel, and began life as a china-painter under Turner, at Burslem. His earlier works are classical in subject. He was one of the foundation members of the Water-Colour Society in 1805, and its first President after its reconstitution in 1821. In the British Museum are a few drawings by this manly, original, and unaffected artist, who may be regarded as the founder of the English School of Water-Colour genre. He was not so great a colourist as Cattermole, but he laid on his colour boldly and freely like a painter, not as a mere auxiliary to his outline. Nothing can be more direct or simple than his method, as exemplified in the studies which we engrave.

\* See article 'Beauclerk, Lady Diana,' by Mr. Austin Dobson, in 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

Cristall's execution was more solid, his sense of light and air more realised, and his colour fuller, than Wheatley's. He was also much more unaffected; but Wheatley had a slight prettiness, and a true, if somewhat insipid, grace of his own, which made his little rustic scenes and domestic dramas popular in his day, and preserve them from being wholly uninteresting now. Francis Wheatley (1747-1801) was, however, chiefly a painter in oils, and these remarks apply mainly to his water-colours, the subjects of which, to quote Mr. Wedmore's happy words, were the 'Ophelias and Mirandas of a beatified peasantry.' 'They are mostly drawn with the pen, the shadows washed with Indian ink, and the whole slightly tinted,' but it is often very difficult to draw the line where tinting ends and painting begins, and sometimes in drawings which were intended only for the engraver there are more traces of a painter's feeling than in more ambitious performances intended for exhibition as pictures. If this is the case with some of Wheatley's drawings, it is still more so with those of an artist who was only known as an engraver, and only used colour in tiny studies and drawings made for translation by himself into black and white. This was Thomas Bewick (1753-1828), the celebrated wood-engraver and designer, one of the most thoroughly original and English of British artists. As far as the public is concerned, his skill in the use of water-colours is a comparatively recent discovery, dating from an exhibition at the Fine Art Society in 1881; but the gift by Miss Isabella Bewick, in 1882, to the British Museum of a number of his original drawings has put it into the power of every one to study it. The gift comprises many beautiful drawings of feathers—studies of colour, form, and texture, not only very faithful, but showing wonderful skill and resource in the use of his materials. Of the first excellence are the studies of the plumage of the bustard, and the completed drawings of the robin, the blackbird, and the thrush. The most precious of these little gems are, however, the designs for many of the well-known tail-pieces; in monochrome some, others tinted. They often contain beautiful little landscape backgrounds, full of light and air, and truly suggestive and harmonious, if not complete in colour. One of the finest in execution is the fisherman with bent rod, relieved against background of rock and foliage, and all lovers of Bewick's cuts will find some of their favourites here increased in charm. The man holding on to the cow's tail in the river, the skating scene, the monkey turning the spit, the gulls sitting on the rising wave, the man and the packhorse, the old woman and the swarm, the boys riding on tombstones, the man hanging on a tree—these, and many more as good, are to be seen in the Print-room of the British Museum, and quite entitle Bewick to a place among the earlier English painters in water-colour.

One at least of Bewick's pupils is also worthy of mention in connexion with water-colour. Poor Luke Clennell (1781-1842), the admirable wood-engraver and spirited illustrator of Fielding and Smollett, whose drawings for 'The British Novelists' are in the Art Library of South Kensington, was a very gifted artist, who used water-colour with great skill. In the British Museum is a portrait of Sir Wm. Domville, Bart., in pencil, the flesh-tints excellently touched in colour, and at South Kensington is a very clever drawing of a saw-pit. His most important work was a sketch of the *Charge of the Lifeguards at Waterloo*, which gained the premium of 150 guineas offered by the British Institution. A few years afterwards (1817) his mind gave way just when full employment and fame seemed to be assured to him.

Of other 'book-illustrators' the only ones who can be mentioned here are the greatest of all, Stothard and Blake. Though, perhaps, neither of them had any great influence on the more modern school of water-colour painting, they were not only fine designers, but fine colourists, and both used water-colours with singular skill and a clear sense of the peculiar qualities of their materials. Thomas Stothard, R.A. (1755-1834), began life as apprentice to a draughtsman of patterns for brocaded silks, and thus became early practised in the decorative arrangement of colour and the use of a water-colourist's materials. He employed his leisure in making designs in illustration of the poets, and some of them having attracted the attention of Mr. Harrison, the proprietor of the 'Novelists' Magazine,' he was encouraged to pursue this line of art, although he does not appear to have been regularly employed on the Magazine till July 1780. He entered the schools of the Royal Academy in 1777, and began to exhibit there in 1778 with a *Holy Family*, but after that his contributions were chiefly illustrations of the poets and novelists. It is probable that most of these were in oil, but some at least were in water-colour, and, in 1781 and 1782, consisted of his designs for the Poetical and Novelists' Magazines.

It is unnecessary here to enumerate these and the hundreds of other 'book-illustrations' which he produced in his long life. Who does not know the grace and spirit of them, their beautiful composition, their gentle humour, their unfailing taste? Who among those who care for the art of their country do not at least possess a few of them, from 'Peregrine Pickle' or 'Clarissa Harlowe;' from 'Tristram Shandy' or 'Sir Charles Grandison;' from the Pilgrim's Progress' or the 'Spectator;' from Spenser or Boccaccio? In designing for the engraver Stothard habitually used water-colours; sometimes the drawings were in Indian ink, but often they were coloured with singular sweetness and richness, in hues bright and pure as his own spirit, and in sympathy with the gay and tender



subjects in which he most delighted. In the British Museum there is a drawing of his (probably from Boccaccio) in which fair ladies in gay dresses are plucking flowers in a garden—a perfect bouquet itself of sweet forms and colours.

If Stothard's use of colour was decorative and symbolical, still more was that of William Blake (1757–1827), who received his first training as an artist from the formal hand of James Basire, the engraver, and employed the first years of his professional life chiefly in interpreting the designs of others. Between 1779 and 1783 he engraved many book-illustrations, chiefly after Stothard, whose sweet and flowing pencil was a strange contrast to his own. But he engraved his own too, including one as early as 1773, which bore the mystic title of *Joseph of Arimathea among the Rocks of Albion*. It was in 1788 that he completed the 'Songs of Innocence,' the first of those celebrated books of his in which text and decoration and design were all combined on one plate, bitten with acid, so that the lines and letters stood out in relief. The process was revealed to him, he said, by his deceased brother. When the impressions had been taken from the plates they were coloured by the hand of himself and his wife. Poetry, design, and colour have, perhaps, never been so harmoniously combined. It is hard to speak of one without the other, but there is not much left to be said of Blake either as a poet, an engraver, or a colourist. Though neglected in his life, except by a few devoted friends like Flaxman and Linnell, full justice has been done to him of recent years, and his works are treasured by all who care for what is spiritual in design. Nearly all have been reproduced in facsimile. In a note to Gilchrist's life of the artist the late Dante Rossetti thus speaks of his designs and their colour:—

'Given without the colour they cannot be said to embody Blake's intention in producing them. Much which may here seem unaccountably rugged and incomplete is softened by the sweet liquid rainbow tints of the coloured copies into a mysterious brilliancy, which could never have been obtained over a first printing of a neater or more exact kind, body colour as well as transparent colour being used in the finishing.'

These 'sweet liquid rainbow tints,' 'prismatic and ethereal,' as some one else has called them; this 'mysterious brilliancy,' used with great decorative skill, and in perfect spiritual sympathy with the elementary ideas of terror, purity, hope, despair, love, and triumph, which inspired the designs, separate Blake's colour from that of ordinary men, as much as his life and genius were so separated. How completely colour was a language to him is shown in all his works in which it is employed, from the early and universally attractive 'Songs of Innocence

and Experience' to the 'Book of Thel' (1789), the 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790), and the late cryptic Prophetic Books, such as 'Jerusalem' and 'Milton.' As a masterpiece of imaginative colour nothing can be finer than the *Leviathan* in the 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' which has been well reproduced in Mr. Swinburne's 'William Blake, a Critical Essay.'

Blake also painted in tempera, and in what he called fresco, 'water-colour on a plaster ground of



THE ANCIENT OF DAYS SETTING A COMPASS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. BY W. BLAKE.

glue and whiting laid on to canvas or board;' and so far as the decorative and symbolical use of water-colour is concerned he may be said to have surpassed all others. One of his simplest and grandest designs we repeat here, *The Ancient of Days setting a Compass on the face of the Earth*.

Notwithstanding, however, the sweetness and purity of Stothard's colouring, and the decorative splendour and spiritual suggestiveness of Blake's, their coloured works come rather within the definition of 'coloured drawings' than paintings, and it was reserved for Bonington and Cattermole to surpass the efforts of such men as Wheatley and Cristall, and to show the power of water-colour to depict scenes from human life with a richness of colour and a truth of illumination that had not been attained by it before.

Of Bonington so much has already been said that it only remains to be noticed that he used water-colours as well as oils for his gemlike little figure subjects. Fine as his work was, he had nothing like the same influence on British art as George Cattermole (1800-1868), who was born about the same time, and lived for forty years after him. Before his time it may be said generally in relation to historical painting that the water-colour painters reflected the movements of what was to them the world above—the Academy, with its ranks of oil painters; but in this instance it was water-colour, in the person of Cattermole, which took a fresh departure, as it had done in landscape.

himself almost exclusively to painting in water-colour. The drawing of which we give a photogravure is a characteristic specimen of his style and choice of subjects, a scene from old monastic life which gave him scope for the indulgence of his unusual power of composition, colour, and chiaroscuro, and of his love for the picturesque in architecture and costume. This drawing, as well as those from which we have taken our other illustrations of Cattermole's art, form part of the bequest of Mr. Henderson to the National Gallery, and are all remarkable for their powerful handling and Venetian depth and richness of colour.



VENICE. BY GEORGE CATTERMOLÉ.

He founded a genre—historical and romantic genre—which endeavours to restore to us the life of former days. He was born at Diss, in Norfolk, the youngest son of a father of independent means, and was placed, at the age of fourteen, with John Britton, the architectural draughtsman and antiquary, for whose grand work on the 'Cathedral Antiquities of England' he made some drawings. He commenced in 1819 to exhibit at the Royal Academy, and in 1826 he sent a drawing or picture of *King Henry discovering the Relics of King Arthur in Glastonbury Abbey*, and next year another of *The Trial of Queen Catherine*. Whether these were in oil- or water-colour does not appear, but after this he ceased to exhibit at the Royal Academy. In 1822 he had joined the Water-Colour Society as an Associate Exhibitor, of which he became a full member in 1833; and from 1827 to his withdrawal from the Society in 1850, he devoted

Professor Ruskin wrote of Cattermole, in the first volume of 'Modern Painters': 'There are signs in George Cattermole's works of very peculiar gifts, and perhaps, also, of powerful genius. . . . The antiquarian feeling of Cattermole is pure, earnest, and natural, and I think his imagination originally vigorous; certainly his fancy, his grasp of momentary passion, considerable; his sense of action in the human body, vivid and ready.' A careful study of Cattermole's works will confirm every word of this praise, and I see no reason to alter the opinions which I have expressed elsewhere in the following passage:—

'Commencing as an architectural draughtsman, but with a mind well stored with history and archaeological detail, his imagination soon began to fill with their ancient life the buildings which he drew, and his art was naturally inspired with that romantic spirit which, long felt in literature, had







culminated in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The great romantic movement among the artists of France was simultaneous with the appearance of Cattermole, who may be considered as the ally of Delacroix and Bonington, and as the greatest representative, if not the founder, in England, of the art that sought its motives in the restoration of bygone times, with their manners and customs, their architecture and costumes, their chivalrous and religious sentiment, complete. To perform this part he brought a spirit naturally ardent, controlled by a fine and somewhat severe artistic taste, which, without destroying the energy and freedom of his design, permitted neither extravagance nor affectation.

‘He had a gift of colour, a felicity and directness of touch, and a command of his materials, which have never been excelled in his line of art. He treated landscape and architecture with almost equal skill, and though his figures were on a small scale, and often shared but even honours with the scenes in which they were placed, they were always

designed with spirit, living in gesture, and right in expression.’

Among the more important of the drawings exhibited at the Water-Colour Society were: *After the Sortie*, 1834; *Sir Walter Raleigh witnessing the Execution*

*of the Earl of Essex in the Tower*, 1839; *Wanderers Entertained*, 1839 (engraved by Egan under the title of *Old English Hospitality*); *The Castle Chapel*, 1840; *Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh preparing to shoot the Regent Murray in 1570*, 1843; *After the Second Battle of Newberry*, 1843; *Benvenuto Cellini defending the Castle of St. Angelo*, 1845; *The Unwelcome Return*, 1846. Some of these are at the South Kensington Museum, which is rich in the works of Cattermole, though some of them, especially the large engraved drawing of *The Diet of Spiers*, are not so well preserved as those in the National Gallery.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



LANDSCAPE. BY GEORGE CATTERMOLE.

## BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THIRD CONVERSATION.

#### UTILITY (*Continued*).

SCIENTIST. There are one or two points in our previous conversation that I should like to refer to a second time. One of them concerns the utility of illustrations to books of travel. It must happen rarely that the traveller himself is able to draw from nature in such a manner as to make satisfactory illustrations in a book. On the other hand, if the traveller's sketches are not accurately copied, there must be a diminution of their authenticity.

ARTIST. In most cases it would be impossible to publish the originals, which are generally very poor amateur work. They may, however, be useful as data, and from the facts they supply an experienced draughtsman may make up presentable drawings on wood that can be engraved by the ordinary woodcutters. The existing scenes of battles with savages or huntings of wild beasts are got up in this way.

SCIENTIST. One can hardly think that it is the

best way, as the drawings are made by men who have never seen the countries visited by the traveller.

ARTIST. If you could see the bad original sketches you would admit that the drawings are nearer to the truth of nature. I have never seen a horde of naked savages, but I could draw them far better than a naval officer could, although the sight might be familiar to him. He could not draw one savage properly, even if the negro posed for him, not to speak of drawing complicated groups of savages in violent action and from memory.

CRITIC. I think we must admit, that when materials collected by amateurs have to be used there is no way out of the difficulty but that of getting some artist to make them up, unless the public were sufficiently indulgent to tolerate bad art for the sake of authenticity, which it is not. The public is curiously severe in requiring artistic qualities of some sort and excessively sharp in detecting the peculiar unskilfulness of the amateur. It will tolerate almost any violation of fact in an accomplished artist and see at

once that the artist *is* accomplished, but it will only laugh at poor work, though the poor work may be full of valuable information. In a word, the public judges of all drawings very much from an artistic point of view. It looks for talent and it cares for very little else.

SCIENTIST. The taste of the public has been educated by great artists whose work is charming, and when the charm is absent the mere interest of information is not enough. In this I am not one of the public. I would rather see the original designs of the traveller himself, however defective.

ARTIST. He might show you them in private, but could hardly publish them. There are cases, however, when a real artist accompanies an expedition, and then he may make sketches with the pen to be reproduced by one of the processes that admit of printing from type. In this way the reader gets the impressions at first-hand.

CRITIC. Genuine sketches are now so much better understood than they used to be that they can be safely published, if good of their kind—even when very slight. Twenty or thirty years ago a sketch was only understood by the few who really study the fine arts.

SCIENTIST. The way seems to be clearing itself before us. In the case of travels the traveller may be an amateur, and if so, his memoranda must be used as materials by an artist who ought to retain as much fidelity to fact as possible. Or the traveller may be accompanied by an artist who sees with his own eyes and selects what he wants from nature. This is evidently the best way, and such a system of illustration is carried to the utmost degree of satisfactoriness when the artist's sketches are reproduced directly for publication. But to make this system all that it ought to be, I cannot conceal the opinion, which may sound heretical, that the artist should incline towards science or sober truth in his preferences, rather than to the beautiful or the picturesque.

ARTIST. Why not resort to instantaneous photography at once?

CRITIC. The only practical objection to the photograph, considered as a means of obtaining *useful* illustrations, is that it does not detach one thing from another as a skilful artist can. The artist can take what the reader wants, and that only, and he can make the needed facts very plain and intelligible, whilst in a photograph they may be entangled with many other details that are not wanted. The traveller largely uses this power of selection in writing an account of what he has seen and done, so the illustrations of an artist are better in harmony with his work than the photograph can ever be. In fact, a pure photograph from nature is out of place in any book whatever.

SCIENTIST. You may perhaps be able to cast a new light for me on the subject of scientific illustration.

It is one that I have thought about for myself, but not without perplexity.

CRITIC. Well, with regard to science, I should say that you require truth of fact more than truth of appearance; though of course it might be argued, plainly enough, that truth of appearance is as much scientific, in the comprehensive sense of the word, as any other. There is, however, a sound reason for my opinion; which is, that the truths of appearance very frequently conceal facts of a kind more important to science. I may give one very obvious instance. The forms of mountains are often partially concealed by clouds and made to appear different from what they really are by effects of light and atmosphere. I should say that a geological draughtsman would rightly ignore these effects, though an artist would give them all his attention. One might go further, and argue that even in the commonest daylight the appearance of a mountain does not show its geology so plainly as a scientific draughtsman might find to be desirable.

ARTIST. I see. You would allow the scientific illustrator to draw more distinctly than Nature herself. That is one of the greatest faults an artist can be guilty of. It is a common fault of the inexperienced, who state the little they know as emphatically as possible.

CRITIC. We are trying just now to see where artistic and scientific drawing diverge; and I think it is plain that we may allow a greater distinctness to Science, even an unnatural distinctness, because Science is analytic and studies one order of truth at once.

ARTIST. It is a great mistake to suppose that scientific illustrations are *true*. The mountains, for instance, in geological books are often badly drawn, and when the draughtsman attempts effect and tries to shade, his shading is heavy and amateurish.

SCIENTIST. No doubt if an artist worked for truth, his greater manual skill, acquired by constant practice, would give him an immense advantage. What is needed for good scientific illustration is the manual skill of an artist *employed for the purposes of science*, and this is difficult to obtain. Few men of science are really accomplished draughtsmen, even archaeologists are often quite unable to draw.

CRITIC. To get first-rate scientific illustrations you require to establish a more conciliatory spirit than that which has usually existed between artists and men of science. Artists are needed for the work, but they ought to know enough of science to enter without feelings of repugnance into the necessities of the case.

SCIENTIST. It may clear up the subject to mention a particular instance. I never knew any artistic representation of foreground plants so true as Fitch's illustrations to Bentham's '*British Flora*.'

CRITIC. As I happen to possess the book, I should like to know the artist's opinion on that point. I have my own, but would rather reserve it for the present.

ARTIST (*examining one of the volumes*). Oh! I see; hard outlines, and that sort of thing. Work done on the principles of a child's elementary drawing.

SCIENTIST. I can only say that such work is of great practical use. It is very accurate, and tells more about the facts of structure than any artistic drawing ever does.

ARTIST. You mean, I suppose, that it gives botanical information. We care very little about botanical information, especially when, as in this instance, it is given at the cost of truth of a higher kind. For example, when the stem of a plant is hairy, Mr. Fitch draws the hairs to make you see that they are there, but he draws them out of all proportion. He marks one hair out of fifty, and draws it on a hugely exaggerated scale. The real hairs of the plant would be invisible at that distance, and the only effect of their presence, like that of the down on a woman's arm, would be to produce a certain softness that might be rendered in painting, but not at all in linear drawing. Besides that, he draws things all on one plane, and with equal distinctness. His outlines are as hard as nails.

CRITIC. All that is true, but it need not be stated with any severity, as Mr. Fitch may have been no less clearly aware than we ourselves are of what constitutes visual truth in a drawing. But Mr. Fitch's business, in illustrating a botanical book, was simply to give the facts that concerned botanists as lucidly as possible. He did that most ably by linear work with a very sparing use of shade, and he employed shading only to explain shapes like the swelling of a leaf or the rounding of a fruit. It is evident that the clearness with which these illustrations convey the scientific facts, is due in great part to the abstinence of the artist from everything that could encumber his work. Any greater degree of shading would have hidden many clear but minute explanatory lines. For instance, the small tubercles are drawn when they occur on carpels, and the lines of shading would have effaced the tubercles on that scale. An artistic drawing, done on the principle of visual truth, would of course have omitted many of Mr. Fitch's hard outlines, yet they are of the greatest use in enabling us to know what we want to know at the first glance, without having to penetrate the mystery of artistic drawing. Still, I should not condemn these illustrations, even on the side of art. A necessary conventionalism is admitted, but there is no real ignorance. The exaggeration of the hairs is not ignorant; it is only the designer's way of stating the fact that the stem is hairy, and the absence of hairs in his drawing

informs us with equal clearness that the stem is glabrous.

ARTIST. I see you have another book which pleases me infinitely better. It is 'The Wild Garden,' by Mr. W. Robinson, illustrated by Alfred Parsons. These drawings are quite minutely accurate enough; in fact, some of them seem to me quite as accurate in structural details as those of Mr. Fitch. Here is one, representing the slender stems and scattered leaves and flowers of the 'Giant Scabious.' It seems very delicately true. But what I particularly like about these drawings is that they convey so very perfectly the impression of life. These are not plants in an herbarium, or scientific facts about plants, but plants as they live and grow.

SCIENTIST. Certainly these woodcuts are remarkable for a rare degree of truth, and they are very pretty at the same time; still, for purposes of practical study Mr. Fitch's illustrations are likely to be much more useful. Mr. Parsons gives the idea of natural richness and abundance, which of course cannot be given by the detached specimens drawn by Mr. Fitch, yet these specimens explain structure better. For example, take the 'Yellow Corydal.' Mr. Parsons shows how richly it may grow on a wall, and his drawing explains that the flowers are in racemes, but it does not and cannot show the peculiar way in which the leaves are divided and cut into lobes. Mr. Fitch explains this, and more besides, by his system of drawing; and he does it with less labour.

CRITIC. The question narrows itself simply to this: Are different principles of illustration to be admitted, or are we to be intolerant and admit only one principle? I should say that each book has its own character, and that there is just one absolutely best way of illustrating that book—one way and no other. The wits of author and publisher can hardly be better employed than in finding out what that one best way is; but other books require other kinds of illustration, which may be almost infinitely various in a library. Now, in the case of Bentham's 'British Flora,' I think that the absolutely best kind of illustration was hit upon because it gave the maximum of information with the minimum of labour, and therefore enabled the publishers to offer an illustration of every plant. The kind of illustration to 'The Wild Garden' was very well chosen also, as in that work the object was not to give botanical details, but to show how the wild plants grew in the garden. Again, with reference to the geological books that have been talked about, the absolutely best illustration is not attained when there is anything superfluous about it, such as attempted landscape effect. This superfluity of labour is the more vexatious when the time wasted upon it might have gone to the improvement of the linear drawing. I believe it to be a very great principle in illustration that the illustrator should

never exceed his duty. What is required of him? Let there be no confusion on this point. Is he to give scientific information, or is he to give aesthetic pleasure? If information, what are the facts that he is to inform us about? These being decided, let him detach them clearly from other facts and present them in the most intelligible shape.

SCIENTIST. We have not said anything yet about mechanical drawing, yet it is very useful in all books about construction as made by men. It cannot deal with natural structures, in which there are neither straight lines nor simple curves; but for such arts as shipbuilding and architecture it is invaluable.

CRITIC. The practical objection to mechanical drawing is that it is not popularly intelligible. A very loose and inaccurate representation of a cathedral or a ship may be quite safely presented to the public, if it is done on artistic principles. You may be sure, in that case, that it will be acceptable in some way, though perhaps you do not know exactly how; but plans, sections, and elevations—though incomparably more accurate and, to those who understand them, more informing—convey *no ideas whatever* to the unprepared mind.

SCIENTIST. That is very curious, as, in fact, a mechanical drawing is far simpler and more primitive than an artistic one. To my mind there is nothing so satisfactory, whenever any human structure is concerned, as the three aspects of it given in plan, section, and elevation.

CRITIC. I believe that is the case with all of us who understand construction. We feel that we do not thoroughly know even those buildings that we have seen, until we have studied architectural drawings of them. I knew a certain cathedral, as I fancied, very intimately; but when an architect afterwards showed me drawings of it done to scale, they were a source of great additional enlightenment. If you want to improve a boat, the right way to set to work is to make a careful mechanical drawing of your boat exactly as it is, and then design your improvements. The wrong way is to look only at the real boat and *imagine* the improvements, without the help of a mechanical drawing. I remember being called in to the assistance of a friend who was not satisfied with his garden, which he had laid out himself. It was a large garden on beautifully varied ground. I found he had never made a plan on paper; so I made one, to scale, of the garden as he had created it, and he saw at once five or six great faults that we easily corrected. The plan of an estate always surprises us at first sight, even when we know the property intimately; which is good evidence that we do not see the reality as it is without the help of a drawing.

ARTIST. This, however, can have little to do

with book-illustration; as you would not put mechanical drawings into any books except scientific treatises.

CRITIC. I was thinking of books on architecture, in which they are quite necessary. This is an interesting example of art and mechanical exactness coming together; for architecture is a fine art, and yet architectural works are best represented by mechanical drawing.

ARTIST. Perhaps the best of all representations of architecture are not exactly mechanical drawings, but sketches done by architects, with their precise knowledge, from the buildings themselves, when their beauty is brought out by a favourable effect of light.

CRITIC. Such drawings are often both charming and valuable; but there is a great temptation in all picturesque representation whatever, even when the draughtsman is an architect. The temptation is to heighten the quality of picturesqueness, in order to gain a certain charm, at the expense of accuracy. Even old buildings have often very clear, sharp, and straight lines when the stone is good; but a picturesque draughtsman dislikes the rigidity of these, and makes them broken and irregular. No one has a more kindly appreciation of the merits of the Houses of Parliament as an edifice than Mr. Ernest George. He says: 'The building has its faults, more especially a superfluity of surface ornament, causing a loss of breadth; but the proportions, the composition, and the details, are the work of an artist, and the grouping of the towers is charming from whatever point of view they are seen.' It would be difficult to be more just, in a very few words, to a work often treated unjustly; but when Mr. George came to draw the Victoria Tower in his etching of *Millbank, Westminster*, the picturesque draughtsman overruled the accuracy of the architect, causing him to disguise the sharpness and the rigidly vertical character of line in that tower. His etching is much more charming than a photograph, and the charm is due to a certain looseness of treatment, in itself eminently artistic.

ARTIST. Then would you prefer hard mechanical drawings in books about architecture?

CRITIC. Certainly, if my purpose were to study architecture; but not if I wanted to enjoy the skill and craft of the artist who made the drawing.

POET. I should say that a great building has a sort of soul, and that a mechanical drawing of it could never give the faintest conception of its soul. Even a photograph, though it shows the marks of time and accident, and is so far pathetic, fails to convey *that*. I doubt even if a picture can convey it; for certainly when we see a building for the first time, we always receive the impression of great freshness and novelty, although we may have seen it repeatedly in pictures. Sir John Lubbock gives this



as a strong reason for travelling ; and mentions the Pyramids as a good instance, because their form is so simple and they have been well photographed. Nevertheless, he felt on seeing them that his previous impression had been but a faint shadow of the reality.

ARTIST. As book-illustrations are in black and white they fail, of course, to give one very powerful element in real buildings, which is their colour.

CRITIC. This may be, to some extent, supplied by the writer of the text if it is a treatise on architecture or a book of travel. The colour of St. Paul's Cathedral is a peculiar instance. When washed with rain it is a very pale cold grey, almost white, and where the soot has not been washed off it is nearly black. This produces the oddest effect, reminding one of nothing so much as bleached bones contrasted with black earth. The front of Notre Dame is a mellow golden brown, rather like the shell of a walnut. Melrose Abbey is red, Holyrood is a cool grey. The colour of such a building as St. Mark's at Venice cannot be described in a word, but it might be in a sentence. I have often seen old buildings completely spoiled, as to their colour, by merely substituting a chilly slate roof for warm old tiles. A painter would hesitate before giving that because it might spoil his picture, but a writer need not hesitate, it would not spoil his page.

SCIENTIST. The utility of illustration has never been more completely demonstrated than in modern illustrated dictionaries. A drawing of the object has two great uses. It explains the nature of the thing and impresses it on the memory. It is curious how very small an illustration suffices for the purpose. In 'Webster's Dictionary' the explanatory cuts vary between half an inch and one inch square, and they often contain more information about objects than could be conveyed in several paragraphs of text.

CRITIC. Every one who has to do with workmen knows the great utility of a drawing. If the workman has learned to read drawings you can convey to his mind the clearest and most accurate idea of things that he has never seen, whilst verbal explanations would only confuse him. I was travelling last year on a boat and wanted a piece of ironwork to be made at once in a little town where we stopped for a short time. On going to the local locksmith I found he looked intelligent and asked if he understood mechanical drawing. He said he did, so I drew what was wanted and he made it without wasting a minute in experiment or hesitation, yet he had never seen such a thing before in his life, or anything like it. A verbal explanation would have been useless in this instance.

SCIENTIST. Such cases are encouraging, but my own experience of workmen has often led me to regret that they did not really understand drawing,

and I feel very strongly that it ought to be universally taught, so far as it is necessary for the representation and understanding of simple tangible forms. Have you anything to say about elementary education in drawing, with a view to mere utility?

ARTIST. I should think it would be a waste of time to teach anything about effect. I see in the illustrations of scientific treatises what appears to me to be a great waste of labour in shading such things as photographic apparatus, for example. The shading must cost enormous labour, and it is always quite wrong as to effect. Of course no artist could shade in that manner, an artist would not have that peculiar kind of manual precision ; but if he had the skill he would never use it so. In most cases, where the work was intended to be simply explanatory, he could make the details of construction evident and stop there. Shading of the kind given in the scientific treatises must be useless.

SCIENTIST. Not altogether. It may be false in effect, but it often serves to make construction plainer by showing the direction of the grain in wood, for example, and by establishing a clear distinction between one substance and another, even though the representation of substances may not be comparable to Mr. Alma Tadema's marbles or to Jules Jacquemart's crystal and sardonyx.

CRITIC. Besides that, the bad mechanical shading may be of great use in the explanation of forms. At least it shows which are hollowed surfaces and which are in relief. This distinction is valuable on the side of utility.

ARTIST. I have not studied the class of engravings we are talking about, but am willing to suppose that there are reasons for the great labour bestowed upon them. Perhaps it may be explanatory, as you suggest, but in many cases I should think it likely that the shading would conceal minor details of some importance that would be more plainly seen in an outline drawing. In talking of botanical drawings, especially those illustrations to Bentham's 'Flora,' by Mr. Fitch, we seemed to be agreed on the point that it was an advantage to clearness to give a minimum of shading, and that only of a strictly explanatory kind. If a cultivated artist were employed to draw such things as photographic cameras, and told that a clear statement of structure was of the greatest importance, he would use a little shading, no doubt, but he would not be likely to shade his work all over. I cannot help thinking that, even for purely utilitarian purposes, there is a great deal of labour wasted on the elaborate woodcuts we find in scientific books ; and I am quite sure that, so far as art is concerned, the greater part of it is worthless, being done only by hand and eye without using the mind. However, this is a matter

concerning science rather than art, as these woodcuts are outside of the fine arts altogether.

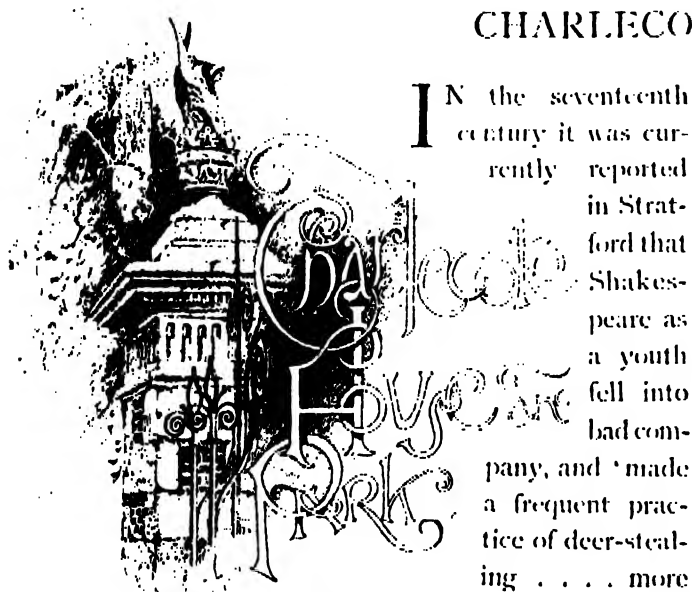
SCIENTIST. I should be sorry to imply that artists would be unable to draw scientific apparatus well if they applied their minds to such a task, but I do think it likely that the men who do the work habitually have got possession of certain methods that have become traditional, and are, on the whole, practically efficacious. Although their work seems very elaborate, they are so clever at it that it is neither tedious nor costly.

CRITIC. Such departments of the craft of en-

graving are nearly related to heraldic engraving, which could not be done in its perfection as a craft by any one whom we should consider an artist. In short, we have begun by talking about poetry and the imaginative fine arts, and have gradually gone on to considerations of utility, till at last we have quitted the region of fine art and are now in that of highly skilled handicraft. It is beyond our province to pursue this part of the subject further, but there are technical considerations concerning the employment of the genuine fine arts in book illustration that may be worth inquiring into when we meet again.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## CHARLECOTE HOUSE.



IN the seventeenth century it was currently reported in Stratford that Shakespeare as a youth fell into bad company, and 'made a frequent practice of deer-stealing . . . more

than once . . . robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas

Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford.' On one occasion, according to the version recorded by Rowe, the earliest editor of the plays, he was arrested by Sir Thomas's keeper and severely punished, whereupon 'he made a ballad upon' the owner of Charlecote, which was 'probably the first essay of his poetry.' Further persecution was threatened, and Shakespeare escaped to London to try his fortune on the stage. The independent testimony of Archdeacon Davies, who was vicar of Saperton, Gloucestershire, late in the seventeenth century, is to the effect that Shakespeare 'was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county to his great advancement.' The soundest scholar among Shakespeare's biographers—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps—accepts the outline of this story as incontrovertible fact. The additional details that Queen Elizabeth intervened to protect Shakespeare from Sir Thomas's fury, and that the youth stole the buck to celebrate his wedding-day, are obvious fabrications. Nor can the rumour—perpetuated in a well-known picture—that Shakespeare when arrested by the keepers was brought

before Sir Thomas in the hall of Charlecote be substantiated. Zealous game-preservers of the time are known to have taken the law into their own hands when poachers were to be dealt with, and Lucy may have ordered Shakespeare to be soundly whipped. But there is no record whatever of any punishment awarded by Lucy.

It has been urged by disbelievers in the whole tradition that in the sixteenth century no deer-park existed at Charlecote. There was, however, a recognised warren at Charlecote, and in the view of the law the theft of rabbits from a statutable warren was as serious an offence as deer-stealing. According to Coke a warren might be inhabited by hares and roes as well as rabbits, and Shakespeare might thus have sought his prey in Lucy's warren without seriously impugning the truth of the tradition. But although Charlecote in Shakespeare's youth cannot be proved to have been a statutable park—*i.e.* an enclosure 'closed with wall, pale, or hedge,' and 'used for the keeping, breeding, and cherishing of deer'—Sir Thomas is known to have been an extensive game-preserver, and to have employed gamekeepers on many of his estates. In March 1585 he introduced a Bill into Parliament for the better preservation of 'game and grain;' references to his warren are fairly numerous. He did not, it is true, make many recorded gifts of venison; but a German-traveller in Elizabeth's reign noted that fallow-deer of various colours were as commonly met with in England in the woods as in enclosed parks, and there seems no doubt that deer lived in Hampton Woods in the immediate neighbourhood of Charlecote. When, in the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas's successor acquired Fulbroke Park, which also lies on the boundaries of Charlecote, he is stated on good authority to have immediately stocked it with deer. And as early as 1602 the Lord Keeper, Egerton, received a buck from the Lucy estates, although its preserve is not distinctly named. It is, therefore, difficult to deny that a few herds

of deer might have roamed, as at present, about Charlecote House. The law of Shakespeare's day

5 Eliz., cap. 21) punished deer-stealers with three months' imprisonment and the payment of thrice the amount of the damage done; but the popular opinion was on the side of the poacher. 'Venison is no thing so sweet as when it is stolen,' was a contemporary proverb.

In 1828 Sir Walter Scott was informed by the owner of Charlecote that Shakespeare stole the deer not from Charlecote, but from Fulbroke Park. This version of the exploit was first promulgated about a century ago, and was very well received. The antiquary, Ireland, introduced into

buildings (now removed) was not Sir Thomas Lucy's property in Elizabeth's reign, and their identification is, in the opinion of those who have written with discrimination on the subject, a pure invention. The ballad which Shakespeare is reported to have fastened on the park-gates of Charlecote does not survive. An old man, who lived in a village near Stratford and died in 1703 at the age of ninety, is stated to have repeated from memory the following lines and they are often identified with the



libel which irritated Sir Thomas Lucy:—

'A Parliament member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scarecrowe, at London an asse;



his 'Views on the Warwickshire Avon' (1795) an engraving of an old farm-house in the hamlet of Fulbroke, where, he asserted, Shakespeare was temporarily imprisoned after his arrest. An adjoining hovel was also described for some years as Shakespeare's 'deer-barn;' but the site of these

If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke mis-calle it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.  
He thinks himself greate,  
Yet an asse in his state,  
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate,  
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke mis-calle it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it.'

Attempts have been made to prove the genuineness of this worthless effusion. That it is some two hundred years old we admit; the author is undoubtedly correct in describing Lucy as 'a Parliament member and justice of peace,' which may be justly urged as proof that he was not unacquainted with Lucy's biography, but that the lines are three centuries old and the work of Shakespeare we dispute entirely.

Shakespeare undoubtedly took a subtle revenge. He immortalised Charlecote and its owner in the character of Justice Shallow. According to Davies, of Saperton, 'his revenge was so great that he [*i.e.* Lucy] is his [*i.e.* Shakespeare's] Justice

for his arms.' Justice Shallow came to birth in the second part of Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' (written

about 1597). He is, as all the world knows, a garrulous old gentleman, who is proud to call himself 'one of the King's justices of the peace,' and ostentatiously parades reminiscences of his wild days. His house is in Gloucestershire, and in the court before it Falstaff reviews, with the aid of the owner acting as commissioner of the muster, his far-famed ragged regiment. His hospitality and his officiousness as justice and muster-man tally with all that is known of Lucy, but the identity of the two does



Clodpate, and [he] calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant

not distinctly appear until Shallow's second entrance on the stage in the opening scene of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' (probably written early in 1598). There he has come from Gloucestershire to Windsor to 'make a Star-chamber matter' of a poaching affray on his estates. Falstaff is the offender. In a rambling and querulous conversation with his cousin, the feeble-witted Slender, Shallow refers with pride to his ancient lineage, and Slender corroborates him with an allusion to 'the dozen white *luces*,' on his 'old coat' of arms. This is undoubtedly a blundering jest on the arms of the Charlecote Lucys, described by heralds as 'three *luces* hauriant argent.' A *luce* is in modern English a pike—a fact that accounts for Falstaff's comparison elsewhere of Shallow to an 'old pike.' The three *luces*, or pikes, are engraved on all the monuments to the Lucys in Charlecote Church, and on one monument a quartering of their arms appears with three fish in each of four divisions. Thus Slender may not be talking altogether at random when he speaks of the dozen *luces*. Shakespeare distinctly emphasises the reference to the Lucy arms. 'It is an old coat,' says Shallow, in reply to Slender.

'The dozen white louses do become an old coat well,' is Sir Hugh Evans's punning comment, and the dialogue lingers about the topic. As soon as Falstaff enters later in the scene, Shallow abruptly introduces the business which has brought him from Gloucestershire. 'Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge!' is his charge; 'But not kissed your keeper's daughter,' is Falstaff's humorous rejoinder.

SHALL.—'Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.'

FAL.—'I will answer it straight. I have done all this; that is now answered.'

SHALL.—'The Council shall know this.'

FAL.—'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel [*i.e.* if you took good counsel about it]; you'll be laughed at.'

And there the matter ends. Shallow and Lucy are in identical situations throughout. By many smaller details their identity could be illustrated. Lucy was an enthusiast for archery, according to an extant letter sent by him to Leicester; so was Justice Shallow. The reiterated mention of Shallow's judicial functions suggests the repeated exercise of Sir Thomas Lucy's legal authority, vouched for by the Stratford-on-Avon Corporation archives. Justice Shallow is, beyond reasonable doubt, Shakespeare's satiric sketch of the builder of Charlecote.\*

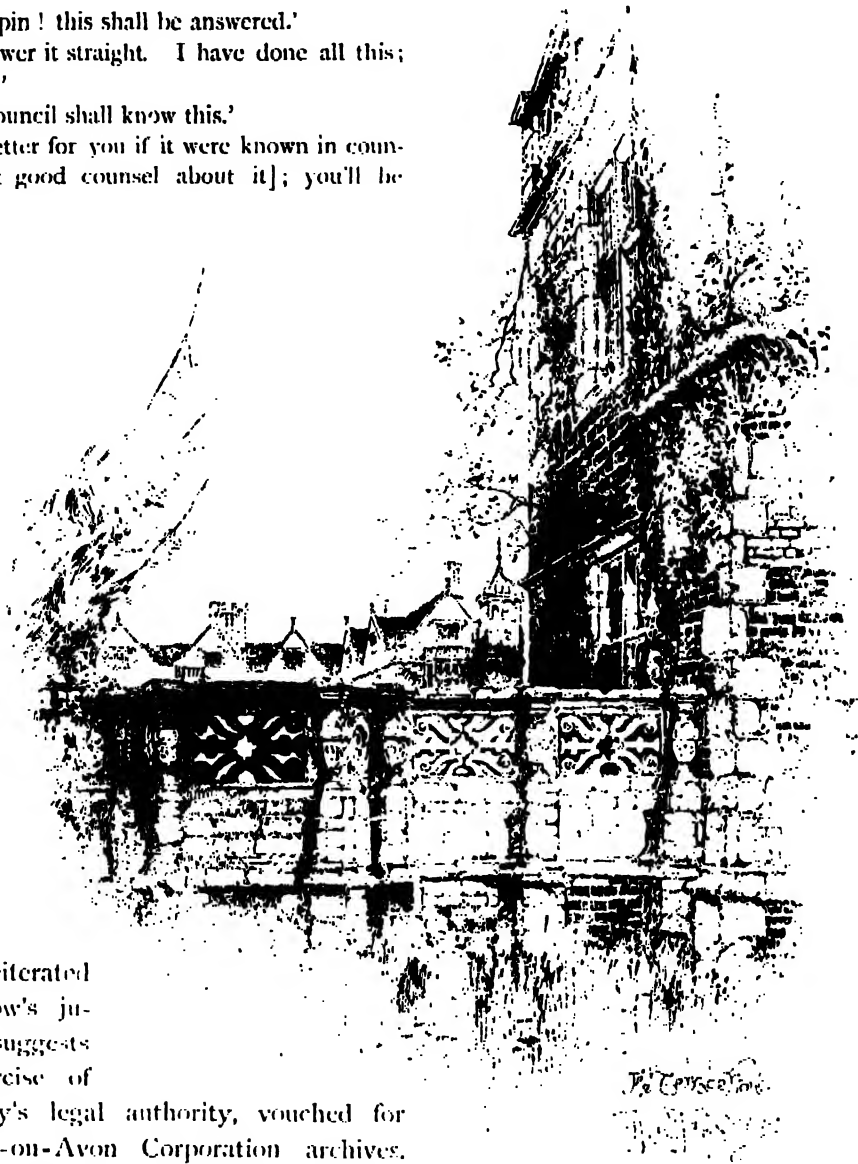
Sir Thomas Lucy lost his wife on February 10th, 1596, when she was sixty-three years old. He wrote the epitaph which was engraved on her tomb in Charlecote Church, and couched it in the most affectionately laudatory terms. Lady Lucy is described as 'in religion most sounde; in love to her husband

moste faythfull and true; in friendship moste constant, in wisdome excellling, in governing of her howse and bringing up of youth in the feare of God that did converse with her moste rare and singuler. *A great maintayner of hospitality*; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unles of the envious.' Her son-in-law gave a less flattering account of her, and wrote that she was 'a thorough vixen.' Little

more than four years passed before her husband followed her to the grave. He died July 7th, 1600. The old church in which they were both buried was demolished in 1849, and replaced by a modern decorated edifice, but the altar-tomb erected to their memory was removed thither, and is still extant. Before their full-length effigies, with their hands uplifted in prayer, stand images of their only children, Thomas and Anne. Sir Thomas is depicted in

complete armour, but no inscription to him appears beside that to his wife.

The son and heir, also Sir Thomas, was knighted in 1593, in his father's lifetime, and lived only ten years afterwards. His son was another Sir Thomas, and at nineteen became master of Charlecote. He was a typical gallant in youth, travelling in France and freely challenging cavaliers for petty affronts. For a time his most intimate friend was the fastidious and self-confident Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and they were nearly shipwrecked together, according to Herbert's story in his 'Autobiography,' while coming from Dieppe to Dover in February, 1609. When Herbert left Eng-



\* An admirably full and scholarly account of the Shakespearean traditions that have gathered about Charlecote is to be found in the *seventh* edition of Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' i., 67-76, 157-161; and ii., 379-390. As with all Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' work, his essays and notes on this subject contain the final word that is likely to be spoken upon it.

land again in 1610 he gave Lucy a portrait of himself painted on copper by an artist whom he calls Larkin, and the miniature is still at Charlecote.\* Lucy undertook the charge of Herbert's favourite horse in his absence. Like his father and grandfather, this Sir Thomas diligently discharged the duties of a county magistrate, and often visited the Stratford inns after sitting on the judicial bench. Shakespeare died in 1616, and was then one of the most influential citizens of Stratford. Sir Thomas had by that date been thirteen years proprietor of Charlecote, and it is quite possible that he was brought into official contact with the dramatist. It would be interesting to know whether Justice Shallow's grandson had forgiven the poet for the portrait of his grandfather. It is probable that he had, for the sole English book of great value in the existing library at Charlecote is a copy of the rare 1619 quarto edition of the 'Merry Wives.' In 1632 we know that Sir Thomas conferred with Shakespeare's son-in-law, John Hall, about some poor prisoners, and subsequently refreshed himself at the

\* See Lord Herbert's 'Autobiography,' Ed. S. L. Lee, p. 117, note.

'Swan.' Like his ancestors, he sat in Parliament for the county of Warwick, being returned no less than six times between 1621 and 1640. On 8 Dec., 1640, he died, and his widow, Alice, granddaughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, erected an elaborate monument to his memory in Charlecote Church, with a long Latin inscription commending his charity, hospitality, learning, and patriotism. His heir, Spencer Lucy, was a Royalist colonel, and was granted the honorary degree of a doctor of physic at Oxford on 28 Nov., 1643. About 1680 the direct line failed, and collateral branches of the ancient family succeeded to the estate. The histories of its later owners are not remarkable. All that need be learned of them may be gathered from their tombstones, most of which were removed to the new Charlecote Church, and are still to be seen there in the Lucy Chapel adjoining the chancel.

Warwickshire is rich in well-preserved specimens of architecture of the sixteenth century, and Charlecote in its present condition has its rivals. But so long as the problems of Shakespeare's biography excite the interest of the world's reading public it will stand in no danger of neglect.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

## PAUL ADOLPHE RAJON.

READERS of THE PORTFOLIO, for whom Rajon executed a goodly number of capital etchings, and on whose account he made his artistic *début* on this side of the Channel, have ample cause to regret the death of one of the most sympathetic translators of paintings into black and white.

In 1842 or 1843 (authorities differ on this point) our artist was born at Dijon, and of a family in so humble a way of life that they were for his schooling willing to avail themselves of the *lycée* of the city. His people contrived to send him to Paris to become a pupil of MM. Léon Gaucherel and Leopold Flameng (both etchers of high renown) and of M. Pils at the *École des Beaux-Arts*. The influence of the former etcher was very great indeed upon the art, taste, and technical modes of Rajon. At the *École* he learnt to draw with that exquisite ease and thoroughness which I may best compare with the felicitous touch of a great instrumental musician whose never-erring fingers work his will.

At that time he was bent upon becoming a painter, an intention he never abandoned, so that, to the despair of his friends, Rajon would ever and anon declare a resolution to abandon the art of which he was a master and take up the line he began to follow in the Rue Bonaparte. Fortune, wiser than himself, would have none of this. It was wonderful that a hand capable of the choicest service with the needle while translating colours most diverse into tones that

are surpassingly harmonious could not rise above mediocrity in dealing with pigments. His friends doubted if the sad coloration, solid shadows, and heavy handling on which Rajon relied would find him in bread-and-cheese. It must not be forgotten that struggles to become a painter secured for him unerring power to estimate the 'qualities,' enabled him to appreciate thoroughly the technical aims of the artists whose works he reproduced, while his training as a draughtsman *per se* endowed his hand with craft, precision, and delicacy, and gave to his eye researchful power. Rajon used the needle as painters use brushes, to produce the effects his judgment demanded.

Thus it was that Mr. Hamerton was justified in criticising the art of my subject as employed for his *chef d'œuvre* and largest plate (after Mr. Alma Tadema), *A Roman Emperor or Claudius*:—'M. Rajon is now so completely master of his art that he has two full scales of tone and texture at command, and can play upon both simultaneously with a sureness of effect which entirely answers the old objection that "etching is an imperfect art." This is particularly remarkable in his masterly treatment of the penumbra about the wall and farthest figures, where everything has precisely the degree of distinctness which it ought to have, and no more. . . . Further, the same critic averred: 'This is the one great secret of etching as to textures; but besides this,



there is the subtle and ingenious craft of using lines so that they shall suggest the quality of materials, and in such a manner that the spectator shall feel in an instant the nature of surfaces in marble, mosaic, tissues, metals, and, above all, in the exposed parts of the human body.'

A great artist is epitomised when we add to this fine criticism on Rajon's power to deal with the 'qualities,' as the French call the rendering of colour and tone into harmonious and self-consistent monochrome of black and white, praise for his delight and inexhaustible skill in working with the pure line, as in the portraits of (1) *Mrs. Anderson Rose* (after Mr. Sandys's drawing), (2) *M. Bracquemond* (by himself), and (3) *The Poet Laureate*. The last, although it was not, I believe, drawn from nature, is simply one of the finest specimens of modern draughtsmanship.

His career may be briefly traced. While at the *École des Beaux-Arts* he was compelled to maintain himself by working for photographers in touching up and tinting their plates and by taking the portraits of persons as impecunious as himself, and for very moderate prices. I presume it was with one of the latter that he first appeared in the Salon of 1865, a drawing of *Mlle. C—*. As an etcher he became known in 1865-6 by means of *Rembrandt at Work*, after M. Meissonier, which MM. Goupil & Co. bought and published. At first he lived in a small house in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where his mother, whom he maintained till her death, acted as his house-keeper, and other members of his family had help from him. At a later time fortune warranted a pretty house, with a 'grand studio,' in the Boulevard d'Enfer; and, later still, another house in the Rue des Belles Feuilles (No. 51), where he had a little garden and quarters for the greyhounds, his constant companions. In 1869-70 the Siege of Paris broke up all artistic employments. When the enemy approached the capital, Rajon, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, who feared that his frail form could never endure the fatigues of such a course, joined the *Enfants perdus de La Villette*, and, strange to say, although he was actively employed on outpost duties night after night for months during the severe winter, this frail-looking rifleman not only showed little signs of exhaustion, but gained robustness. He, however, like many other artists, suffered great privations under the Commune. He resolutely kept aloof from that party, and during its reign occupied himself in preparing the plates he brought to London soon after the fury of the Communards was stamped into the earth.

Apart from the effects of the war, the Commune and its chastisement, on all French artists and affairs at large in France, the immediate occasion of Rajon's coming to London was an invitation, which included with him MM. Brunet-Debaines, C. Waltner, and Le

Rat, from the managers of THE PORTFOLIO. Taken to the National Gallery, the painter who struck them most of all was Turner, whose work they had never seen before; and Rajon, although he was not a landscape etcher, insisted on etching *The Fighting Temeraire*. At a later period he etched the *Port Ruysdael* of the same master for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. His first plate published in THE PORTFOLIO was *Gerardius*, after Van Dyck, in the National Gallery, 1872. From the same channel issued *The Fighting Temeraire*; *The Dutch Housewife*, after Maes, 1874 (one of Rajon's choicest productions); *Gerard Dou*, by himself; *St. George*, after Mr. E. J. Gregory; *Dorothy*, after Mr. Watts; *The Flower Girl*, after Murillo, 1887, and other prints.

Rajon's first great success in this country was made in 1873, and was due to his noble etching after Mr. Watts's portrait of Mr. J. S. Mill, for the plate of which a publisher refused to give more than 40*l.*, although when issued by the etcher himself it promptly realised more than 600*l.*, and remained a source of yearly income. In addition to the above-named works, he produced *Le Relais de Chiens*, of M. Gérôme; *Le Mariage Protestant*, of M. G. Brion; *Le Premier Né*, after M. Vibert; *L'Amour Platonique*, after Zamacôis; *Le Liseur*, *Le Fumeur Flamand*, and *Polichinelle*, after M. Meissonier; *Ne pleure pas*, and *Madame Pascal*, after M. Bonnat; *Le Chapeau de Peil* (for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*), after Rubens; *Cour de Maison Hollandaise*, after De Hooghe; *Mrs. Siddons*, after Gainsborough; *Mr. Darwin*, *Mr. Pochin* and *Cardinal Newman*, after Mr. Oulless; *Strigils and Sponges*, after Mr. Alma Tadema; *The Rev. J. Martineau*, 'Watchman, what of the Night?'; *Sir F. Leighton*, *J. Joachim*, and *Thomas Carlyle*, after Mr. Watts, and *George Eliot*, after Sir F. Burton. Besides these, Rajon executed many beautiful book-plates, portraits, and subjects of *genre*. His *chef d'œuvre* is undoubtedly Mr. Alma Tadema's *Claudius*, which combines with colour, drawing, finish, brilliancy, and energy, the exactest reproduction of the original.

Part of a few recent years Rajon spent in New York, where he accepted many commissions, the last of which, being a portrait of the wife of the President of the United States, remains incomplete. At home his honours comprised medals in the Salons of 1869 and 1870, and Second-Class Medals in 1873 and 1878. Annually after 1872 he came to London, and was eagerly welcomed by a large and distinguished circle of friends, who prized the man even more than they admired the artist. His generous, sincere, and honourable character and abundant kindness, his energy, intelligence, culture, and varied accomplishments, secured the affection of many whose regards are honours. These friends heard with profound distress that a severe cold caught in the earlier part of the month of June, and much aggravated by



exposure while attending the funeral of his dear friend, Mr. Frank Dicey, had produced fatal pleurisy. Rajon returned from this painful ceremony in a much-depressed condition of mind and body. In a day or two he appeared to be rallying, and even on the 8th of June the surgical measures taken for his relief promised to be successful. Nevertheless, late in the evening of that day, he suddenly passed from among us in the country-house at Auvers-sur-Oise, which

it had been his delight to build, decorate, inhabit, and welcome his friends at. It is a charming place, comprising a noble studio, sunny apartments, and, having close under its wide eaves an external gallery from which a view of the country, the Oise, and the sky, is attainable. Here, on Monday, the 11th of June, many distinguished artists and others from Paris and London assembled, and attended his obsequies in the cemetery at Auvers.

F. G. STEPHENS.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Italian Exhibition, which, like all undertakings of the kind, was opened to the public when in so incomplete a condition as to disappoint expectation, has also followed the usual routine by developing as time went on, and has proved a highly interesting, if not wholly representative, exposition of the arts and art industries of modern Italy. There are one or two salient traits to be noted about all the artistic productions, whether on the higher or the lower grades, in the fine arts, strictly speaking, or in applied art. The modern artificer in wood, in metal, in textile fabric, in glass or clay, when at his best, not only follows the style of the great examples of the Cinquecento and Renaissance, or a later florid period, but concerns himself to reproduce copies of celebrated objects, or to imitate the treasures which still furnish forth and decorate the palaces of Italy, or have found safer asylum in her museums. The ceramics that come from the factory of Count Ginori, from the house of Cantagalli at Florence, and from Milano of Fabriano, are notable examples. The furniture and cabinet work from Milan, Venice, and Vicenza, show the influence of the finest examples and the dextrous handling which has for centuries been a prerogative of the Italian wood carver. It is to be regretted, in passing, that central Italy, which—especially at Siena and neighbouring localities—used to take foremost place in this branch of applied art, seems to have given place to the northern schools. In no material is the fidelity to good models more delightful than in the clever cast and beaten brass and ironwork which, especially in Venice, forms a distinctively artistic industry. From the houses of Tris, Olivetti, Micheli, &c., have been sent worthily representative specimens. But after paying just tribute to the revival of intelligent taste which in all directions seems to prompt so many of the art industries of modern Italy, one has regretfully to note that there is still abundant evidence that the buffoonery which curiously marks Italian pleasantry and luxury is still alive and rampant. Childish grotesques, tricky illusions, rococo gone mad, trivial fancies, and not too delicate innuendos—in all departments of art one finds such things. Monstrosities in bronze: a carved Gretchen, half whose figure simulates, as seen in a cunning background of mirror, the fiend Mephistopheles; a monumental chimney-piece which represents a mermaid, tail and all, life-size, floating amid gigantic marine curiosities; a statue of a black girl in bronze, draped with marble, who grasps with disgusted face her arm swelling with vaccination spots;—things such as these mar the impression one would so gladly gather that the rule of good taste is not a phase, but ingrain to Italian art of to-day. In the large display of pictures, which contains many noble works, are also an astonishing number of productions so bad in taste and execution as to be beneath contempt. In the extensive collection of sculpture the mechanical talent bestowed upon empty sentimentalities and trivial fancies is quite astounding; on the other hand, realism of the commonest types, the commonest incidents, the commonest textures, absorbs much strong workmanship. The well-known naturalistic groups of Foccardi head a line of weaker imitations. Except the *Orbit* and the two figures, *Cam Sparta Pugnacit* of Ettore Ferrari, the *Jenner* of Monteverde—which has gone the round of international exhibitions for years—and a few fine busts, there is hardly a severe and intellectually earnest piece of work in the place. But in

mechanical efficiency the Italian has a soul in his fingers. Nothing could be more clever than the manipulation of the bronze heads and groups, the terra-cotta figurines, and many of the minor marble figures. To review the picture-galleries in detail would be quite out of the question in these columns. We must be content to note a few characteristics. Thirteen large representative pictures are lent by His Majesty the King of Italy and by the Italian Government. Amongst these the romantic figure-subjects by Jacovacci and by Nono, the episode at Villafranca by Cammerano, the historic *Flight of Pope Eugenio IV.* by Joris, and a pastoral by Tommasi, are of the best in the recent Italian school outside of the influence of Fortuny or the Parisian *atelier* of to-day, whether actualistic or impressionist. The academic compositions and allegorical puzzles of the Roman Professor Scinti will have probably no following. Even the Madrazo school seems subsiding. The late brilliant Favretto of what we English call the modern Venetian school will continue to provoke many imitators, who will find it difficult to emulate his charm. The main drift of the most energetic Italian art of the day throughout the peninsula seems to be in the direction of a clever naturalism, modified by local or individual influences, which in Milan, with Morbelli, savours of morbid taste; with Segantini show a curious *naïveté* and a sincere search after special truth; in Pestellini of Florence, recall Legros; with Attanasio of Rome, as in his group of mud girls in chapel—*Lacrimæ Rerum*—display remarkable power of expression; and with Erulo and kindred painters, break into an unchastened literalism. One fact, however, is certainly indicated by this collection—namely, that modern Italian painting is emerging from the purely imitative stage acquired at foreign centres into a phase of original growth and development.

THE dispersion of family collections continues at a rate which threatens within comparatively few years to rob the great mansions of England of a distinctive attraction. As a recent instance in point, Lord Albemarle parted to Messrs. Agnew, *en bloc*, with the portraits of the Keppels and their family connexions, painted by Reynolds, and long the ornaments of the gallery at Quiddenhay, in Norfolk. At Messrs. Christie's some of the treasures of Burghley House (Marquis of Exeter's) came last month to the hammer—Oriental and French ceramics, *objets d'art*, and pictures, modern and ancient. Among the latter were Bronzino's pleasing portrait of *Don Garcia de Medici* and a *Repose of the Holy Family* attributed to Bonifazio, with other Italian pictures of more doubtful authenticity. The gem of the collection was the small *Virgin and Child* by Van Eyck, a genuine and beautiful piece, which went at the sale for 2625*l.*

MR. MCNEIL WHISTLER'S Presidency over the Society of British Artists has come to an untimely end. A want of unanimity in rather acute degree within the Council under his headship led to his retirement, and Mr. Wyke Baylis, an old member of the Society, known for literary utterances on art and for architectural pictures, reigns in his stead. Mr. Whistler was followed in his retirement by most of the clever young men and the foreign members, whose work had recently given new life and a *cachet* of modern eccentricity to the exhibitions of the somewhat moribund Society.





## THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, CAEN.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, AFTER A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

THIS little, highly-finished drawing of David Roberts belongs to a comparatively early period, intermediate between the artist's career as a scene-painter and the days in which he attained a wider popularity and fame by his paintings of large interiors, and his sketches in the Holy Land.

It was in Normandy that Roberts' travels as an artist began, and the first work he exhibited at the Royal Academy was a view of Rouen Cathedral. He was then thirty years old, and this drawing

was probably executed some five or six years later, according to the Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum. At this time he exhibited only at the Society of British Artists, and it was not till 1836 that he again sought for honours at the Royal Academy. This little drawing, therefore, though not in his latest and broadest manner, is by no means immature, but is an exceptionally fine example of his subtle and elegant draughtmanship and delicate feeling for tone.

## JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

(Conclusion.)

THE scene has changed, for it is the year before our visit to 'Silverbeck,' and its master is not lamenting the absence of 'the impulse of the hand' in modern etching.

He is flying with his picture, before the advance of a tempest, which is rapidly obscuring the enormous china-like cumuli and intense blue of an Italian sky. He has been painting Marmarola and Antalao, whose crags Titian himself in his day had often painted; for this is Cadore, and it is for a house close to Titian's own that our friend is making so precipitately. Mrs. Hook is left behind with the whole of the painting paraphernalia, and after a glance at the lowering sky, is hurriedly trying to disjoint the easel-poles and to cram the other things into a big basket. Before she can accomplish this, the rain and the thunder burst upon the valley. Wet to the skin and almost frightened for once at the fierceness of the storm, the unfortunate lady looks in vain for the descendant of the Vicelli family who acts as the daily portress. At last, seizing the poles and basket in desperation, she starts for home. She meets a girl, to whom she explains her dilemma and transfers her load; but this maiden forthwith retreats under the nearest tree, and with the smiling assurance '*Niente paura,*' beckons her employer to do the same. The lightning grows brighter, the sky blacker, and the thunder more deafening. There is an almost tropical intensity about them. All the stories of death beneath trees in thunderstorms that she has ever heard seem to crowd, at once, into Mrs. Hook's memory, as she stands in the open, streaming with water, and fruitlessly gesticulating to make the laughing girl come out of such peril. At length the storm spends itself, the regular portress arrives, and the victim goes home, as wet, she says, as if

she had been pulled out of a river, only to learn that frequent and menacing as are these tempests of Cadore, they are never dangerous.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene changes again, and we discover the artist and his wife in a tiny cottage kitchen on the Cornish coast. They have just arrived from Surrey, and the spray of an enormous sea is beating against the thatch and closely-shut windows. Never able to sleep in railway-trains (to which he infinitely prefers almost any craft, from a pilot cutter to a P. and O. clipper), Mr. Hook is stretched upon a bench, deep in the oblivion of a nap. So his wife, as she has done many times before, is coaxing into each of the familiar cupboards, drawers, and recesses, the particular article she knows from experience will fit it. 'I know every nail,' she says, 'and just where all the things pack away. Some go under the dresser, some under the table, and so on.' Every quarter of an inch of space is valuable, for the dimensions of the room are but nine feet by eight. It will be seen from the accompanying little sketches\* that, even if the cottage were not partly occupied by the old fisherman and his daughter, 'Nanny,' it would be a great contrast to the mansion far away in Surrey. It lies on the track to a secluded cove, and just below it are the granite boulders of the beach and an old 'crou,' or shed; while behind, is a hill cropped here and there with potatoes. The doorway forces Mr. Hook to stoop, and, when his picture is 'on view' between the bench and the dresser, a complete barrier across the room is formed, jeopardising the safety of certain mementos of wrecks (such as eleven teapots and some fine old Brittany china) which decorate the

\* Drawn for this paper by Mr. Hook.

shelves. Yet here are his head-quarters, here many of his finest pictures have been painted, and here he revels in:—

'Society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea.'

Such a sea! Almost daily, in fine weather, it yields to the little fishing population of the place, from its emerald and violet depths, a mass of wriggling fish, and some of this fish, as indicated in the sketch, is usually hung outside the cottage door. Often, as the lodgers are dressing betimes in their mite of

a bedroom, 'Nanny' comes beneath the window, calling up, 'Mrs. Hook, would you like this crawfish this morning? Only a shilling!' The particular article offered for sale (crawfish, cod, turbot, or bream, as the case may be), is usually nearly alive and the finest of its kind, so, thus cheaply, are our friends provisioned. The last thing, when the day's work is over, comes old Stephen for his half-hour's gossip on the way to bed (the stairs are in a corner of the kitchen), finishing with, 'Well, now I think I'll just go up timbering hill.'

If the reader will contemplate the ground-plan, and consider the change from a painting-room forty feet by twenty-eight, with many lofty windows and many luxuries, to a kitchen nine feet by eight with no windows to speak of and no luxury but its seclusion from everything save the mighty ocean, he would not wonder to see the artist stretch himself with a good yawn just after his return to 'Silverbeck,'

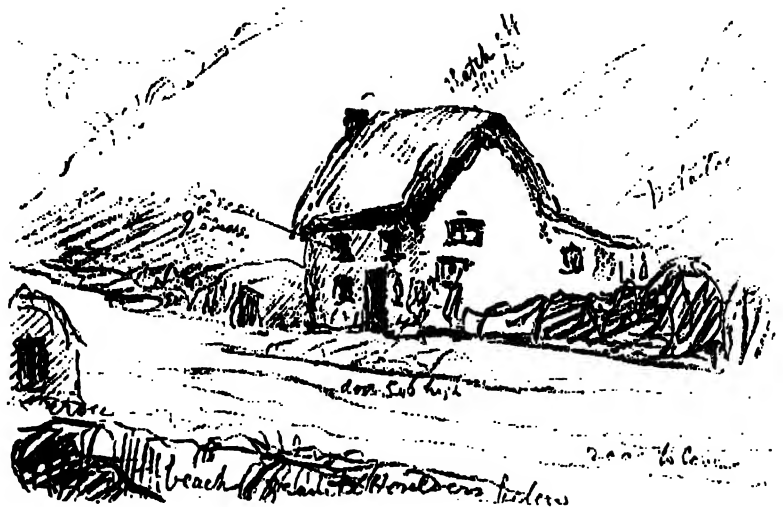
and say, 'What a relief it is to get home again—to get a little elbow-room! I feel I can breathe and look about.'

And now again we may fall to wondering at the happy and homely simplicity of mind and habits which makes it possible for people as fortunate as our friends, to live for weeks to-

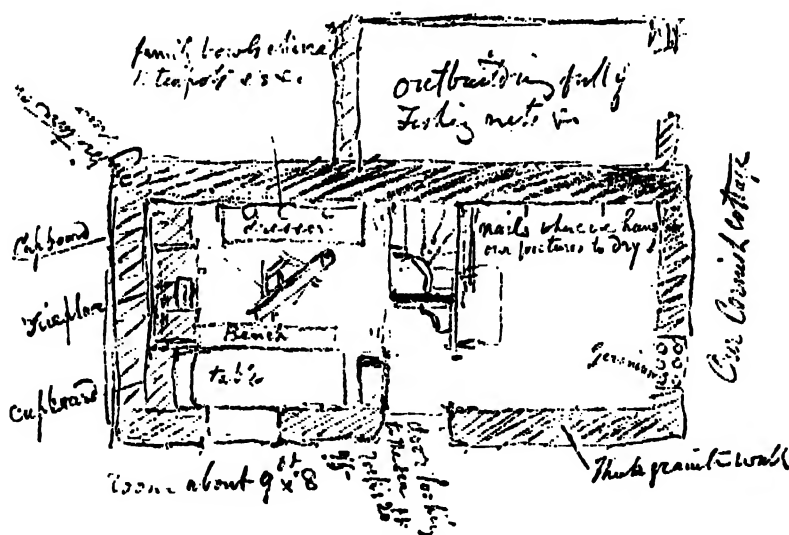
gether, and withal to live pleasantly, in such a primitive retreat. But if we look back upon their lives, before we bid them fare-well, we shall find that there were few circumstances to which they could not adapt themselves contentedly. They had no occasion at any time, either to regret the past or to fear the future. And their lives, being singularly free from trouble and disaster, they were free also from the anxiety which preys upon the mind and body of so many thousands, more relentlessly than disease itself. If Mr. Hook had been without the sterling qualities that brought about this mental quietude, and also if he had been without his wife's devo-

tion, wisdom, and tact, it is probable that his bold experiment of 1853 would never have been followed up. He would inevitably have achieved a conspicuous place in the front ranks of art, but the world would never have possessed the works by which he is best known now, and will be known in years to come.

We found him, this evening, sleeping on the hard cottage bench after his journey, but to-morrow (if the weather moderates) we shall see him in his warm Jersey on the sea-sand, with the breeze whistling



THE CORNISH COTTAGE.



THE CORNISH COTTAGE.

between his easel poles, and his whole mind fixed with intensity on his work. The huge rollers dance and fly before him, and, as he has told us, he is indeed excited, as little by little he makes them dance and fly upon his canvas. There is no hesitation or deliberation, and there is no slap-dash guess-work or consciousness of skilful manipulation. His brush and colour, and the method of using them, are as subordinate and unthought of as the pen and ink of a writer who has warmed to his work and treats of a favourite subject. It may be imagined that such work as this, depending on intense and almost feverish concentration, depends also on unbroken quiet and perfect freedom from incongruous interruptions. The consciousness of being watched by strangers, or made into a show, would be fatal, and so we are able to appreciate the inestimable value of Mrs. Hook's guardianship. She is here, on duty, sitting comfortably in the hollow of a rock, and deep in Victor Hugo. As for the sea, it is tumbling in at an apparently safe distance and without hint of mischief. Suddenly a roaring wave comes rushing headlong, and before she has time to rise, covers her to the neck. Surging round the well-secured easel, it sweeps away camp-stool, coats, havresack, umbrella, colours, novel, and well-nigh Mrs. Hook herself, who with more amusement than dismay, and dripping as she goes, walks home to send off a boat to recover, if possible, some of the lost property. The breakers prevent this, but Neptune, content with his rough joke, restores a portion at the next flood.

The painter and his wife have other Cornish quarters besides old Stephen's, and among them a farmhouse where their landlady has a decided taste for art. The walls of the best parlour are hung with works which are her solace and pride, but unhappily these feelings are not shared by Mr. Hook, who is always compelled, when in lodgings such as these, to take a certain course. If the weather is bad, says his wife, and he is forced to be idle, 'he walks about and frets like a caged animal.' At first he is often rather amused than otherwise by the traditional lithographs or prints hanging before him, but towards the end of the first day of his confinement he says, 'I really *cannot* stand these things any longer.' By the end of the second day, they all hang with their faces to the wall, to the astonishment, if not the anger, of their owner. In the case of the Cornish landlady it was not expedient to take quite so bold a course. She prized her pictures far too highly. So, after some secret consultation touching two very terrible facsimiles of chalk drawings which hung in their room, the victims rejoiced to find that the old lady was much exercised in mind because another room was without pictures altogether. They accordingly hinted that one of the facsimiles would

look very nice in there. No; that was quite impossible. 'Why?' asked Mrs. Hook. 'You see, mum, they're a *pair*,' she answered. When she could afford it, she said another time, she intended to have 'oils.' 'Suppose, then,' said the artist, 'you trade with me for one of my pictures.' 'No, sir; I can't afford it yet.' 'Ah! but we can exchange, you know. Suppose, for instance, you were to give me your best pig.' No; pigs were too valuable. Some days afterwards, however, she said pigs were not selling well just then, and she had made up her mind to give one for the picture. 'Well,' said Mr. Hook, 'I've been thinking it over too, and I shouldn't quite care to part with my picture for a pig; but there's that lemon-coloured cow of yours—she's a nice cow; will you give me her?' 'Oh, dear, *no*, sir, I can't think of that! I *should* be seat up without my cow.'

Those who are familiar with his pictures will remember that Mr. Hook has paid several visits to Holland (he was there last year), and one to Norway; in every case accompanied by Mrs. Hook and in every case following his usual plan of pushing on, if need be, far beyond the usual tracks of travellers, till he came to scenery which rewarded him. On one of the many ponds I have mentioned as characteristic of 'Silverbeck,' floats a specimen of the graceful craft of the Norwegian Fjords. It was ordered by the artist of a builder on the Hardanger Fjord in 1871, and was begun and finished within a few yards of his easel while he was painting *Market Girls on the Fjord*, at a total cost (including the mast) of fifty shillings. When the travellers left, it was towed behind the steamer to the sea, and in due course came to anchor in Surrey waters.

A man who has travelled far and wide for the express purpose of discovering the most beautiful scenery, would usually, one would think, have formed a decided opinion on the relative merits of his chief haunts. But, just as we should hesitate, if we were called upon to choose our favourite from his best Dutch, Norwegian, Scotch, and South-of-England pictures, he seems to hesitate in fixing on his favourite country. For example, he says Cadore is so marvellous a country that it is a wonder only one or two of its inhabitants became famous painters instead of hundreds. 'The grandest scenery in the world,' he says, 'is not in Switzerland, but in Norway. It is a *marvellous* place! It's everything. You even get the wonderful skies and bright white china clouds of Italy, that look as if you could knock your head against them.' With delight little less does he describe some of the scenery of Holland. The clean but picturesque barges and their picturesque crews, and the blinding flash, 'that almost knocks you backwards,' of the beautiful brazen vessels standing on the decks in the genial sunshine. Talk to him of Surrey, and he will tell you

that there is nothing to equal the cream of its scenery, no, not even in Devonshire—of Devonshire, and you hear that 'there is no country finer in Europe.'

We may regard these apparently conflicting statements with surprise, but if we know the speaker intimately, we shall read the real truth be-



CATCHING SAND LAUNCE (1884).

tween the lines, and remembering that he never does or says anything whatever by halves, we may discern that it is just this headlong enthusiasm and earnestness, this unalloyed and *intense* delight in the various aspects and phenomena of nature, that give the charm and freshness at once to his character and work. Both are pre-eminently full of feeling, impulse, colour, and originality. Reduce him to the level of the flat and joyless monochrome so common in character, make him weigh his words and be ever avoiding superlatives, and you change him to a semblance of the cool, calculating man of business, passionless, reproachless, and when he dies, instantly replaced by just such another.

I have now traced the career of my subject as perfectly as the space at my command will allow, from the days when, full of mischief, and at once the tempter and scapegoat of his brothers and sisters, he received on that account frequent and vigorous applications of the paternal slippers, to a time well within the memories of his youngest friends. I have intentionally described the painter himself and his haunts, rather than his pictures, because so many are more or less familiar with the latter, and because all workmanship is made more interesting by an acquaintance with the workman's life, peculiarities, and method. In a memoir which Mr. F. G. Stephens intends to publish, will, no doubt, be found full descriptions of Mr. Hook's more important works. Year after year, it has been pointed out by him and by other critics where and how the artist has succeeded. The verdict for the most part has been very favourable, although the competitor, by living in the country, has of late lost the immeasurable advantage of being constantly among his judges. Still, it is useless to deny that he is not what is

usually known as a popular artist. His following, except among artists themselves, is a comparatively small one, though it makes up for want of numbers by appreciation. One reason for this fact is soon found. Pre-eminently a colourist, his works depend on their charm in this respect, more than on any other quality. It is obvious, therefore, that they are debarred from the possibility of being easily translated into black and white; that is to say, from infinite multiplication and from dissemination by interested vendors, whose well paid and well worded enthusiasm goes so far towards securing an artist's celebrity. If we wish for a second reason, his own strangely uniform choice of subjects—subjects which have seldom appealed to human emotion or curiosity, will afford it. The public will submit to didactic art in moderation, to the representation of the calm and pure attractions of their beautiful mother earth, also in moderation, but let an artist once arouse their wakeful passions (these are simply innumerable, and they will throng his picture till it has to be roped in and a policeman put on duty.

I have tried to point out the leading features and the striking peculiarity of Mr. Hook's life. His healthy, rollicking, and by no means studious boyhood was followed by a string of Academic successes, and these, in turn, by a close and intelligent study of certain Venetian colourists. This study bore fruit in the production of a series of pictures which, however excellent in other respects, were for the most part not remarkable for originality in the fullest sense of the word. They were like the prudent voyages through which a would-be explorer gains promotion and experience, before he sails away in search of the unknown. By means of these pictures the painter gradually



YO, HEAVE HO (1885).

achieved a reputation. Residing in London, he was thoroughly in touch with his brother artists, and lived the same time-honoured, conventional life, till in his thirty-first year he found himself an Associate of the Royal Academy, and an avowed historical painter. To be an avowed historical painter in those days was, as it were, to have a reversionary interest in a used-up gold-mine; and fortunate was the man who



avoided plagiarizing or having his works plagiarized. The critic who, in 1852, advised the painter of *Othello's Description of Desdemona* and *The Story of Signor Torllo* to 'forget Italy for awhile that he might hereafter return to her with newer conceptions,' thought little what was coming; for in the following year, by the merest chance, the impulse was given which ended in the remarkable career I have described. Our historical painter suddenly 'shook off all mannerism,' and determined, as he could now afford to do (for, after all, it is the butcher and baker who for the most part tie genius by the leg), to 'follow his bent.' Three years later we find him—as we shall find him thirty-five years later, if we discover his haunts this summer—face to face with the Atlantic Ocean, or revelling in some Surrey paradise. From the day he left 'Tor Villa' for the Hambledon cottage, he lived an eminently happy, free, prosperous, and natural life; a life worth living, and not a mere existence with every pleasure and every duty prescribed by the corresponding pleasures and duties of a clique. The task he set himself in 1853 was supremely difficult, the ground unexplored and full of pitfalls; but all things favoured him, and so his course has been equable and safe, with no calamity to dull the keenness of his senses, and with the inestimable blessing of that perfect health without which the mind is but poorly housed. Thus we find that though he has now reached an age when many men, finding that their hands have lost their cunning, creep reluctantly into their arm-chairs at the fire-side, he has all his old skill, all his old enthusiasm, and so much vigour, bodily and mental, that he would shame many a man of thirty.

I confess that it is to me a matter of secondary interest that he founded his practice on that school, showed the influences of this, or helped to revolutionise a third. Surely we may gaze with uncritical pleasure on such a picture as *The Broken Oar*, and fill in for ourselves the story of peril, heroic courage, and, very likely, death, suggested so simply and well by the desolate waves and the fragment of ash-wood flung upon the shore, thinking as little of the method by which the paint was mixed with the medium and applied to the canvas as did the artist himself when he was at work. We may even hold that the office of highly skilled criticism should not be too analytical and technical—should not so much point out to the uninitiated, how a picture is manufactured, and the technical excellencies and faults of the workmanship, as what it teaches, and what the painter endeavoured to convey from his own mind to the spectator's. Pictures are windows, whence may be seen the history of the world and its peoples from the old heroic ages to our own time; whence pathos and beauty, sorrow and joy, appeal to the gazer's sympathy. Surely that criticism is misplaced which

is for ever calling our attention to the quality and thickness of the glass.

In matters of greater moment than his painting and his country pursuits, Mr. Hook is not less in earnest. An ardent politician, and a hearty Liberal, his views have certainly grown rather stronger than they used to be, but they have never changed their main direction since he applauded the Venetian insurgents who hauled down the Austrian standard from San Marco. If we take the trouble to look beneath the surface of his somewhat vigorous declamations, we shall find—what is not always to be found beneath the surface of political enthusiasm—an admiration for justice and right. He may champion the 'British workman,' and, following a very ancient and a very great Example, he may extol the poor, but we shall not discover that this sympathy is pretended. We shall find that his cottages are as well built and comfortable, in their way, as his own house, and that if he errs in his dealings with his dependents, it is always on the side of mercy, never on the side of harshness and injustice.

Anything approaching to a Socialist he is not, and he says, 'If all things were made equal to-morrow, the fool would be servant to the wise man before the day was out.' Only the other day we were talking of these matters, when he reached down his Pope from the old bookcase and read this passage from the *Essay on Man*, as conveying his views:—

'ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.  
More rich, more wise :

Singularly enough, a couplet in the same context applies very aptly to the artist himself:—

'Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.'

The inestimable blessing of these three things he has enjoyed almost from the first, and he would be a bold man who would say that he had not deserved them.

A peculiarly independent order of intellect, and the impatience of all control and tradition I have mentioned, combined, doubtless, with an hereditary dislike to formula and dogma, have united to shape Mr. Hook's religious opinions, so that they would not have displeased the old divine of Eastcote. Here again he is intensely in earnest, and says:—'If religion is not fact, it is nothing. It is not sentiment. We depend entirely on revelation, and if we do not look up to God for everything we are lost.' He has never followed a multitude (not even a fashionable one) to do evil, nor has he followed any single thing, person, or belief, whither he could not be guided by the light of a good conscience, the

clear, unequivocal commands of the ancient book, on which alone he founds his faith. That faith is strong, simple, and sincere; so in the days of his prosperity he has contentment and peace.

A. H. PALMER.

I am indebted to Mr. A. J. Hook for the following information. 'My father used copal (mixed with a very little oil

and turpentine) for outdoor work down to ten or twelve years ago, when amber varnish took the place of copal on account of a theory of the greater durability of amber. Roberson's medium he often uses indoors, but seldom out of doors. The copal or amber varnish is used because it becomes very 'tacky' in a few minutes, and in that state it is painted upon with semi-transparent colour. My father's great reliance is placed upon *semi-transparent* colour upon an opaque foundation.

'These papers having occupied more space than was at first anticipated, it has unfortunately proved impossible to print the list of the pictures.'—A. H. P.

## MR. HARRY BATES.



A blind old man and poor,  
Sweetest he sings,—*et cetera*

FROM THE RELIEF BY MR. HARRY BATES.

NOT long ago a Frenchman, who was in the state of blissful ignorance as to things foreign in which it is the privilege of his countrymen to dwell, was shown a photograph of three panels by Mr. Harry Bates. The panels were the small bronzes from the *Æneid*, which were at the Academy three years ago, and the photograph was good. The Frenchman was an artist, and at a glance fell in love. His amazement on being told the work was English was humiliating, and his exclamation, '*Alors, c'est votre plus grand maître!*' no more than its corollary. Whether or no Mr. Harry Bates is our '*plus grand maître*' is a question that need not here be answered, but the story will help to justify the warm things I may presently feel inclined to say of his art.

Mr. Harry Bates belongs to a class of artists which used to be much more numerous than it is. I mean the class which begins with some branch of aesthetic industry, and climbs from servitude to creation. He was born in 1850, and while still a lad was apprenticed as a carver to Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. In their workshops he began his career by cutting stone into easy forms, into roundels, rosettes, and, in due course, into simple foliations. The great church-building movement, which may in

the future seem so strange a glory of our century, was in full swing by the time he could be trusted to carve an ornament of the more elaborate sort *in situ*; and so, between the years 1869 and 1879, he worked in most of the English counties. Churches were built or mended, and, as the rough blocks were secured in their determined places, the young carver set up his platform before them, hung it about with a protecting stretch of sackcloth, placed his model—a cast from some existing pattern or modelled design, or a drawing—at a convenient angle, and set himself, with ever-growing skill, to emulate the carvers of five centuries ago. Shut up thus with his work, and empowered by nature to better the examples placed before him, thoughts of freer conditions soon began to take shape in his mind. So long as his *wander-jahre*, as I may call them, lasted, he could not do much to build the bridge by which he might cross from industry to art. In his spare time, indeed, he could draw and model from the objects about him, but the work could not be done in the systematic fashion, and under the time-saving supervision, which is required to develop a man into a complete artist at a reasonable rate. And so, in 1879, he returned to London, and thenceforward confined himself to such carving as could be done under his employers' roof.

Westminster Bridge Road, where he worked in the day-time, was not far from the Lambeth School of Art. Here it was inevitable that he should enter, and spend his evenings in supplementing the skill he gained by day.

At this time Jules Dalou was still in England. His connexion with the Commune had not yet been condoned, and before Mr. Bates had been long in the school, he was appointed its teacher of modelling. Dalou was an excellent master, but, three months after Bates became his pupil, he won his passport back to Paris by victory in the competition for employment on the new Hôtel de Ville. The freedom of Dalou's method, however, had already started his pupil on the right track, and, with the first head he modelled at Lambeth, Bates won a silver medal in the national competition at Kensington. This was followed by a figure from the antique, and then, on Dalou's final departure, Mr. Bates was received into the schools of the Royal Academy. His career there was as short as it was brilliant. In 1883 he won the gold medal and the travelling studentship of 200*l.* with his relief of *Socrates Teaching*. With the money thus gained he spent a year in Paris. There he broke through the usual custom of joining a crowded *atelier*, and picking up what he could from master and fellow-students. He took a studio of his own, worked from models of his own, and engaged no less a person than Rodin to be his mentor.

That in so acting he was well advised, there can be, I think, no doubt. The artists turned out by the regular Parisian studio are, as a rule, far too much of a pattern. They are apt to say, not what Nature has put into them, but as much of it as the hard-and-fast system of their teacher will give them voice for. Square painting is very well in its place, but you cannot get the infinity of Leonardo with it; modelling in planes is expressive, but there are subtleties over which a sculptor may rightly linger that it will not give; and so, for an artist with energy, originality, persistence, and a touch of modesty, no better plan of work than that on which Mr. Bates spent his year abroad could, perhaps, be chosen.

But before going on to speak of his doings in

Paris, I must say something about the work which won him the right to be there at all. After the subject for the gold medal of 1883 was set, Bates could not, for a long time, hit upon a fertile notion. He tried first one kind of Socrates and then another, but inspiration would not come. At last, when time was getting short, he one day saw an old workman taking his midday rest and holding forth to some companions. The man's pose and personality touched the right chord, the sculptor's fancy was stirred in a fruitful direction, and his group soon took form. Its success was never in doubt. I have seen a good many things of the sort, in France and Germany as well as in England, but I never saw anything, by a student, to equal it in

coherence of expression and balance of line and mass. In dignity, perhaps, it was deficient in some slight degree. The chief figure scarcely suggested the forerunner of modern thought with the fulness we should have liked; but youth will out, and in 1883 Mr. Bates, though older than the average student, was a young artist. *Socrates*, carried out in marble, has been presented to Owens College, Manchester, by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.

I have said that Rodin was Bates's mentor in

Paris. It was by Dalou's advice that the young Englishman addressed himself to the sculptor of the Calais Memorial and of the Dante Gates. Rodin was not then overwhelmed with work, and was in the habit of paying regular, and lucrative, visits to a studioful of fair English and American amateurs in the neighbourhood. To take Bates in the round was, therefore, easy, and yet it is to Rodin's honour that as soon as he saw what his pupil could do, and what his ambitions were, he declined all return for his trouble beyond the pleasure of watching its fruition.

No artist, of course, could come much in contact with such an individuality without being strongly affected, but in the work done by Mr. Bates in 1884 and since, the influence of Rodin is only to be traced in technique. Comparing the *Socrates* modelled in London with the Virgil reliefs modelled in Paris, we find in the latter a greater freedom and flexibility, a fuller sense of structure and surface, and more concern with movement. But the peculiar gift



'Then indeed *Æneas* weeps.'

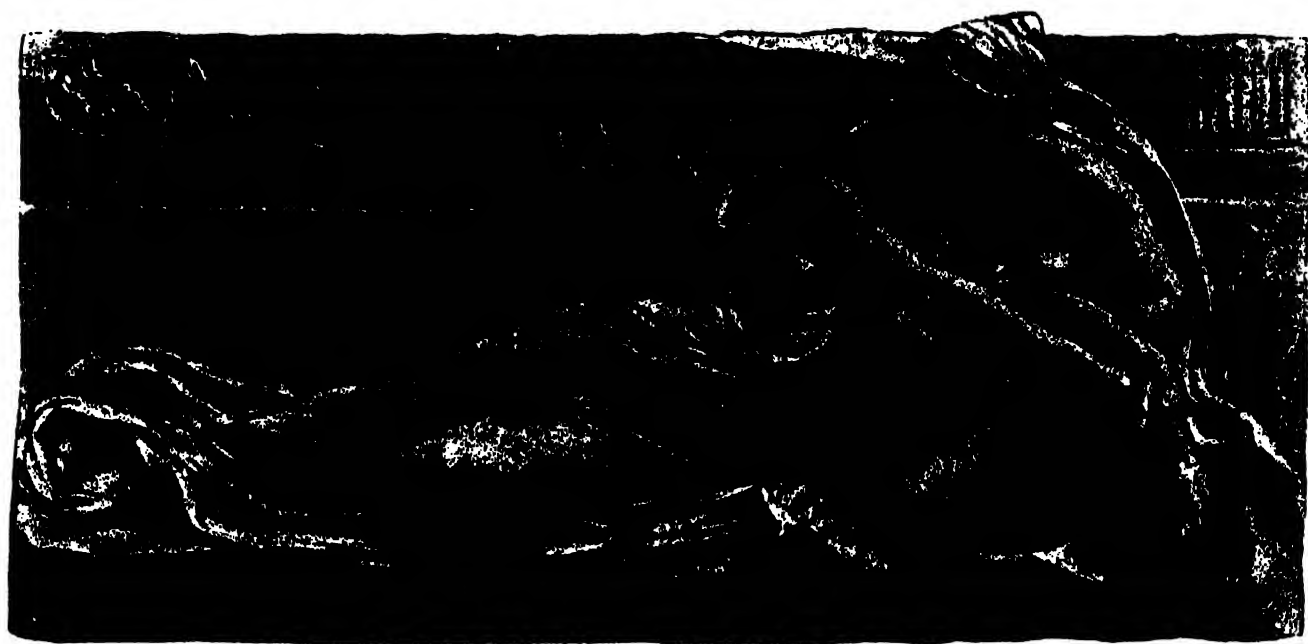
FROM THE PLAQUE BY MR. HARRY BATES

of their author is as traceable in the *Socrates* as in the *Aeneas and Dido*, and it is not a gift in the use of which Rodin could do much to help him. Harry Bates is, in fact, an instinctive composer. His conceptions fall naturally into balance and rhythm. They are not inspired with the energy, the melancholy, or the tragic humanity of the French master, but they show a sympathy with line, and a felicity in so concentrating its powers as to arrive at unity, to which there is no parallel in Rodin's work.

The chief things done in Paris were the panels already mentioned, and a bust, or rather a head, of Mr. J. P. Russell, an American painter, with whom he struck up a friendship which has continued

of the work. Its merit was too purely artistic. But painters and brother sculptors saw how fine it was, and its purchase was voted by the President and Council of the Academy, acting as Chantrey's trustees. Here, however, there was a hitch. Sir Francis Chantrey had made the proviso that his benefaction should only be used to buy works produced in the United Kingdom. Mr. Bates had modelled his plaques in Paris, and so the purchase could not be completed.

The *Aeneas* was exhibited in 1885; it was followed, in 1886, by the model of *Homer*, a sort of companion to the *Socrates*, which now confronted it in marble from the opposite wall of the Lecture Room. In this new relief the linear organization



DIDO. FROM THE PLAQUE IN BRONZE BY MR. HARRY BATES.

since. This head is now at the Glasgow Exhibition, where it is confronted by two of Rodin's finest busts, those of Victor Hugo and Mr. W. E. Henley. As surely as vitality and the suggestion of its possibilities are the strong points of the master's work, so surely is the repose which comes of coherence, and of a disinclination to force material, the note of the pupil's. The panels from Virgil form a sort of triptych in bronze. The broad features of the design may be understood from our reproductions. Mr. Bates provided a commentary in the Academy Catalogue, in three quotations from the *Aeneid*, but his panels are in no sense illustrations. The words of the poet afford a mere shadow of *raison d'être* for the attitudes of the figures and for their accessories. The problem was to produce three decorative plaques in high relief, to which unity should be given by the fitness of each for its place in the group, by the balance of parts, and by the subordination of the whole to an architectonic idea, that of the pediment. The public took no notice

which was so conspicuous in the *Socrates* is still farther developed. The figure of the bard is full of the grandeur that was more or less absent in the philosopher, the two women are finely grouped and nobly modelled, the background is expressive, poetic, and rightly complementary, and a touch of peculiar felicity has been introduced by bringing the two women's heads together and making one echo the other. In our little reproduction some of the forms, especially in the legs and feet of Homer, are spoilt; but the conception as a whole can be fairly judged. I shall have more to say about it presently.

In 1887 Mr. Bates's contributions to the Academy were three panels from the story of *Psyche*, as it came to him through Apuleius and Mrs. Browning:

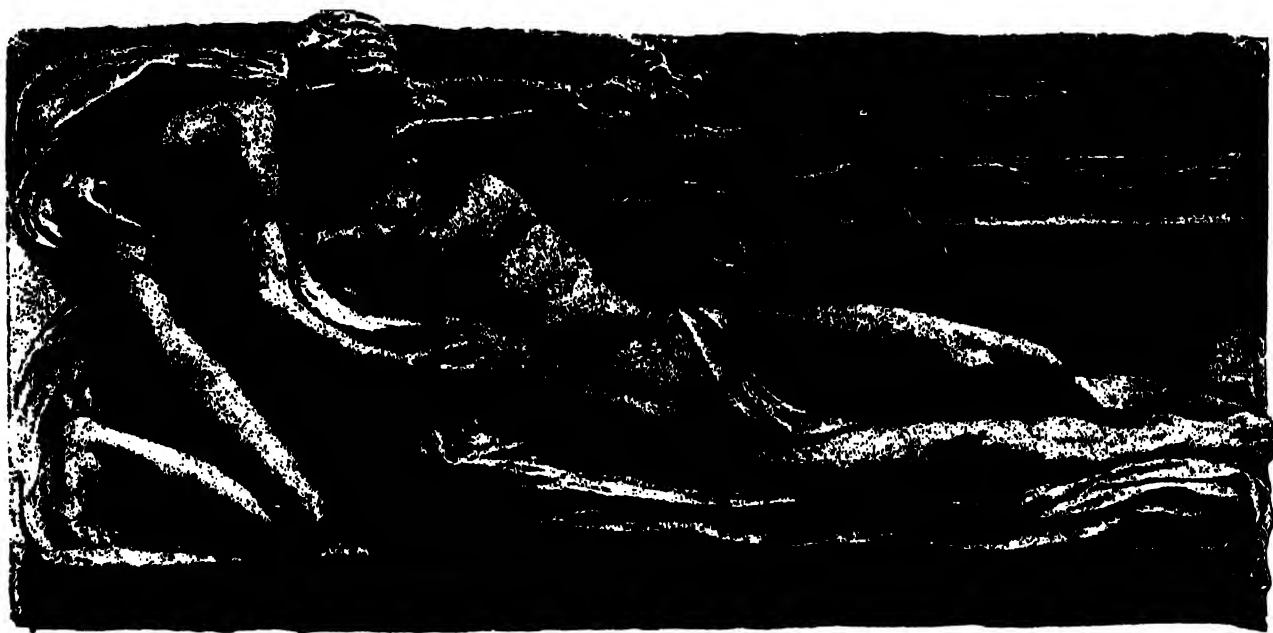
'While Psyche wept upon the rock forsaken,  
Alone, despairing, dreading, gradually  
By Zephyrus she was enwrapt, and taken,  
Still trembling—like the lilies planted high—

Through all her fair white limbs. Her vesture spread,  
 Her very bosom eddying with surprise ;  
 He drew her slowly from the mountain-head,  
 And bore her down the valleys with wet eyes,  
 And laid her in the lap of a green dell,  
 As soft with grass and flowers as any nest,  
 With trees beside her and a limpid well :  
 Yet Love was not far off from all that Rest.'

The plaque, of which he has kindly made a pen drawing for this paper (page 174), was the second of the series. Graceful as it is, it is less satisfactory than any in the Virgil set, partly through the comparative flatness of the relief, partly through the greater artificiality of the conception. While these panels were in Burlington House, a head carried

which became affected with paralysis during her sittings. A wise man contrives, however, to profit by misfortune, and, on my last visit to Mr. Bates's studio, I saw the moulders at work and the stiff form of the Dane dimly suggested through coats of plaster. Next year the group, I hope, will be seen ; it will, I am sure, increase its author's reputation, for it will show that he can combine style with energetic action.

Mr. Bates will win and hold his place among English sculptors by gifts more purely aesthetic than those of any rival. In originality of conception and richness of fancy he is surpassed by one of his fellows ; in purity of sculptural ideal and in finality of technique he is at least equalled by



ÆNEAS. FROM THE PLAQUE IN BRONZE BY MR. HARRY BATES.

out in the same process of lost-wax was at the Grosvenor. *Rhodope*, as Mr. Bates calls it, is a study from his wife. In refinement of modelling, and in the intimacy with which the suggestions of a restful femininity are understood and repeated, it is 'quite good,' to quote a phrase I once heard used of a masterpiece. *Rhodope*, like most fine works in the round, was not easy to photograph. Much of the charm of such things consists in the delicate changes of contour brought about by the slightest movement of the spectator, and in the best photograph from them there is the loss which occurs with a photograph from a pretty woman.

In the present year Mr. Bates sent nothing of any great importance to the Exhibitions. From the Academy and the Grosvenor he was entirely absent. At the New Gallery he was present only in two decorative panels and a bust, neither of which showed him quite at his best. A most promising group of a hunter and a pair of hounds was delayed through the death of his chief model, a splendid 'great Dane,'

another. But in sensibility to the appeal of light and line he is peculiarly rich. Unfortunately, the vocabulary at the command of the English critic is unequal to the discussion of subtle questions of art, and the English public, if we may believe those who claim to express its thoughts, resents any attempt to increase its wealth in that respect. This makes it difficult even to suggest to those who cannot see for themselves what it is that gives a peculiar value to such a production, for example, as the *Homer* relief. If I say the forms are so combined as to produce a chord at once rich and perfectly harmonious, I shall be blamed for the affected use of musical terms, and yet the phrase expresses what I mean with an exactness not to be won from the trite vocabulary. Shapes of great variety can be so combined by the painter or the sculptor as to produce richness in unity, just as the musician combines various sounds. Why then should we not have a word to denote the combination?—and why should we

not borrow it from music for what philosophy declares to be music in another form? To be sure, I might talk of style, but that word has been used so loosely that it now has but the vaguest meaning for those who are unaccustomed to think with exactness. The finest style is that which most thoroughly adapts means to ends. A work of art, in the ordinary sense, to be perfect in style must include nothing accidental, must include nothing that fails to do its part in expressing the artist's idea, but must include enough that does so bear a part to prevent anything like poverty or baldness. Mr. Bates's work is never unfurnished. There is never a scrap of wasted surface. Look, for instance, at the *Homer*. See how the old man fills the space in which he sits, how power is suggested by his bared right shoulder and the fine sweep of his discarded drapery, how his absorption is expressed by his drooping head, and how finely the Greece, and, after Greece, the whole Western world, which has listened to those notes ever since they rang through the strings of the Greek lyre, is hinted at

by the figures of the gods, by the peristyle of the Parthenon, by the grandly abundant forms of the two women, symbols of a long future, behind whose rapt heads a day is dawning which is to have no night. And yet, when I have said all this, I have only invited error as to what makes this sculpture so fine a work. For it is not the *symbolism* of its parts: it is their direct appeal; it is the significance in their shapes, a significance no less intrinsic than that of a musical combination. I must not bring my short account of Mr. Bates to a close without a word in praise of his efficiency as a workman. Technically, his strong point, perhaps, is the completeness with which he unites correctness and flexibility in his treatment of the figure. Here and there his modelling lacks finish, but it never fails to be significant or to betray both knowledge and intention. Add to this the power his long training as a carver had given him over tools of which sculptors are not always masters, and it will be seen that his equipment for the successful expression of his ideas is complete.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



PSYCHE.

'Gradually,  
By Zephyrus she was enwrapt and taken,  
Still trembling——'—E. B. Browning.

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. HARRY BATES.

## BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

### FOURTH CONVERSATION.

#### TECHNICAL NECESSITIES.

SCIENTIST. Our last conversation ended by approaching a purely technical part of the subject, when our artistic friend blamed the elaborate shading in the representation of scientific apparatus as a waste of time and effort. He thought that a simpler kind of drawing might answer the purpose and would even in some respects be clearer. I said that the kind of mechanical representation of such things as photographic cameras which we are accustomed to in scientific manuals is the result of a tradition, and is not so long and laborious as it

appears to be, because the traditional methods of work are a saving of time and thought. There is no hesitation about such work.

ARTIST. Neither is there any original observation. It is the application of ascertained methods requiring much manual skill and an apprenticeship, but that is all. There is no evidence in these woodcuts that the objects have been really *seen* in the artistic sense of seeing. As to the technical work, it is outside of the judgment of an artist because he would never draw in that manner; indeed, an artist would not possess the necessary kind of skill, which is really very great.

SCIENTIST. What have you to say about the



kinds of art employed in the higher departments of book-illustration ?

ARTIST. I think there is one principle that ought never to be lost sight of, yet it is often neglected. That is, not to go beyond what is wanted. An illustrator should know *exactly* what is required and then keep to it. He should not burden his work.

SCIENTIST. In what way do you think that work is generally 'burdened,' as you call it?

ARTIST. In several different ways, but the commonest is in uselessly elaborate shading.

CRITIC. You might add that shading is often not only uselessly elaborate but false in its elaboration, whilst if less were attempted it might remain relatively true. Any attempt in the simpler arts to rival the delicate distinction of tones which is attainable in the finest engraving must incur a great risk—indeed, almost a certainty—of failure. If, in a work attempting full tone, the tonic values are not surely and delicately separated one from another, the thing goes out of tune, like bad violin-playing.

ARTIST. Yes, and so I have a dread of illustrations that attempt complete tone unless they are by the hand of a master, indeed I ought to say two masters, for they require an excellent designer and an excellent engraver also.

POET. I cannot say that I exactly understand what you mean by complete tone. It is a technical expression that lies rather beyond me.

ARTIST. Our critic must explain that. I know very well what I mean by it. You have it in refined water-colour, and in the best engravings from Turner's vignettes. A critic is more accustomed to making definitions than I am.

CRITIC. Perhaps I may be able to illustrate the subject by a reference to another art—to music. Suppose a violinist slides his finger up the string, using the bow at the same time, the note gradually rises without a break, and although it passes through a number of what we call tones and semi-tones, it does not omit any of the sounds that lie between them. That would answer to a complete range of tone in painting where there are no breaks between highest and lowest, that is, between the brightest light and the darkest dark. If you attempt to do the same thing on the piano you cannot, because in that instrument the tones and semi-tones are fixed and you have nothing between them. Again, there may be instruments of a less advanced kind in which the intervals are wider than on the piano, a peal of bells, for instance. Well, the instruments where there are intervals represent the simpler graphic arts, and the simpler the art the fewer the tones are and the wider the intervals. For example, in some kinds of pen-drawing there are four notes only, white, light grey, dark grey, and black. Yet

even with these limited resources much may be done, as the artist can effect a separation between objects by means of outlines when he cannot separate them by tone. In the arts where tone is what we call complete, it can, of itself, effect all the distinctions between objects that the human eye requires, and line ceases to be necessary.

SCIENTIST. That doctrine is intelligible; but is there not an inevitable falsity in the simple arts, such as that kind of pen-drawing you have mentioned? Will not several notes in nature have to be represented by one note in the drawing?

CRITIC. That objection is well founded, and would be very grave indeed if no art could be valuable except that which is strictly imitative. In fact, however, the graphic arts are conventional; and if the mind understands the convention, the eye forgives the falsity. The convention about tone in the incomplete state is really nothing but classification. Nature passes insensibly, and without a halt, from dark to light. The artist first divides this mentally into tones for his convenience, usually in this way: *Dark, Half-Dark, Middle Tint, Half-Light, Light*. This is an artist's conventionalism; and he thinks of nature in this way even when he is merely looking at natural scenery without drawing at all. But if you analyse the matter, you will find that many tones are included under such a name as 'Middle Tint,' or 'Half-Light,' or 'Half-Dark.' We do this kind of grouping continually, when we speak or write, and are not accused of falsity on that account. When an artist does it in drawing he is not guilty of an outrage against truth, but merely of a simplification. He translates all pale tones into white, using lines to separate one thing from another; two greys, or possibly three, may stand for a vast variety of intermediate tones; and, finally, a great number of dark ones may be represented by black. He is then working in conventional or incomplete tone, which is well adapted to pen-drawing, and also to the simpler kinds of engraving and etching; in fact, the famous old engravers, who are the classics of the art, never worked on any other principle.

SCIENTIST. It seems clear, then, that there is nothing degrading to art, or implying inferiority in the artist, in the use of simplified methods.

CRITIC. Degradation and vulgarity consist, on the contrary, in the imperfect and ignorant use of the more complete arts, such as painting or (since we are talking about book-illustration) full-toned engraving. It is always a sign of high culture in art when restrictions of method are intelligently accepted and observed; and even when the artist has self-denial enough to refrain entirely from attempting that which cannot be done really well in the art that he is practising, though it might be done quite well enough to escape ordinary criticism.



SCIENTIST. Can you give a good instance of this self-restraint and abstinence?

ARTIST. I can give a very good one. In Mr. Pennell's brilliant illustrations to Mr. Hamerton's book on the *Saône*, you will hardly find more than two or three instances in which the artist has attempted a sky. He almost invariably leaves the sky blank, which at most can be taken to mean only the serene summer sky, and is inadequate even for that, as it does not give the gradation. A critic who did not know Mr. Pennell might think that he was indifferent to the beauties of the clouds, but it is not so at all. Few artists admire cloudy skies more than Mr. Pennell does, and it is just for this reason that he has not patience to represent them in an art which is far too simple to give the delicacy of their tones.

CRITIC. There may possibly be another reason, which is this: If Mr. Pennell were to draw cloudy skies and shade them even in a summary and conventional manner, he would find himself compelled to carry out a more elaborate system of shading in the landscapes and buildings, and that would be contrary to the most refined practice of pen-drawing, considered as an abstract and rightly conventional art. It comes, in short, to this, that in order to do the landscapes and buildings as well as possible in that limited art the clouds are sacrificed.

SCIENTIST. This, then, is a case of sacrifice for an artistic reason rather than of indifference to nature.

CRITIC. Yes; and you might even go further, and say that it is the sacrifice of one part of nature to another—of the sky to the earth, and to what is upon the earth.

SCIENTIST. What would happen if the converse sacrifice were made—if the earth were sacrificed to the sky?

CRITIC. In that case the things on the earth would lose their brilliance; they would be blackened in order that the sky might have some feeble approach to the relative light and splendour that it has in nature.

SCIENTIST. Your technical considerations seem to be very closely bound up with a voluntary recognition or omission of natural truths.

CRITIC. It is a matter of choice between one kind of truth and another, always in view of technical difficulties or facilities. The wisest course is always to avoid a difficulty that is not in its nature inevitable. It is wise, in a certain sense, to be pusillanimous. I say, in a certain sense, because there are some difficulties that must be faced boldly though others are avoided. For example, in violin-playing, the performer avoids the difficulty of playing several notes at the same time, except on very rare occasions. On the other hand, the violinist must grapple with the difficulty of making his own notes, which is very great. The pianist has not to make his notes, they

are made for him by the constructor and tuner of his instrument, but he is compelled to face another formidable difficulty, that of playing ten notes at the same time. So in pen-drawing, the artist avoids as much as possible the difficulty of delicate tones, but he has to face the formidable difficulties of accent and expression.

SCIENTIST. It might be worth while to examine, one after another, the technical considerations that have to do with book-illustration, as applied to different kinds of literature. Suppose we take poetry first. Let us have a poet's opinion.

POET. I suppose you mean to appeal to me. If so, I am for blank paper by way of illustration. If, however, something must needs be printed upon it, I think that Rogers showed a clear judgment in choosing delicately engraved vignettes.

ARTIST. I think I see your reason. You would not like coarse pen-drawings, would you, however artistic they might be? You would not care to see Milton illustrated by a violent pen-draughtsman like Michelangelo, with his big black lines and dashes?

POET. I have a sort of feeling that poetry requires a technical delicacy corresponding to its own. For instance, in Rogers' poem, '*Jacqueline*,' the second part begins very prettily with these lines:—

'The day was in the golden west;  
And, curtained close by leaf and flower,  
The doves had cooed themselves to rest  
In Jacqueline's deserted bower;  
The doves—that still would at her casement peck,  
And in her walks had ever fluttered round  
With purple feet and shining neck  
True as the echo to the sound,  
That casement, underneath the trees,  
Half open to the western breeze,  
Looked down, enchanting Garonnelle,  
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,  
Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,  
The blush of sunset on their snows.'

Rogers was not generally much of a poet, and these lines themselves are only pretty; but they are very pretty and very delicate in the use of colour and light and shade. Now I should say that a rude pen-sketch would be quite out of place in the illustration of such a passage, and I may go further and say that no pen-sketch whatever, even if reduced to give it a refinement not naturally belonging to it, could possibly have a delicacy corresponding to that of the verses; but Turner's vignette had it, and artist and poet seem to have been working harmoniously for once.

CRITIC. It is chiefly the refinement of the shading, the completeness of the tone, that satisfies you; and you could not have had that in black and white with any art less perfect than Goodall's exquisite engraving.

ARTIST. You have selected a landscape as a case in point. It is a peculiarity of landscape that poetical feeling cannot readily be impressed in it without full and delicate light and shade; indeed, to express the *whole* of what an artist feels about landscape colour is also necessary. The absolutely perfect illustration of a poem in which landscape was mentioned would be in water-colour, with the inconvenience that there could only be a single copy.

SCIENTIST. How these technical and economical questions interfere, in the fine arts, with the free choice of means!

POET. I congratulate myself that literature is exempt from them. Suppose I were to describe an evening sky as crimson or golden, and my publishers were to write me a short note saying that the description must be cancelled, as it would be peculiarly expensive to print!

ARTIST. We have to renounce colour in landscape illustration to books, but people imagine it in some measure. If they did not, they would be shocked by the faces of people in engravings, which are always ghastly white or grey. This is something; and it is much to have full light and shade, which gives us the opposing powers of splendour and gloom.

CRITIC. Observe the different effects produced on the mind by a full-toned drawing in sepia or Indian ink, and an outline sketch of the same subject. The very simplest materials produce emotion if there is solemnity in the effect. Mr. George Reid, the Scottish Academician, sent me a reproduction of a sketch in Indian ink, representing nothing but a corner of a calm lake, with a few stones and firs—absolutely no human interest whatever. This drawing moved me deeply, because the effect was one of those we call melancholy; which, of course, only means favourable to melancholy feelings in ourselves. Exactly the same subject, drawn in outline, would have left me utterly indifferent.

ARTIST. A painting of the same subject and effect would probably have moved you still more with the lingering colour of evening tinging the grey rain-clouds.

CRITIC. Perhaps; but that would have depended on the power of the artist to make a poem in colour, and this power is very rare. Besides, there are reasons why the poetry of chiaroscuro tells better when there is nothing to rival it in the same work. For my part, I do not greatly regret the absence of colour from book-illustration. To be acceptable it would have to be perfect, and the perfection of colour, for certain scientific reasons, is often incompatible with the most powerful chiaroscuro.

SCIENTIST. You mean on account of the incom-

patibility of certain colours with very high light in painting.

CRITIC. Yes, that is one reason; and besides that, a work composed for colour arrangements may be almost destitute of light and shade.

SCIENTIST. The final conclusion appears to be that light and shade is indispensable for the expression of poetic sentiment in landscape illustration, but that colour, though it might often be valuable, is not indispensable.

CRITIC. That is quite my opinion with regard to landscape; but it does not follow that the light and shade must necessarily be complete. If it is well suggested to the imagination, as in some etchings, that is often enough. However, it is none the worse for being complete. The mezzotints after Girtin are good examples of laborious fulness in light and shade entirely helpful to the expression of sentiment. The laboured chiaroscuro in Samuel Palmer's etchings is also precious from beginning to end, not only technically but poetically.

ARTIST. We have an excellent opportunity for estimating the value of chiaroscuro in the sentiment of landscape illustration by comparing the line etchings for Turner's *Liber Studiorum* with the same plates after the addition of mezzotint.

CRITIC. Yes; and you may observe that the more grave and solemn the subject is, the more valuable does the shading become. If the effect is simply cheerful, like that of an ordinary sunny afternoon, a sketch in line may give an idea of it, or, at least, tune our minds to a corresponding cheerfulness; but a few lines can never convey the impression of solemnity. Gustave Doré understood this. He had two ways of sketching for the wood-engravers, in line with the pen and in chiaroscuro with the brush. He used the first chiefly for figure groups in action, when action was the important matter, and effect of little or no consequence; but whenever he wanted to impress the reader with landscape solemnity, as in the illustration of the gloomy entrance to the infernal regions,\* he took the brush, and employed a kind of chiaroscuro which, if not very refined, left no doubt whatever about his intentions. It also powerfully affected the poetical feelings of the public; and you will trust my experience for a dogmatic statement, I affirm that the public is ten times more poetical than scientific in its instincts.

SCIENTIST. Now, what should you say about the illustration of novels from the technical point of view?

ARTIST. I should say that expression is the

\* The engraving illustrating the well-known inscription over the entrance-gate of hell, in the opening to the third canto of Dante's 'Inferno.'

most important quality here ; and consequently that the art which gives expression best and most easily is the one that ought to be chosen.

SCIENTIST. Then what kind of art should you specially recommend ?

ARTIST. Any sort of art with easy and clear linear drawing.

CRITIC. We see that the modern illustrators of novels have been led by their own sense of the necessities of the case to the choice of arts in which the line was free. It is in the highest degree remarkable that at a time when etching had fallen into almost complete disrepute as a fine art, it was resorted to by the illustrators of novels merely for the facility of its line, and the fidelity with which the line could be printed after the biting. Draughtsmen like Hablot Browne and Doyle used a simple kind of etching for their more important compositions ; but as it could not be printed in the text, Doyle had recourse to wood-engraving for his minor illustrations. It was, however, facsimile wood-engraving, in which the line was absolutely free when the artist drew it on the block ; though of course the subsequent work of the wood-cutter had no freedom, but the slavery of it is imperceptible in the result. The expense of printing etchings seems to have led to their abandonment for the illustration of novels ; and now we have only woodcuts or reproductions of artists' pen-sketches. There is nothing to be said against these, for the special purpose we are talking about, provided that the artist's lines are faithfully reproduced.

SCIENTIST. Then we may set it down as an ascertained principle that line is more important in the illustration of novels, and delicate shading of less importance than in the illustration of poetical works ?

CRITIC. The rule would hold good in most instances. It very seldom happens, though it may happen sometimes, that anything is wanted in novels beyond the illustration of figures, which must have expression. Landscape illustrations are so seldom wanted that they may be considered generally unnecessary. Now, a great deal of life and character can be given to figure sketches with shading of the most summary and abstract kind ; but it would be long and tedious work to give character by delicate tones without the help of lines, on the principles of painting. Etching, pen-drawing, and facsimile wood-engraving, are the three arts most admissible in works of fiction.

SCIENTIST. We have already talked about books of travel, but not with reference to the technical side of their illustrations. Can we ascertain anything like a law, as we certainly seem to have done in the case of novels ?

CRITIC. A book of travels requires both figures and landscape, therefore it might admit illustrations

of two characters, according to the predominance of line or the predominance of shade. But there is a commercial consideration, which interferes with the use of the best arts for books of travel. They must not be so expensive as art books ; and yet to give a good idea of the places passed through, and of the people seen, the illustrations must be numerous. Hence the expensive methods of printing are almost inadmissible, and the illustrations must be confined to such as can be printed in the text.

ARTIST. And it follows from this that commonplace kinds of wood-engraving are usually resorted to, because wood-engraving can give line in one illustration and shade in another. Pen-sketches, if well reproduced, are extremely good for figures, houses, minor details about encampments, and so on ; but they are not so good for landscapes, except the immediate foregrounds. They may be made, it is true, to convey the idea of landscape effect to a very intelligent public, but only by a sort of shorthand. They cannot in any way realise it.

SCIENTIST. Without pretending to any knowledge of art, I take an interest in the subject ; and so I was comparing, the other day, some recent reproductions of pen-sketches, very excellent in their kind, with some wood-engravings that appeared about thirty years ago, and were printed with all the skill and taste that could be commanded in those days. The reproductions of pen-sketches had much more life and accent, which seemed to be due to the influence of etching ; but certainly I must say that there was a delicacy of tone in the woodcuts that no pen-sketching could ever rival.

ARTIST. That I have no doubt about ; but what is doubtful is whether those tones that seemed so delicate were anything like faithful interpretations of the tones used by the artist in his original drawing. Our complaint about wood-engravers is that they so often put tones and textures of their own. This may be in great part involuntary, for all kinds of engraving are very difficult, but it is vexatious.

CRITIC. I can distinctly remember the time when the superiority of wood-engraving in quality of tone (which has nothing to do with fidelity to the tones of the artist) produced a strong conviction in the minds of many people, who had to do with illustrated publications, that pen-drawing could never be acceptable, because the quality of its tones is not so soft and agreeable to the eye. The same objection was held to be fatal against all other processes that admit of printing with type. For example, a pen-drawing of a sky may give a noble piece of cloud composition and it may also explain the forms of clouds very clearly by a sort of rude conventionalism ; but as in nature the quality of a sky depends chiefly on delicacy of tones and the absence of lines, it follows that the skies in common

woodcuts are more acceptable to the large part of the public, which is not very fastidious, than those of the finest pen-drawings ever executed.

SCIENTIST. I notice that you make a reserve in what you say. You talk of 'the large part of the public that is not very fastidious.' There is something under that phrase which you have left unexplained.

CRITIC. I did not think it necessary to go into the matter further, as it has scarcely more than a commercial interest. What happens is this. There are certain obvious qualities that are easily recognisable, even by an uneducated taste, and such a taste expects them. It will find them in a woodcut, and not in a pen-sketch. It is satisfied by the presence of these qualities in a mediocre degree, but is dissatisfied when they are absent. The educated taste wants them in a far higher degree, or else is prepared to go without them. To apply this to the subject we have been talking about, I should say the qualities of the skies in woodcuts are sufficiently satisfactory to an uneducated taste. A fastidious taste would be likely to require still greater delicacy of tone, which it would seek in the finest plate engraving. If the fastidious judge could not get this, he would say, 'Very well; then let there be no pretence to delicacy of tone, and let us have an avowedly rough sketch of a sky for its forms and composition.' And as, in his mind, he would be perfectly able to separate one quality from another, he could enjoy the forms and composition without the tone, which the uneducated eye could not.

ARTIST. With regard to the education of the eye, I have met with one or two educated men, or what are called so (I mean University men), who were totally unable to read the language of lines in drawing. They only tolerated lines which were so fine as to be practically invisible. The sky of Mr. Haden's large etching of Greenwich is always a great puzzle to them. The lines in it strike their eyes as a confusion of thick wires, and iron rods, and pokers, set up somehow against the sky. That part of the sky of his *Calais Pier*, after Turner, which is nearer to the horizon, they take for cliffs—the cliffs of Albion.

CRITIC. This is interesting. Nothing is more interesting in art than the interpretations of ignorance. They throw a wonderful light on the questions concerning success and popularity. I have no doubt that the popular desire for tone, and the popular objection to line, have done much to keep

up wood-engraving, even of a very inferior quality. I have nothing to say against wood-engraving that is really excellent. It has its own peculiar merits that no other art can successfully imitate.

SCIENTIST. Now I should like to know what you have to say about the technical question in the illustration of scientific books.

CRITIC. We dealt with that question, to some extent, in our last conversation. When the illustrations are not so numerous as to make the cost of printing very important, and when the scientific man can draw accurately enough in an explanatory way for his own purposes, he ought himself to etch his illustrations in a very simple and clear manner, without attempting effect. Dr. Travis Whittaker did this in his 'Student's Primer on the Urine,' which contains sixteen etched plates of microscopic studies, chiefly of different crystals. The author drew attention in his preface to the suitability of the etching-needle for the delineation of microscopic appearances. By its aid the student gets the master's graphic explanation quite at first hand, which is an inestimable advantage. When etching cannot be done, or cannot be afforded, the scientific man may make clear pen-drawings, to be reproduced photographically and printed with the text.

ARTIST. You assume that he is able to draw?

CRITIC. I take it for granted that every man of science, including archaeologists, ought to be able to draw an object quite clearly and distinctly. I should not expect him to make charming or clever artistic drawings, and I should not advise him to try, as by doing so he would probably miss those qualities of practical importance that he ought to aim at, and might generally attain.

ARTIST. The distinction between scientific and artistic illustration is plain enough. Science has no object but accurate knowledge, but the purpose of art is to move and charm. Well, then, I should say that the best kind of illustration for scientific books would be the clearest, and that the best kind for artistic books would be the most charming. Mezzotint would be very bad for scientific illustrations.

CRITIC. I think this settles the question. In scientific illustration any veiling of hard fact for the sake of charm is a mistake; and in artistic illustration any assertion of hard fact at the cost of visual beauty and charm is a sin against art. Mezzotint, which is useless for scientific purposes, is excellent in those books which belong to the category of the Fine Arts.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

## IX.—EDRIDGE AND PROUT.

THE early water-colour art was, as has been said over and over again, based upon line and monochrome wash; and its tendency under the new method, introduced mainly by Girtin, was through tinting to full colour, and the obliteration of outline. To get rid of outline altogether, as non-existent in nature and an interruption of colour,—indeed, to get rid of line—outline, and what may be called ‘inline’ too—has been one of the aims of modern painters. The term drawing, as applied to painting, has in fact changed its meaning in the memory of most of us. By drawing used to be understood drawing by line, but now it means rendering the true form of objects by any kind of touch, irregular spots and patches, form being analyzed, not by the boundaries of contours and lines of construction, but by all the innumerable and indefinite spaces of all sizes and shapes, differing in tone and colour, which go to make up the appearance of a solid body. This is the language of the brush as distinguished from the language of the point. But modern practice has gone beyond this, and drawing with the point now apes drawing with the brush, and we see a piece of drapery which would formerly have had its folds and flowings, its puffings-out and sinkings-in, expressed by lines of varied curve, each of which took exact notice of the form to be shown, now drawn with a number of little scratches, the direction of which is not at all determined by the forms of the drapery, is not indeed material at all, the object being to secure the right tone at the particular place where they are applied.

But at the beginning of the century drawing still meant drawing by line, and the ‘draughtsman’ was essentially a drawer and shader of a precise outline. It was before the days of Fortuny, and Mr. Abbey, and Mr. Joseph Pennell. There was always a close and natural affinity between the method of drawing by these ‘draughtsmen’ and that employed by the engraver who reproduced their works. The earliest men, like Alexander Cozens, based their style of drawing—fine penwork—on the style of the line-engraver on copper; in Sandby and his school, aquatint, with its firm outline and spaces of flat tint, appears to have been the imitator rather than the example. If not invented for the purpose of reproducing the drawing in line and wash, aquatint was perfected for that purpose; and this close relation having been established between the two arts, they mutually supported one another, and no doubt that drawings continued to be made in a way which would render their

reproduction by aquatint easy, just as the designer for wood-engraving would draw his design in lines specially adapted to be cut in relief. Those were all simple and mechanical processes compared with the elaborate engravings on copper and steel, afterwards produced by such engravers as Goodall, Wallis, Willmore, Brandard, Finden, Pye, and others, who formed that most brilliant and original school of engravers of landscape called into existence mainly by the genius of Turner. These were engravers of paintings—as distinguished from drawings—paintings in oils and paintings in water-colours, great artists in the translation of colour into tone, masters of effect, but always speaking in the now half-forgotten language of line.

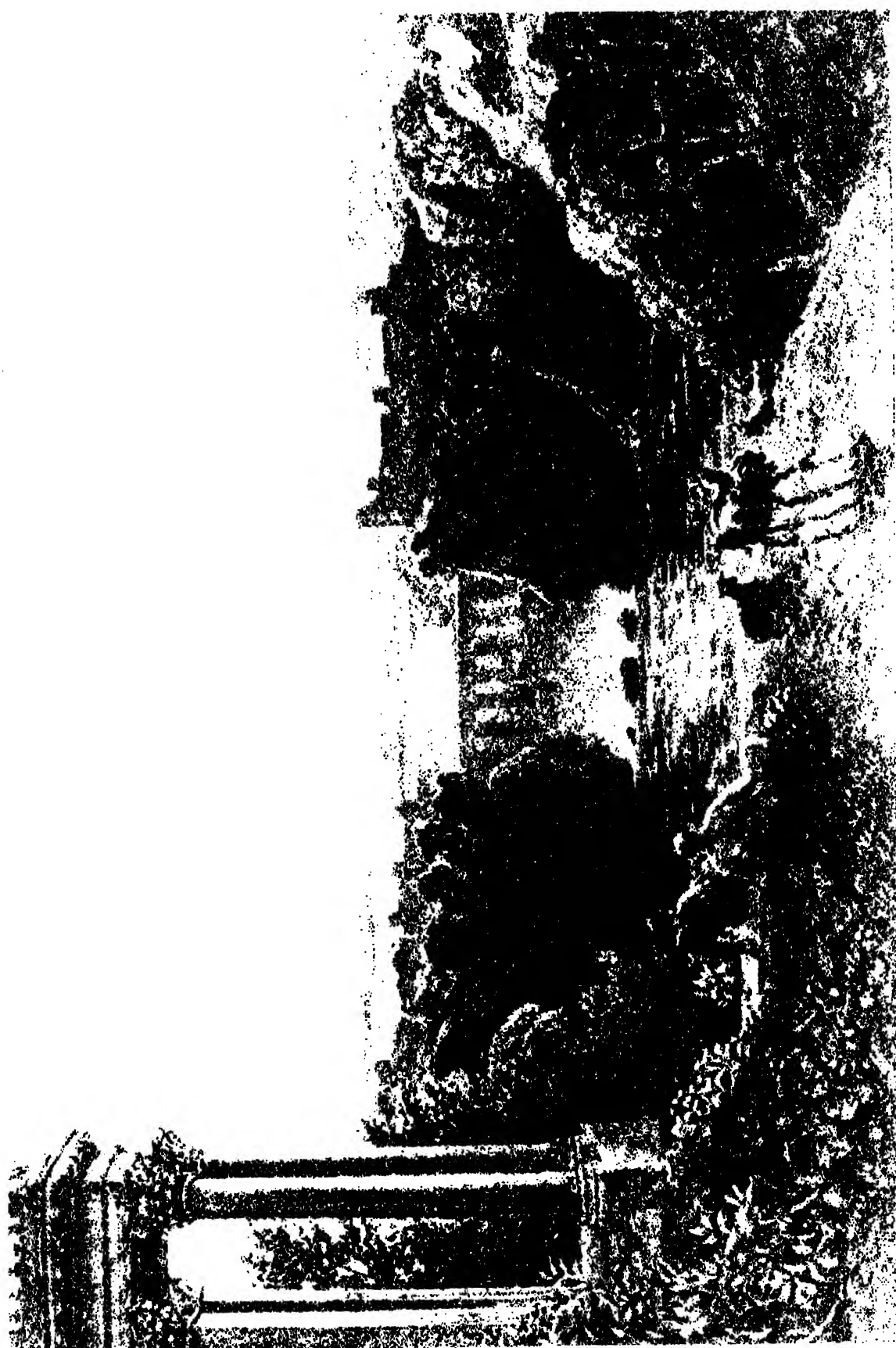
It is not of line-engraving, however, that it is essential to speak here, but of a very different art—that of lithography, which at the beginning of the century began to take the place of aquatint and etching as a means for the popular reproduction of drawing. It was adapted especially for drawings with a more or less blunt point, for drawings in pencil and chalk and the reed pen, as distinct from drawings with a fine pen. It had the further advantage that the drawing could be done by the artist himself upon the stone and his work exactly reproduced without the intermediation of a second interpreting artist. The crumbling touch of chalk, the broad, loose line of the reed pen, the infinite gradation and sharp accent of the blacklead pencil, reappeared on this printed lithograph with little or no loss of expression. Its only rival in these respects was the soft-ground etching, a process more difficult and uncertain, with other disadvantages in the way of size, expense, &c., which need not be examined in this place. Lithography, which is said to have been invented in 1796 by Alois Sennefelder, a German, was introduced into England about the beginning of the century, and soon flourished there as well as in Germany and France. It has been used with great effect for the reproduction of many kinds of pictorial art, from oil-paintings by ancient masters (as in the admirable series from the Dresden Gallery) to the sketches and drawings of the modern, like Bonington, Harding, Cattermole, Prout, J. F. Lewis, and David Roberts; but for the reasons given above it is for sketches in chalk and pencil that it is most peculiarly adapted, and especially for those in which the touch of the artist is an essential element of beauty. It seems, indeed, to have been specially invented for such artists as Edridge and Bonington and Prout.













Of all of these, and of all other artists whose works have been reproduced by lithography, the typical instance of exact affinity between the artist and the process is Prout; and of all the elements of his art which this process is most valuable in reproducing the most distinctive is his broken touch. Further, we may also pick out the subject on which his touch was most appropriately and picturesquely employed, and this was old Gothic architecture—worn, mutilated, chipped, and broken, presenting every variety of outline, except the unbroken and precise, and every variety of surface except the smooth and shadowless. The history of water-colour painting is very intimately connected with the taste for Gothic architecture, especially in its picturesque aspects. This taste may be said to have been founded and fostered by the 'draughtsman,' who mainly in the interests of topography and archaeology went all over England drawing all the cathedrals and other remains of ancient national architecture, and taught the English public their value as pictorial material. The means of expression hitherto used for architectural drawing was found to be inadequate to present the picturesqueness of these new objects of pictorial art. Before this the ideal architecture of the landscape-painter was classical, and such artists, principally architects and their assistants, who went abroad to draw architecture and ruins, drew classical architecture and ruins exclusively. To do this the sharp, thin, clear, unbroken line—the line reminiscent of the drawing pen, interrupted but unvaried in stress—was sufficient for their purpose. It was the damage done, rather than the beauty resulting from the damage, that they wished to show. If they put any feeling into their work, it was the pathos of mutilation that they wished to express, rather than the decorative loveliness with which Time embroiders confusion and decay. Think how perfect it was, how marred is the original design, they said, when they said anything. At all events, whether they had need of it or not, they did not find or use the indefinite picturesque broken line, which was invented (or at least first fully appreciated, by Girtin, was brought to perfection by Bonington and Edridge, and carried to mannerism, if not to excess, by Prout, in their delineation of Gothic architecture in England and the Continent.

The language of the blunt, irregular line—broken not only in length but width—the line which does not only mark the shape or construction of an object but expresses also something of its character, substance, and surface, and the effect of light and air upon it, did not, of course, begin with our water-colourists and the drawing of Gothic architecture, but it may be said to have then taken a new departure.

In responsiveness to the hand and in power of rapid indication no drawing instrument equals the

blacklead pencil. Most of the water-colourists at the beginning of the century were masters in its use. No one of these was a greater master than Turner, but he employed it chiefly in rapid memoranda and suggestive sketches, seldom for drawings or finished sketches. If we want to see how much could be expressed by such simple means we must go to the drawings of men like Edridge and Prout and the lithographs from their works.

If we want to see the comparative merits of the hard ink line and the soft touch of pencil or chalk in rendering the picturesque appearance of Gothic architecture, we may study the etchings of Cotman and the lithographs of or after Bonington and Prout, all of which are excellent of their kind; but it must not be forgotten that Cotman was more concerned with the architectural and archaeological interest of his buildings than that pictorial attractiveness which the 'broken line' of Prout was so specially designed to render. Prout was certainly a master of it, but he cannot be credited, as he sometimes is, with inventing it. Edridge, at least, was before him.

Henry Edridge, A.R.A. (1769–1821), was certainly one of the greatest masters of pencil. Taking it all in all, there is perhaps no existing drawing which shows the range of its picturesque expressiveness in architecture and figures more completely than his drawing of the *Tour de la Grosse Horloge*, at Evreux, which is in the British Museum, and has already been engraved for THE PORTFOLIO. It may be compared, and not to its disadvantage, with Bonington's drawing of the *Rue de la Grosse-Horloge*, at Rouen, lithographed in Baron Taylor's 'Voyages Pittoresques dans l'ancienne France—Normandie, 1825;' and Edridge's drawing was probably made several years earlier, during one of his visits to France, in 1817 or 1819. Two other drawings in pencil by Edridge, equally fine, are of *The Château de Guillaume*, at Falaise, and a large view of *The Floods at Eton seen from Windsor Castle*. The latter, which we engrave, is on grey paper heightened with white, and is notable for the beauty and elegance of the composition and its masterly treatment of a wide expanse of country. The graceful group of trees in the middle distance point to another accomplishment which he possessed in advance of most of his fellows. Some drawings by him at South Kensington are remarkable for their truth in the drawing of trees, and show that he studied their characters carefully and had a true feeling for the beauty of their growth. As examples alike of pure English country and pure English water-colour it would not be easy to exceed two large drawings by Edridge in the British Museum representing Great Bookham and Aldenham Churches. In short, Edridge was a master both of the point and the brush; his touch was not only lively and picturesque, but sensitive, well accented, and refined; his

handling of the brush was free, but accurate and expressive; and his colour was harmonious and full of 'quality.' When it is added that the delineation of architecture and landscape was only one side, and that not the most professional side of his art, it must be acknowledged that he was an artist of rare and varied gifts and worthy of more respect and reputation than he has yet received.

The branch of the profession which Edridge adopted more especially was that of a miniature artist, and the British Museum possesses quite a gallery of his little portraits beautifully finished. Most of them are in pencil only, but some have the flesh-tints added in colour, and one of them (probably a copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Woollett the engraver) is in very full colour. Of special value, in connexion with water-colour painting, are a slight but lively sketch of Girtin and finished portraits of Thomas Hearne, Stothard, and Edridge himself. There are also an excellent portrait of Nollekens the sculptor and two of Bartolozzi, one of which is reproduced here. It is interesting to remember in connexion with these portraits that both Hearne and Edridge began life as engravers, that



FLOODS AT ETON. H. EDRIDGE.

Woollett was Hearne's master, and that Edridge is said to have acquired his taste for landscape from a study of Hearne's drawings. Edridge was the pupil of William Pether, the mezzotint engraver, son of 'Moonlight' Pether, and himself a painter of landscapes. Edridge also studied for a while in the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Turner did, and he was one of the friends of Dr. Monro. The senior of Turner and Girtin by about six years, he should perhaps have had his notice earlier in these papers, but he began life as an engraver and portraitist, and cannot be reckoned among the earlier 'draughtsmen.' He did not belong to the Water-colour Society, and it is not till 1814 that we find him exhibiting landscapes at the Royal Academy. He then exhibited four English scenes, and with the exception of about a dozen views on the Continent, exhibited 1819, 1820, 1821, he does not appear to have come again before the public except as a portrait-painter. He was elected an Associate in 1820 and died the year after.

Samuel Prout (1783-1852) was born at Plymouth, and had a sunstroke when a child, which left him always weakly. He began life as a 'draughtsman' under

John Britton, but for many years made little progress. Between 1803 and 1827 he exhibited occasionally at the Royal Academy, his earlier works being chiefly views and coast-scenes in Devonshire. Though some of these landscapes have been highly praised, they do not count for much in his art history, which practically commenced with his first visit to the Continent in 1818—a visit said to have been dictated by ill-health rather than for purposes of study or in search of picturesque material. It was most fortunate for him, for it opened out to him a field of pictorial interest which was most congenial to his taste, and was hitherto practically unworked. Some had indeed been before him, like Edridge, but he was the first to take possession, and the public were thoroughly prepared to accept and enjoy his pictorial records of places of which they had for many years heard so much and seen so little.

It was not till after the surrender of Napoleon in 1815 that the Continent was, after a long interval, again open to foreign tourists; and from this time may be dated the interest shown by artists and the public in the picturesque appearance of old towns in France and Germany, with their Gothic cathedrals,

their old houses of wood and stone, their narrow streets and broad marketplaces, and the crowds of picturesque figures in strange and gay costume, which added so much to their variety and colour. 'Added' alas! for they are rapidly disappearing, and with them also have disappeared so many of the houses also, that in many towns the ecclesiastical buildings are almost all that is left of that quaint old world feeling and picturesque charm in which our fathers delighted.

If for no other reason we ought to be grateful to Samuel Prout, who spent so much of his life in showing us what Continental towns were like in his day. It was just this which he did more persistently, if not better, than other masters. The great popularity of his work in his day and since is only to be accounted for on this ground, for he was not a good colourist nor a fine draughtsman. His merits as an artist consisted principally in a true sense of proportion, in the breadth and simplicity of his treatment, and the dexterity with which he managed, by lines poor and inaccurate in themselves, to give a prettily rugged and picturesque style to his compositions. This style was

especially effective in dealing with old weather-worn Gothic buildings in the towns of France and Germany, full of chinks and chipped edges, and every variety of picturesque shapelessness. But it failed him in interiors, even of Gothic buildings, where the sculpture was unbroken and the traceries complete; failed him most of all in Italy, where the faces of buildings were of smooth marble, and the ornament too subtle for his hand; failed him even in the ruins of Roman architecture, which required a touch and a feeling of another kind.

But his work was sincere, earnest, and modest, as Mr. Ruskin says in those charming notes of his on "Prout and Hunt,"—notes written, perhaps, with something of affectionate special pleading, eloquent in praise and gentle in rebuke, but on the whole finely critical and just, and valuable, moreover and

specially, as expressing not only the opinion, but the feeling of one who knew and loved the artist, and watched his work from year to year. Who but Mr. Ruskin could describe with such delicate humour the position of Prout among his fellows more than fifty years ago?

'I cannot but recollect with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who crowded into happy meetings, on the first Mondays in Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the old Water-colour Society, and discussed, with holiday gaiety, the unimposing merits of the favourites, from whose pencils we knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or sur-

prised. Copley Fielding used to paint fishing boats for us in a fresh breeze, *Off Dover, Off Ramsgate, Off the Needles*—off everywhere on the south coast where anybody had been last autumn; but we were always kept pleasantly in sight of land, and never saw so much as a gun fired in distress. Mr. Robson would occasionally paint a Bard, on a heathery crag in Wales; or it might be a Lady of the Lake on a similar piece of Scottish foreground—Benvenue in the distance. A little fighting in the time of Charles the First was permitted to Mr. Cattermole, and Mr.

Cristall would sometimes invite virtuous sympathy to attend the meeting of two lovers at a wishing-gate or a holy well. But the furthest flights even of these poetical members of the Society were seldom beyond the confines of the British Islands: the vague dominions of the air, and vasty ones of the deep, were held to be practically unvoyageable by our un-Dædal pinions, and on the safe level of our native soil, the sturdy statistics of Mr. De Wint, and blunt pastorals of Mr. Cox, restrained within limits of probability and sobriety, alike the fancy of the idle and the ambition of the vain.



PORTRAIT OF BARTOLOZZI. BY T. PRINGLE.

'It became, however, by common and tacit consent, Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement into this—perhaps slightly fenny—atmosphere of English common sense. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his *On the Grand Canal, Venice*, was an Arabian enchantment; among the wildly elegiac country churchyards at Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his *Spolichral Monuments at Verona* were Shakespearian tragedy, and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his *Street in Nuremberg* was a German fairy tale.'

Here for the present we must leave Prout and his fellow-workers, some of whom will form the subject of the next article.

COSMO MONKHOUSE

## ART CHRONICLE.

WE have to record, with much regret, the death, on the last day of July, of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., the most successful in every sense of our younger portrait-painters in the robust style. He was born in 1845, entered the Royal Academy schools at fifteen, and obtained the Gold and Silver Medals and the

Travelling Scholarship. He first exhibited, in 1874, a portrait and a *genre* subject. For some years he worked chiefly at domestic scenes, conceived in a pathetic spirit and executed with a gloomy palette; but though his ability was recognised, and he was elected A.R.A. in 1874, he never took great hold on



the public until he gave himself to portraiture. In this line his emphatic characterisation and broad, vivid manner won eminent favour and a golden harvest, and the attempt to do more work than could be always done at his best was forced upon him as much, perhaps, by the eagerness of his *clientèle* as by the temptation to make a very large income. Never a strong man, this hot haste doubtless hastened the progress of the fatal heart disease which has arrested him in full career. Mr. Holl's portraits of distinguished or interesting men were too numerous to catalogue here; among the finest for the vigorous intelligence with which he grasped his subject, and the responsive, manly mastery of his handling, are the portraits of Mr. Cousins, the engraver; of Lord Overstone, Mr. Bright, Sir H. Rawlinson, Lord Dufferin, and the Duke of Cleveland. The artist's rule for most of his sitters being silence and inaction, was not conducive to the ideal aspect, or the subtler expressions of a face. Hence he succeeded best with subjects of marked feature, having habitual expression of a strongly distinctive kind. For the portraiture of women he lacked tenderness and style; moreover his palette was more safe than attractive, and colour was not an instinctive necessity to his art.

THE distinguished connoisseur and scholar, M. le Vicomte de Tanzia, keeper of the drawings, paintings, and chalcographical collections of the Louvre Museum, died last month.

THE Presidency of the Royal Water-colour Society has been resigned by Sir John Gilbert. In the ordinary course succession would fall upon the Vice-President, Mr. Alfred Hunt, who was elected early in the current year.

THE two first volumes, to be followed shortly by a third, of Mr. J. W. Bradley's capital, if somewhat discursive, 'Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists,' have been brought out by Mr. Quaritch, and should find welcome in the complete library of every writer on art matters.

A NEW Club, entitled the Parthenon, has been started, on the lines of the Athenæum, with a difference. It is meant for the association of men of literary, scientific, and artistic attainments, and scholars, and members must be qualified for admission by a degree, honorary distinction, or fellowship in a university or incorporated society of accepted standing.

THE first part of the Report, drawn up by the Commission of appointed experts, on the action of light upon water-colour pigments, is published. The experience of painters is confirmed, and the durability of water-colour drawings, when enclosed in a completely air-tight frame, is established. The second portion of the Report will be entirely and technically chemical.

WE receive from Messrs. Allen a somewhat bulky volume of Travels in the Holy Land, by Sir Richard Temple, under the title, 'Palestine Illustrated.' The purpose of the writer has been limited, he tells us, to 'the representation of many important scenes as they appear at this time, and to the exposition of the sacred topography and history relating to them.' He seems naively pleased with the chromo reproductions of the 'thirty-two studies made by me in oil-colours' that adorn the volume, and give it novelty among published records of the land of Palestine. This is not the place to criticise Sir R. Temple's letter-press, which deals with questions of identification of sites and events in sacred writ in a painstaking manner, but is singularly barren of interest from the narrative or descriptive aspect. Among the coloured illustrations, those of sunset or afterglow effects over *Jerusalem*, the *Dead Sea*, *Mizpeh*, *Geri'um*, and *Shechem*, the city of *Safed* with the snowy peaks of *Hermion*, and the views of *Mount Tabor* and of *Nazareth*, are the best, and will doubtless serve to convey some notion of

the coloration of the scenery to those who can never verify it with their own eyes; and we may presume the general forms to be correct. It is impossible to criticise the art of landscape illustrations of this character, as any individuality the sketches may have possessed is merged in the chromo process. We should not imagine, however, that in this particular case much merit has been lost in reproduction.

THE Berlin Photographic Company is successful in photo-engravings after two pictures by Edward Poynter, R.A. The large plate from the *Diadumenè* even adds a charm of softened texture to that finely studied composition, while reproducing, with wonderful accuracy of relative tones, the colour values of the picture. The process, as employed by the Berlin firm, is very dry and powdery in surface quality, and lacks the close repetition of touch which is distinctive of the Goupilgravures. This is, however, not a subject of much regret in the present instance, as Mr. Poynter's brush work is not the most artistic or interesting point about his paintings.

MR. R. S. CLOUSTON'S mezzotint, after the portrait of the late Principal Sharp by the late Robert Herdman, is faithful to the merits and demerits of the original picture, so unfortunate in composition and flat in manner. Not even the velvet tones of a mezzotint plate can bring charm into the surfaces. The shrewd scholastic head, however, comes out distinctly and well.

THE Autotype Company have published a version of the rather melodramatic design by Mr. Shields, *Christ and St. Peter*. The artist has employed the rather cheap device of elongation of the chief figure to increase the supernatural dignity with which the Christ towers over and supports the clinging form of Peter, and the whole is forced up with strong light and dark. The process employed in finishing this effective reproduction unfortunately gives a disagreeable oily surface, which presumably did not disturb the original drawing.

WE have to thank Mr. Charles F. Allbon for his etching, *Chepstow Castle*, a plate on some scale, somewhat formal and flat in the composition of the landscape, uneventful and mild in style, but not without considerable merit of a painstaking order.

AT the South Kensington Museum are now arranged the interesting collection of drawings, and studies in water-colour and oil, by John Constable, R.A., given by Miss Constable. Especially delightful are some sketches in the wild Welsh hills, and studies of trees and wayside bits in the painter's favourite Suffolk. The earlier dated sketches have a delicacy of tone that is unexpected. The gradual adaptation of the glitter and dapple, which became a deliberately adopted method and mannerism with Constable, can be traced in progress through these studies.

THE late Mr. Edmund Backhouse, of the Society of Friends, prepared a series of designs for the illustration of his 'Early Church History' and 'Witnesses for Christ.' All the drawings were not used, and Mr. Bell Scott, who assisted Mr. Backhouse in putting them together, having etched the plates, they are now published, together with sufficient letter-press narrative to explain the subjects. Some of the drawings are from the woodcuts in Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' The book is as much of an anachronism in illustrated literature as, in the present day, is the respectable Society, the witnesses of whose early members for their faith are here recorded. It must be welcomed as a curiosity. The designs are not without dramatic feeling quaintly set forth, and Mr. Bell Scott's dry, fidgety style seems suitably to interpret them. The publishers are Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.



## A WELCOME FOOTSTEP.

FROM A DRAWING BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

MR. MARCUS STONE holds a place apart in our English School. Looked at with the simple eye which sees nothing in a picture but its subject, his productions may, no doubt, seem usual enough. They may appear to stand in line with the work of many others to whom the gentler displays of passion seem the best themes for art. He paints the acceptings and rejectings, the quarrels and other delights, of such lovers as we meet with in the well-conducted English novel. Now and then he ventures upon the tragedy—and real tragedy, it must be confessed, it sometimes is—implied in the burning of old letters,—letters which may form the last link with some dismissed, but not forgotten, suitor. In all this he only does what the majority of the English public still thinks the first duty of an English painter. But he does it with a difference. Look into any picture by Mr. Stone, and you will see that it by no means ends with the figures. Take, for example, the small canvas which hung last summer at Burlington House, and has now migrated to the Diploma Gallery upstairs. Note that as much care is lavished upon the background, upon the trailing boughs of an overhanging sycamore, and the various forms and tones of other trees, as upon the figures of the two women, or upon that 'still-life' over which custom would have supplied a fuller sanction for solicitude. It is the same with every picture he paints. In what we may call their *mise en scène*, passages of exquisite delicacy, in which a hand at once light and patient has been brought to the execution of some happily elaborate design, are never wholly wanting. I have instanced the diploma picture, *Good Friends*, but

perhaps a better example would have been the *// y en a toujours un autre* in the Chantrey Collection at South Kensington. There the work in a flight of old steps, stained with lichen and damp and gaping at the joints, and in a mass of feathery foliage which rises behind the figures on the seat, betrays a patient tenderness that is rare enough. A sort of parallel in these respects to Mr. Stone is to be found in the work of the Dutchman, Frederick de Moucheron, and of his son Isaac. Like him they were fond of gardens in which the hand of man had left its mark *un peu partout*. Like him they took pleasure in the play of contour to be won by the happy alternation of slender trees with bushy ones; of robust, leaf-encumbered boughs, with the drooping fingers of the sycamore or tulip tree; and in the long acquaintance with man suggested by some fragment of time-stained architecture. There is a good Moucheron among the Peel pictures in the National Gallery; two more are in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. A comparison between any one of the three and the Chantrey Marcus Stone will illustrate what I have said.

In the drawing reproduced, the preoccupation here pointed out makes itself felt in such details as the hair (whose 'sweet disorder' hints that the owner of the footstep comes betimes) and the elaborate arrangement of the fingers. For the rest, it is simple enough, and reminds us that Mr. Stone was the author of those illustrations to 'Our Mutual Friend,' and to Trollope's 'He knew he was Right,' in which simplicity of method was carried about as far as it will go.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

## SOME ARCHITECTS OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE.

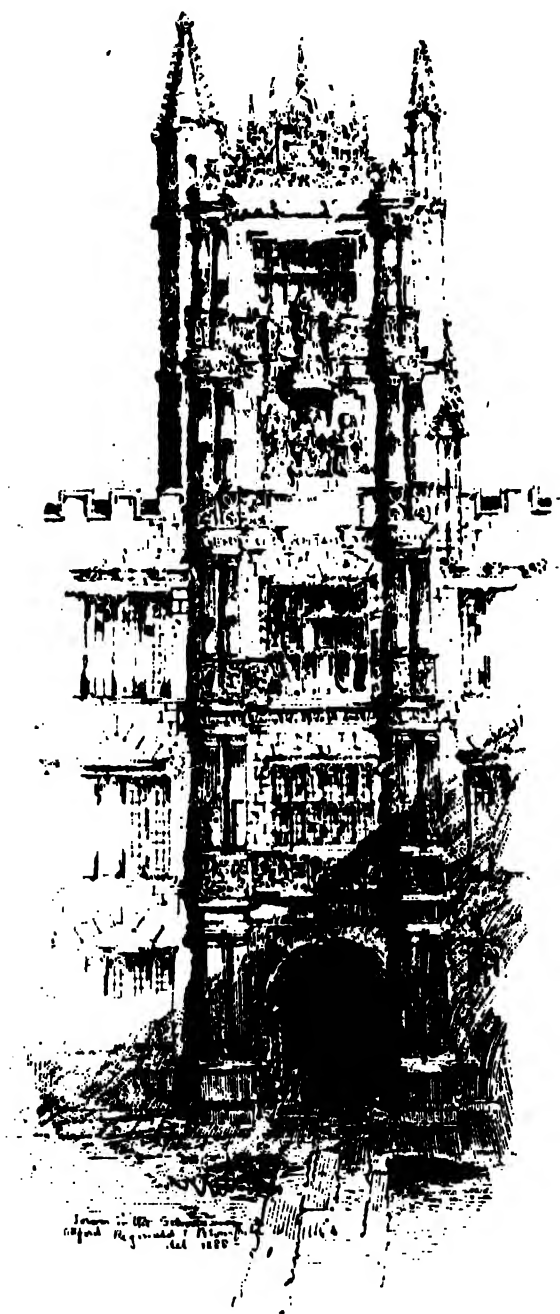
1550—1650.

### III.—*Thomas Holt and the Stones.*

NOWHERE in England did the Gothic tradition linger more persistently than at Oxford. Perhaps the influence of Laud had something to do with it; though it is remarkable that the additions which Laud made to his own college show a free Renaissance design, and the only trace of the earlier style appears in the groining of the archways between the two quadrangles. There are similar instances of fan-vaulting at the Schools (1600–1636), and the beautiful staircase at Christchurch, with its groined roof and central pier, is as late as 1640.

The Schools are, perhaps, the most remarkable example of the transition period in Oxford, or, indeed, in England. The 'eminent and stately' tower, as Anthony a-Wood calls it, on the east side of the quadrangle, has a fine composition of the five orders, but the pinnacles to the entire building are crocketed, and the parapet of this tower consists of quatrefoil tracery in combination with the open strap-work which was borrowed from the Netherlands. The design of this building has always been attributed to Thomas Holt, of York, who must have come to

Oxford about 1600 when Sir Thomas Bodley began the Schools, and seems to have passed the remainder of his life here. He is said to have died on September 9th, 1624, and to have been buried in Holywell Churchyard. As the Schools were not finished till 1636, Holt may have been engaged on the superintendence of these and other works in Oxford from



1600 to 1624, but very little is known of his life, and this is only a conjecture.

Holt is said to have brought masons with him from York, John Acroyde and J. and Michael Bentley, whose names appear in the Oxford Registers of Deaths in 1631, 1615, and 1618, respectively. About the Bentleys and Acroyde and their works there is no doubt, but there are some difficulties in the tradition of Holt. It is at least remarkable that in the whole of Bodley's correspondence with Dr. James, his first Librarian, —a correspondence relating entirely to the business

of the library, and written while the buildings were in progress—there is no mention of Holt at all; yet Holt survived Bodley by twelve years. Bodley directed the details of the library fittings himself, and even provided the wainscot oak, but it is evident, on his own showing, that he could have had nothing to do with the general design of the buildings.

For instance, in letter 77, he writes:—

'In the fashion of the antickes and pendants, I refer myself wholly to the workmen, together with yourself, Mr. Gent, Mr. Brent, and Mr. Principal (Hawley), having herewith returned your patterns again, which I can like of well enough if they be to your liking.'

A man who had such uncertain notions on his antickes and his pendants could certainly not have designed the great tower. On the other hand, the Bentleys and Acroyde were evidently only the contractors, and it appears that Sir Thomas made all his own contracts himself, instead of leaving this to his architect. He writes to James:—

'Within this fortnight I trust I shall have ended with my carpenters, joyners, carvers, glasiars, and all that idle rabble,' &c.

And, again,—

'If Bal. College lead be very good, and a reasonable peniworth to be had, I pray you speake to Jo. Acroyde to bargain for it.'

No reference is made to any system of architect's certificates, and it appears that Bodley kept all the business part of the contract in his own hands. When, for instance, the work got behindhand, Bodley would have none of the contractor's 'lewd excuses,' and writes in letter 138:—

'I pray God Jo. Bentley keep touch in amending the Building, whereof I stand the more in doubt, for that I am informed he maketh that which was nought a great deal worse, with his very unsightly daubing, which I trust Mr. Brent or Mr. Gent will cause him to forbear, or else I will forbear to him his wages.'

The inference suggested by these letters is, that if Holt was the architect of the schools, he only supplied the designs which were executed by Acroyde and the Bentleys, and that he was not concerned with the superintendence of the works, at least in Bodley's life. At the same time, Bodley's own disclaimers of any technical knowledge, and the references to Acroyde and the Bentleys as workmen only, make it almost certain that some architect was employed, and the latter may well have been Holt, as tradition asserts. Holt is also said to have been the architect of new buildings at Merton, Oriel, Jesus, Exeter, and Wadham. There is a close resemblance between

the façade opposite the entrance to the quadrangle of the latter college and the great tower of the schools. In both there is the same idea of the orders above orders, and a certain stumpiness of proportion which shows the same hand. Whether this was Holt's or not, there is little evidence to determine, except that the screen at the west end of Wadham Chapel resembles the seventeenth-century woodwork of the North of England, rather than southern work, and Holt we know was a Yorkshireman. The charming oak gallery and screens of the library at the Bodleian are evidently later. Bodley left a provision for fittings, but these were probably not executed before the middle of the seventeenth century, perhaps about 1659, when Selden's library was finally sent to Oxford. Anthony Wood states that the figures of James I., Fame, and the University, were originally double-gilt, but that when King James came over from Woodstock to inspect the schools, he declared that the glare dazzled his eyes, and ordered the sculpture to be painted white. The Bodleian was not completed till 1636; the first stone of the final works was laid in 1634 with great ceremony, when over a hundred members of the University were present. Anthony Wood relates that after 'the singing men from Christchurch' and the University musicians 'had sounded a lesson on their wind music,' and the senior proctor had made his speech, the vice-chancellor was proceeding to lay the first stone, when the boarding gave way, and the dignitaries assembled 'fell down all together, one upon another on to the foundation, and the under butler of Exeter had his shoulder broken.'

If Holt was the architect of the Schools he was an able designer. The fault of the great tower is its exuberance of ornament; the eye gets surfeited with the detail of the lower stages, and the elaborate work of the upper part misses fire in consequence. Still it is a picturesque building, with a strong individuality, if wanting in the refinement and restraint of more mature design. Holt's epitaph in Holywell Churchyard is given in Sir John Peshall's edition of Wood's 'Antiquities of Oxford.' It has since disappeared, and Wood's MSS. must have been imperfect, for the last line is unintelligible. The epitaph, written perhaps by some Oxford scholar with an enthusiasm for art, speaks of the lordly palaces which Holt designed, and makes a suggestive reference to the thoroughness of his art ('*Recte excolebas semper ad amussim omnia*') and a certain traditional skill. There is a curious appropriateness in these words, '*arte avita*,' as applied to the work of a man like Holt, who carried so much of Gothic feeling into his Renaissance architecture, and evidently clung to the traditions, not only of his country, but even of

his own home in Yorkshire. The epitaph is as follows:—

'THOS. HOLT. Ebor. Scholarum Public. Architecti.

'Obl. Sept. 9. 1624.

'Mirare felix umbra felices domos,  
Et mira tandem cernis aeterni fabri  
Laqueata tecta, ubi non recisas Africā  
Magno paratas suspicis sumptu trabes,  
Ebone lacunar nec superbit Indico.

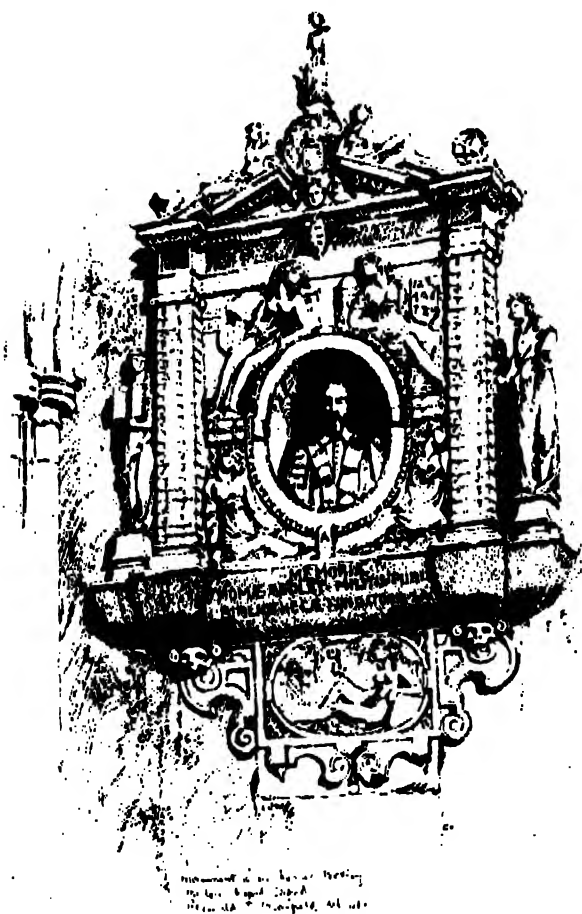
Hic videmus omnia.

Olim arte avita regis Palatii  
Vestrae haec (beate pulvis) aptarunt manus,  
Sed tecta tantae gloriae quae jam colis,  
Cum struere tua diffideret mortalitas  
Recte excolebas semper ad amussim omnia,  
Erasque colere ut posse fortunae fata' (sic).



Thorpe, Abel, and Holt, have shared the common fate of architects. Of their personal history we know little or nothing. The absence of any record of designers of such considerable buildings is remarkable; their contemporaries seem to have been too much absorbed in the munificence of the patron to have given any attention to the man without whose intelligence the buildings would never have existed as they stand. It fortunately happens that the Stones—the last of these forgotten artists with whom I propose to deal—left some MS. account-books of their works, which are now in the Soane Museum. Nicholas Stone the elder, sculptor, tomb-maker, and mason, is an interesting figure in the history of English art. He stands halfway between the architect of the middle ages, who designed buildings and almost certainly wrought on them with his own hands, and the modern building contractor who

simply carries out another man's designs. His account-books contain entries of both kinds. For instance, in 1631 he agreed with the Earl of Danby to design him a house at Cornbury in Oxfordshire, and the gateways of the 'Physick Gardens' (the Botanical Gardens) in Oxford, for 1000*l.*, for which sum Stone was to make all the models necessary, to direct the workmen, and to visit the works thirty-three times in two years: this, no doubt, also included the sculpture to be done by Stone himself. On the other hand, he did work from the designs and directions of Inigo Jones and of Isaac and Solomon de Caus.



Old Stone, the father, was born at Woodbury, near Exeter, in 1586. He was apprenticed to a certain Isaac James, a mason, for three years, as appears from the entry of the tomb of Lord Northampton put up at Dover Castle in 1615, in which work he made Mr. Isaac James his partner 'in courtisay, because he was my master three years, that was two years of my 'prentis, and one as work-man.' In the previous year he had made a tomb for Lord Ormond at Kilkenny for 230*l.*; and the monument of Sir Thomas Bodley in Merton Chapel, Oxford, for which he received 200*l.*, was, perhaps, one of his earliest works, as Bodley died in 1612. The entries for the next few years show that he was busily employed. In November, 1615, he and 'Mr. Jansen in Southwark' set up the tomb of Sir Christopher Sutton at Old Charterhouse, 'for the

which we gat 400*l.* well payed,' a common formula in Stone's account-book when he thought himself properly treated. Stone probably executed the figures, and Bernard Jansen the architectural ornament; and he soon afterwards received 606*l.* for a monument to Sir George Selby and his wife at Newcastle.

In May, 1616, he went to Scotland to execute various works for the King's Chapel in Edinburgh, and the same year he agreed with the Countess of Bedford for 'ane faire and stately tombe of Touch (stone)\* and wight marble' to her father, mother, brother, and sister, for the sum of 1020*l.* In 1619 Stone was appointed master mason of the New Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, at four shillings and tenpence a day; and about this period he married the daughter of Mr. Thomas de Keyser,† master mason of the city of Amsterdam, and part owner of the Portland quarries, who gave him, as part of his daughter's dowry, all the Portland stone for the front of the court of the new buildings at Whitehall. It appears from this that Stone must have contracted to carry out the work. His relations with the de Keyser family were always friendly; the folio account book contains entries of his various presents to the de Keyzers, such as stockings, gloves, bodices, barrels of pippins, and Monmouth carpets; and he seems to have been a kindly sort of man, who disliked quarrelling, and took people as he found them. A certain Gabriel Stances, his cousin at Oxford, gave him some trouble as to payment for mason's work, but Stone appears to have satisfied his claims.

After 1619, the account-book contains entries of dials, fountains, and statuary, executed for different people; figures of Sir Nicholas Bacon and his wife in 1620 for Bernard Jansen's tomb, statues for the Royal Exchange in 1625, in 1626 a monument to Orlando Gibbon, the King's organist, at Canterbury; and one to Sir Norton Knatchbull's Lady, in Merisham Church, Kent. For this fine monument he only received 30*l.* There is also an entry of an inscription slab for 'Monsor Caseban.' This is probably the graceful monument to Isaac Casaubon, in the south transept at Wetsminster, the inscription of which begins,—

'O doctiorum quidquid est, assurgite,  
Huic tam colendo nomini.'

This was put up in 1634, twenty years after Casaubon's death. In 1629 Stone states that he made 'a tombe for my Lady Paston, of Norfolk, and set it up at Paston, and was very extraordinarily

\* A kind of black marble.

† This de Keyser was probably related to Hendrik de Keyser, a well known sculptor of Amsterdam, who with Artus Quellinus designed and executed the monument to William the Silent in the Nieuwe Kerk, Delft, in 1621. Both these masters probably had some share in forming Stone's manner.











entertayned there, and payed for it 340*l*.' The Pastons were generous patrons of the Stones, as appears from further entries. Thus in 1632 he made a chimney-piece for Mr. Paston for 80*l*.; and 'on statue of Venus and Cupit, and gat 30*l*. for it, and 1 statue of Jupiter 25*l*., and ye 3-headed dog Serbros, with a pedestal, 14*l*., and sens (? since) on Harcules and Mercury 50*l*.;' and in 1641 he sent Sir William Paston statues of 'Apollon, Diana, and Juno, in Portland stone, 6 feet high, 25*l*. a-piece.' In 1630 he set up the Morison monument in Watford Church for 400*l*., and the tomb of Sir Adam Newton at Greenwich.

In 1631 Stone was so prosperous that he hired a piece of ground in Long Acre of Sir W. Slingsby, and here his works were established. In this year he made the cenotaph for the Countess of Buckingham, at Westminster, for which he received 560*l*. This is the tomb of Sir G. Villiers (d. 1605) and his second wife, Mary Beaumont, Countess of Buckingham (parents of the famous Duke who was stabbed by Felton). The tomb, which is of black and white marble, profusely carved in coarse relief, is in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, and has on the top recumbent figures of Sir George, in full armour, and his wife. The Countess of Buckingham did not die till 1632, so that either Stone's entry is inaccurate, or the monument was put up in her lifetime, a common practice in the seventeenth century. Stone's work at Westminster shows up rather badly amidst the tombs of Lord Norris and his sons, Sir Francis Vere,\* Lord Hunsdon, Mildred Lady Burleigh, and all that magnificent group of Elizabethan monuments.

In 1631 he made the tomb of Dr. Donne in old St. Paul's, for which he was to receive 120*l*.; of this, 56*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*. was paid in cash, and the balance in silver plate, viz., one basin and ewer, three dishes, a covered ball(?), a pair of candlesticks, and one covered pot or flagon, weighing in all 222 ounces. The monument to Dr. Barker, in the ante-chapel of New College, Oxford, was made in 1632; the design is abominable, but the bust is simple and dignified, and a sound piece of workmanship. The entries continue down to 1641, including monuments to Sir George Holles and General Francis Holles, to Sir Julius Caesar (Master of the Rolls), to Lord Spencer and his lady at Althorp, to Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Dorchester (1640), and various others; and there are also notices of an agreement with Sir Dudley Digges for a chapel, and with Master Jones, 'Serveer of his

Mt.'s works, for 1 chimniepiece of wight marbel, according to directions by him given, to be set up at Somersett house;' and with Master Jones, churchwarden of St. Andrew Undershaft, for a font of black and white marble. Stone appears to have carried out architects' designs much as a modern contractor would. Thus besides the agreements with Inigo Jones, he contracted with the Countess of Home for a chimney-piece for her house in Aldersgate Street, from the designs of Isaac de Caus; and with the Earl of Pembroke for a mantel-piece, also from the designs of M. de Caus. Isaac and Solomon de Caus were



German architects resident in England at the time. The MS. contains entries of payments for various works done at Kirby for Sir Christopher Hatton (1639-1640), probably under the direction of Inigo Jones; including a head of Apollo in Portland stone twice life-size, and six Emperor's heads in plaster from the antique. These last were probably sent from Italy by his son Nicholas.

The father seems to have retired from work about 1641, and the business was carried on by his youngest son, John Stone, whose name first appears in the contracts in that year. Old Stone died in 1647, and a monument was set up to him in St. Martin's Church, Westminster, by his eldest son, Henry, with the inscription, 'To the lasting memory of Nicholas Stone, Esq., Master Mason to his Majesty, in his

\* This splendid monument has often been attributed to Stone. This is incorrect. The entry in Stone's account-book refers to a monument 'near' that of Sir Francis Vere. The tomb of the latter was probably executed by a foreign sculptor. It is said to have been suggested by the monument to Count Engelbert of Nassau at Breda; but the tomb of Sir Francis Vere is the finer work of the two.

lifetime esteemed for his knowledge in sculpture and architecture, which his works in many parts do testify, and though made for others will prove monuments of his fame.' His son Nicholas died in September, and Mary, his wife, in November of the same year. When Gibbs rebuilt St. Martin's, he stated that monuments were incompatible with his design; and accordingly this and other monuments were relegated to the vaults.

Stone's career had been singularly successful. His nephew, Charles Stoakes, states that he took an inventory of all the monuments, chimney-pieces, dials, and statues entered in the account-book, and that the whole amount came to 10,889*l*. Besides which he mentions several other works not included in this, such as the stairs and water-gates at old Somerset House and York House; the fine mosaic pavement and geometrical stairs for the Queen at Greenwich; many 'eminent marble chimney-pieces' and gateways for James I. and Charles I., at Theobald's and Windsor; Goldsmiths' Hall, designed and built by him, so that there was 'never a right angle to it the outside, and yett all square through the inside;' the famous entrance porch to St. Mary's, Oxford; work at Wilton House (probably under Inigo Jones); and the front to the Western Kirke in Amsterdam, designed and built by him. Stoakes states that he was also master-mason of all the King's houses and all the Cinque Ports of England, and the title of Esquire in his epitaph is suggestive.

Stone was a man of some skill as a sculptor and designer. His technical education seems to have been limited to his apprenticeship to Master James, but he was evidently a good deal influenced by Bernard Jansen and the Dutchmen; and it would appear from the statue of General Francis Holles (d. 1622) that he had some slight knowledge of Italian work, for the idea of the statue seems to have been borrowed from the figures of the Medici in the Sagrestia Nuova at Florence. This work shows the characteristic uncertainty of a second-rate master. The head and body are executed with ability and considerable feeling for style; but the legs, except when seen from one particular point, are exceedingly bad.

Stone's work, however, shows an instinct for architectural effect, which has been entirely wanting in subsequent sculptors down to the time of Alfred Stevens. Monumental sculpture after the Restoration is altogether inferior to the work done before 1650, and such men as Roubillac, and even Chantrey, seem to have had no notion of harmonising their sculpture with its architectural surroundings. Indeed Stone's own work shows a marked falling off, for as he grew older he lost his power of working in delicate low relief, though it is very probable that

the later works, such as the very unsatisfactory monument to Lord Dorchester at Westminster, were carried out by his sons and assistants. But in spite of his limited technique, and a rather inflated sentiment, Stone could throw into his marble a good deal of feeling, as in the four expressive figures which surround the bust of Sir Thomas Bodley. He was one of the last of a school which combined with its special work of sculpture some knowledge of archi-



tectural detail, and sufficient artistic feeling to realise that sculpture, in relation to architecture, must hold a subordinate position.

In the latter part of his life Stone seems to have left much of his work to his sons, Nicholas and John. His eldest son, Henry (commonly known as 'Old Stone'), was a painter of some reputation as a copyist of the old masters; and there is a book of his drawings in the Soane Museum, containing studies of the figure and landscape, which show that he was a very fair draughtsman. Nicholas, the second son, helped his father up to March 1638, in which month old Stone makes a note that he parted with his son Nicholas at Gravesend, where the latter started

to join his brother Henry in Paris for a tour in Italy. It appears from the diary of his travels kept by Nicholas, that the two brothers reached Florence in June, travelling by Marseilles, Leghorn, and Pisa, and they began work in the Chapel of St. Lorenzo, where they spent some days, and then proceeded to the Duke's gallery.

The Duke, who seems to have taken a fancy to the two young Englishmen, gave them leave to copy any of his pictures and statues, and used to come and watch them at work, when he would ask if King Charles and my Lord of Arundel had many rare things. They seem to have studied mainly from the antique, but their taste was somewhat uncertain, for young Stone says he studied a Correggio, some Carraccis, and a statue by Baccio Bandinelli. In this way they spent July, August, and September, including a visit to Corsica to measure some buildings for Mr. Paston. At the end of September they moved to Rome, and took a house for six months by Monte Trinitate with two young Dutchmen from Utrecht. Stone says he got an introduction to Bernini, who offered to let them study at his house with his other pupils, but they do not appear to have done so, perhaps being sceptical of the great man's skill, for soon afterwards Nicholas began to work in the Pope's gardens. In March 1639, they visited Naples, after which they came back to Rome for another month, and started in May for Venice, Padua, and Bologna, and at the latter place they spoke with 'Signor Guido Reni' and saw his works. In July they were again at Florence, and appear to have returned to England at the end of 1639. Stone's notes afford an interesting glimpse of a student's tour in the seventeenth century. He seems not only to have drawn and measured up various buildings, but to have made many casts in plaster from the antique.

The list of the casts which he sent to England includes the heads of Venus and Cicero, figures of Bacchus, Marsyas, Marcus Aurelius on horseback, a model of the Laocoon, various basso-relievos and detail studies, and a model of the Tiber by Campidolio; and he gives a receipt for preparing wax to model with, probably picked up in one of the Italian studios.

Nicholas Stone the younger died in 1647, and his elder brother, Henry, in 1653. John Stone, the youngest son, was 'bred a scolar by Dr. Busby;' and was, says his cousin Stoakes, an 'excellent architect,' but he had very little chance of using his skill, for he got drawn into the Civil War and fought on the King's side. Vertue gives a romantic story that, after the King's cause was lost, young Stone had to fly for his life, with a comrade who was captured and hung before his father's door in Smithfield; but Stone got away, and hid himself for a year in his father's house in Long Acre without the old man's knowledge. Indeed, the latter himself must have been in great straits, for there is a legend that he and Inigo Jones had to bury their money in Lambeth marshes. Stone eventually escaped to France; but must have returned to England before 1653, when he set up a monument to his brother Henry. He appears to have resumed his father's practice in this year, and the entries continue from 1653 till 1657; but whether he was less in repute, or the Puritans didn't care about stately tombs, the works mentioned are much less considerable than his father's, and only average about 50*l.* a piece. Just before the Restoration he went over to Breda, to get a promise from the King of the post of master mason and surveyor; whether he was given the post doesn't appear. He returned to England, probably with the King; and the last we hear of him is that he died of the palsy some years later in the hospital of St. Cross.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

## BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

### FIFTH CONVERSATION.

#### THE EFFECT OF FASHION.

SCIENTIST. I have been thinking about the probable future of book illustration; and, with the help of what has been said during our talks upon the subject, was in hopes of arriving at some satisfactory conclusion, had I not been embarrassed by a factor that we have never yet taken into consideration, and that is fashion. It interferes in everything except positive science, and even that is more or less fashionable at different periods; however, positive science cannot be extinguished by becoming unfashionable, whereas an art may be extinguished

completely, as it depends on public encouragement for its existence.

CRITIC. We, in this very time, are witnesses of a case of extinction very remarkable in the history of the fine arts, and that is the death of engraving. It appears as if no effort on the part of criticism, nor any degree of accomplishment in the engravers themselves, could prolong the existence of the dying art.

ARTIST. There is a very curious peculiarity in the history of engraving. All connoisseurs appear to be agreed in admiring the masters of the sixteenth century, especially Marco Antonio Raimondi; and I recollect that M. Duplessis, in his history of engraving, declares that this engraver's plates after



Raphael's drawings have never been equalled. Well, I possess a few of them, and I can see on what principles they are done. The art in them is of a very abstract character: it is very severe, like classical sculpture; it ignores local colour, and the light and shade is quite conventional and arbitrary. I know very well that it is a great sort of art in its way, and I have no doubt that the connoisseurs are right in admiring it; but if there is any permanence in good qualities, how does it happen that modern book illustration is never done on the principles of Marc Antonio? The answer is, that they are out of fashion.

CRITIC. The qualities of Marc Antonio are not of a kind likely to be fashionable in modern times. The moderns delight in texture and tone, and they hate hard outlines. In Marc Antonio there is neither texture nor tone, and the outlines are really much harder and more definite than the *perceptible* contour of a marble statue.

SCIENTIST. There is a manifest hollowness or falsity of pretension in this and all similar cases. If Marc Antonio's work is held up to our admiration, the reason is that it possesses certain qualities. There cannot be any other reason worth considering by an intelligent man. There may be a prejudice in favour of a name or of an age; but all comes at last to this, that the work must have certain qualities to recommend it. The hollowness or false pretension lies in professing admiration for those qualities in Marc Antonio, in saying that he was greater than the moderns, because he had them, and then in discouraging to the utmost every modern engraver who attempts to acquire them. Do you believe (to bring the matter to a practical issue) that Marc Antonio, if resuscitated in the flesh, could earn his living in London at the present day?

CRITIC. Certainly not, if he continued to work on his own severe principles.

SCIENTIST. That is to say, if he continued to be Marc Antonio. What sort of work would he be put to, do you think?

CRITIC. He might possibly earn a bare subsistence as an architectural engraver, or, failing that, he might engrave coats-of-arms. If he clung to fine art, he would be told to learn etching or mezzotint and study the picturesque, in which he would probably be a complete failure.

SCIENTIST. In short, the Marc Antonio whom all connoisseurs profess to admire so immensely would have to abandon the very qualities that they praise him for.

ARTIST. That is a true statement of the case.

SCIENTIST. Then it amounts to this, that modern engravers are put below Marc Antonio for not having his qualities, whilst if they had them they would be neglected and left to starve in ob-

scurity. Do you believe that, with hearty encouragement, any modern men would have equalled Marc Antonio on his own ground?

CRITIC. I have not a doubt of it. The kind of engraving that he practised is extremely simple; and therefore, as Marc Antonio worked within very narrow limits, a modern imitator might, by close application, attain a surprising degree of skill in that narrow speciality.

ARTIST. One might go a step further, and add that although pictures by Raphael are purchased at fabulous prices, a modern painter working exactly on Raphael's principles would find it difficult to earn a living. There is a very small picture of the *Three Graces* in the Duc d'Aumale's collection, for which he paid twenty-four thousand pounds. If the picture could be entirely forgotten, and one exactly like it were painted by a young English artist, do you think he would get four-and-twenty pounds for it? Very doubtful. The figures are heavy, and Raphael's style of painting is not popular now. Besides, he did not enhance the beauty of these figures by any art in the arrangement of a background. The idea of the group was taken from a Greek marble; but the painting is less beautiful than the piece of sculpture, whilst the sculptural arrangement detracts from its quality as a picture.

SCIENTIST. Here we have a case in which a permanent reputation *traverses* succeeding fashions; for you say that the qualities which distinguish Marc Antonio and Raphael are not fashionable now, yet their works maintain their prices.

ARTIST. The names survive. It is a question of names, of great reputations won at a time when certain qualities were fashionable that are fashionable no longer. The important matter, however, is the quality—I mean as concerning us: we might imitate the quality, but we cannot assume the name. If Marc Antonio's qualities were fashionable they would soon exhibit themselves in modern book-illustration.

CRITIC. We need not go so far back to find exactly the same contradiction. We have already spoken of Turner's vignettes, and the exquisite engravings from them by Goodall and others. Well, the name of Turner is very great, but the qualities of those vignettes are fashionable no longer. If they were, the school of English landscape engraving would be kept up, but the public has quietly allowed it to perish. There is just one survivor of the old school; and the public cares so little about the art, that he has been turned aside to other work than that for which his training prepared him, and which he alone, of all men living, is now able to execute. The critics of the future will wonder at the barbarism that could neglect the last chance of obtaining work of that quality that may ever occur in England. No

breath of temporary fashion can ever revive a slow and difficult art like engraving.

SCIENTIST. Unless my memory deceives me, the art of engraving on metal was not succeeded at once by the photographic processes. It was succeeded by wood-engraving. After Stothard and Turner came the day of John Gilbert and Birket Foster as draughtsmen on wood. Was not this a distinct decline? Is not wood-engraving decidedly a lower form of art than the other? I wonder at a change of fashion which abandons an art whose difficulties have been overcome to take up with an inferior one. Quite a library of illustrated literature has appeared with woodcuts.

CRITIC. That change of fashion might be accounted for, in a great measure, by commercial considerations. A publisher naturally likes to diminish his risk as much as he can, so he is ready to encourage cheap methods if only they can be made satisfactory. The facility of cheap printing is the great attraction of wood-engraving for publishers. The public being ready for a change, the adoption of woodcut was made all the easier by a large demand for illustrated books in the middle classes. These classes include great numbers of people of limited income, not indifferent to literature and art, and to whom a rather cheap kind of illustrated book was welcome.

SCIENTIST. Do you think it likely that woodcut will survive in spite of the cheap photographic processes? Will not pen-drawing, in reproduction, entirely supersede it?

CRITIC. My impression is that if any of the arts of engraving survive in spite of the photographic processes, those two arts will be wood-engraving and etching.

SCIENTIST. Why these two rather than any others?

CRITIC. Because wood-engraving hitherto keeps the lead well amongst processes that print typographically by the clearness and purity of its tones and the variety of its textures. Now, there is nothing that the modern public really likes so much as texture and tone. Etching, on the other hand, may keep alive through the desire of the public to have some kind of plate-engraving that is not done by a photographic process. It is inevitable that the photographic processes, by their enormous productivity, must flood the market continually more and more; and this will be quite enough to awaken a desire for original work. There will be no line-engravers, because line-engraving requires a long special apprenticeship. Etching does not require this; any one who is an artist, and has a natural gift and affinity for etching, can learn it with a moderate expenditure of time. There is this chance for etching, but it is only a chance.

ARTIST. Even with regard to etching, the photographic engravers excel artists in certainty. If I etch a subject, I am not quite sure of getting the desired result; but if I make a drawing with a pen, using Indian ink on Bristol board, M. Dujardin will make a plate from my drawing which is really an etching, for he has bitten it, and it will be a better plate than I could bite myself on account of his wonderful skill.

CRITIC. That is an artist's reason. The public can have no concern with practical difficulties, it thinks only of results. Now, in Dujardin's process there are two interferences — that of the photographic camera, and that of the chemist who does the biting. Without knowing exactly how the thing is done, the public is aware that there is a 'process.' Direct etching, on the other hand, is known to be strictly original from beginning to end; and I think it likely that this quality may make the art survive.

ARTIST. A friend who pays close attention to changes of fashion tells me that etching is not quite so fashionable as it was three or four years ago.

CRITIC. The market for works of art is in a state of incessant fluctuation; it is never exactly in the same state for two successive years. Oil-painting is, in modern times, the most permanently fashionable of the fine arts; yet even oil-painting is less in fashion than it was some years ago. We hear on all sides complaints that pictures are not selling as formerly.

ARTIST. I know several painters of merit who tell me they are not selling anything whatever. Another says that he sells, but only at low prices to speculating dealers.

CRITIC. The sudden popularity of water-colour on the Continent a few years ago is a remarkable instance of a fashion springing into existence. Before that fashion began, Continental people, especially the French, had a contempt for water-colour. All of a sudden they came to appreciate it — or to fancy that they appreciated it — and then there was a change of tone in the press, and a curious increase of activity in the artists. At one time I thought there was going to be a great fashionable revival of pastel; but the difficulty of keeping pastels properly was against it.

SCIENTIST. There is a sensuous element in the fine arts, which is not without its importance. The love of colour in combination with a certain softness would be favourable to pastel, quite independently of any intellect displayed in the art.

CRITIC. An individual man, in his private life, has moments of great intellectual indolence, moments in which the slightest intellectual effort is an annoyance. There may be times corresponding to these in the public mind, when the intellectual part of the fine arts is unpopular, and the sensuous part alone is acceptable. In such times noble and serious subjects

would be disliked, and frivolous subjects preferred; whilst the technical qualities most sought for would not be the strongest and best, but those most flattering to the eye, most agreeable (as a luxury) to the sense of vision. Such a state of the public mind would, of course, be most unfavourable to severe classical engraving. It would dislike all severity of line. In black-and-white art it would incline to mezzotint and charcoal; but no species of black-and-white art could ever satisfy it. Colour would be desired more than any beauty of form or solemnity of shade. There is a curious passage in Mr. Bell Scott's 'Little Masters,' about the substitution of sensuous for intellectual pleasure in the enjoyment of the fine arts:—

'The charm of colour,' he says, 'is the vulgar or rather universal charm; and if the reader has any acquaintance with painters or collectors of pictures, he will readily acknowledge that it is rather needless to speak to them of anything else. I may relate an anecdote which has already been in print. The writer of this was taken to see Mr. Sheepshanks' pictures at the time he proposed to give them to the nation. Struck by the mixture of comparatively common with refined works hanging side by side, we ventured to remark on the refinements of his taste. He replied, as for that he did not know, tone and colour were what he valued himself, though he bought occasionally as he was recommended. He had ceased to collect pictures at that time; and led us in front of a new cabinet made of beautiful wood, touching the shining panels of which lovingly, he explained that he now enjoyed rare specimens of fine woods more than anything.'

In this instance you have first the love of painting for colour, which is a purely sensuous, not at all an intellectual, pleasure; then painting itself is deserted for beautiful woods. The latest pleasure was not entirely one of the eyes. Did you not observe the expression, 'touching the shining panels lovingly?' That indicates the complex nature of the enjoyment which the panels gave. They could be touched, as well as seen, with pleasure. Their smooth surface was not less delightful than their pleasant colour and pretty veining. These delights seem at a great distance from Marc Antonio; yet we have arrived at them by the simple process of descent to lower and lower faculties.

SCIENTIST. I have seen a connoisseur derive pleasures of this kind from an etching. It was printed on thick Japanese paper, which is at the same time very smooth and soft to the touch. The more deeply bitten lines of the etching were in relief, the deepest in strongly embossed relief. My connoisseur passed his delicate finger-tips repeatedly from the smooth to the rough, and back again alternately. The tactile contrast appeared to give him a physical pleasure, like those satisfactions that make a cat purr. This is perhaps the lowest gratifi-

cation that the fine arts can communicate to the human mind or nerves.

ARTIST. It is something, is it not, that they should be able to give even that pleasure?

CRITIC. Pleasures of sight and touch are often enjoyed without our being quite aware of them. To touch smooth paper is *une jouissance douce*, to touch rough paper gives the contrast that we need in all pleasures, as it is *une âpre jouissance*. But the smoothness of paper is not always for tactile gratification only. For the printing of woodcuts and all other typographic blocks it is essential to clearness of line. In these matters the higher artistic necessities often take the appearance of mere luxury. The gilt frames of pictures are an artistic necessity, and if gilding were cheaper than tin it would still be preferred. So the luxury of paper in an illustrated book is always, in a great degree, necessary to the artistic presentation of the engravings.

SCIENTIST. I have always thought it a misfortune for the fine arts that they have a sort of natural connexion with luxury. It brings them too much within the sphere of fashion, and this is a pure evil. The extremely luxurious homes of certain painters in London and Paris exhibit this connexion very curiously. I once called upon a famous artist in Paris, and found him living in a house that had cost him sixteen thousand pounds. His painting-room was almost as big as a lecture-hall, and furnished quite as luxuriously as a fine drawing-room. I then went to the counting-house of an immensely wealthy banker, and found him sitting in a small room of almost Spartan plainness, with nothing to amuse the eyes, only account-books and correspondence.

ARTIST. The connexion between art and luxury is real, but it is curiously irregular and uncertain. Much of the best painting has been done in poor little rooms. The subjects, too, of the pictures that are hung in rich men's houses are often austere enough. Poverty is as often painted as wealth.

CRITIC. You may remember, perhaps, that William Morris sets himself in favour of art as against luxury, contrasting the two as if they were opposed. Speaking of the beautiful things now treasured in our museums, such as that at South Kensington, Morris asks:—

'And how were they made? Did a great artist draw the designs for them— a man of cultivation, highly paid, daintily fed, carefully housed, wrapped up in cotton wool, in short, when he was not at work? By no means. Wonderful as these works are, they were made by "common fellows," as the phrase goes, in the common course of their daily labour.'

In another lecture, 'On the Lesser Arts,' Morris argues strongly against burdening ourselves with superfluities; and says that there are tons upon tons

of unutterable rubbish that ought to be cleared out of London houses; and that these accumulations of things, useless alike for mind and body, are the result of that vulgar love of luxury and show which is of all obvious hindrances the worst to overpass. Then he points to simplicity as the remedy. 'Simplicity of life, begetting simplicity of taste—that is, a love for sweet and lofty things—is of all matters most necessary for the birth of the new and better art we crave for: simplicity everywhere, in the palace as well as in the cottage.'

ARTIST. The whole question about luxury and the fine arts might be settled at once by reference to the really artistic needs. Luxury is not in itself artistic; it is only the exaggeration of comfort for the body, and of display for the mind. An engraving by Albert Dürer in a plain little oak frame is a work of art, but not an object of luxury at all. The *Thesus* at the British Museum is not an object of luxury: a cathedral is not a luxurious room.

SCIENTIST. Let us try to define, then, what are the artistic needs of illustrated books, as distinguished from the luxuries of the *livre de luxe*.

ARTIST. Well, this cannot be a difficult task. Engravings of all kinds require margin, but not too much margin. This settles the question of size, when once you have determined the size of your engraving. Now, as to the engravings. A great deal of both nature and art can be put into a very small space; especially with the photographic processes, where reduction is possible to any extent compatible with the purchaser's eyesight. For my part, however, I object to reduction because it alters the character of the artist's execution. That which was bold becomes delicate and minute; strong and vigorous execution entirely loses the qualities of strength and vigour, to take upon itself an appearance of extreme care such as a man must bestow upon work done on a very small scale. Suppose there is to be no reduction at all. The German engravers whom we call 'The Little Masters,' especially the Behams, could give the most energetic action to muscular figures an inch high; and represent a furious battle in a little frieze of such figures five or six inches long. Some of their most important engravings do not measure three inches by two: and they would put half-a-dozen figures into them full of action and expression. The clearness with which they drew was partly the consequence of a conventionalism; as they discarded all natural light and shade, as well as all local colour, shading only in an arbitrary way for roundness and relief, but in the case of figure subjects something of their conventionalism might be revived. It would not do in landscape. All I say is, that very small plates may be made to express a great deal; and consequently that an illustrated book need not be more cumbrous than another. As for luxury all that

it requires is good paper and careful printing. The binding has nothing to do with the inside of a book, and the simpler it is the better.

CRITIC. With regard to what you say about much art and nature in a small space, I remember how strongly Samuel Palmer once insisted on the marvellous concentrating power of art, that is able to put so much in so little room, and that by suggestion, in a great measure, without any excessive minuteness of labour. A massive wood, a great stretch of river or lake, and a remote mountainous horizon, may all be suggested to the mind by a drawing two inches long and an inch and a half high. With regard to reduction, it certainly puts into the hands of modern artists and publishers a new facility for giving an immense quantity of material in a small space; and it spares artists the extreme fatigue of working on a tediously minute scale.

SCIENTIST. There is one unfortunate truth never to be forgotten, namely, that it is the nature of Fashion to be unreasonable, as we see in changes of dress, and to leave what is rational and convenient, when it has it and holds it, to go to the irrational and the inconvenient. All that we can positively predicate about fashion is that it will never rest for very long together satisfied with the same thing. In one word, it will desire novelty; and I, for one, am utterly perplexed to discover what this search after novelty will lead to in ten years—in a hundred years.

CRITIC. The chief source of novelty in the world is the coming into existence of new human beings. A new genius is the most novel thing, and the most prolific parent of novelties, that the world ever sees. Nobody in the eighteenth century could have foreseen the various forms that book-illustration has taken in the nineteenth, and which are due to the influence of a few men of genius and a number of men of talent. Fashion may encourage this thing or that; but it is generally some genius who sets the fashion, and then he gives encouragement to the arts that live upon him, as Gustave Doré gave a new vitality to wood-engraving, and as Mr. Pennell is just now strongly encouraging the reproduction of pen-drawings. Caldecott gave a most powerful stimulus to coloured caricatures; and we all know how influential Miss Kate Greenaway has been in giving a quaint kind of refinement to coloured illustrations in children's books. Leech, Tenniel, and Charles Keene have done much for facsimile wood-cutting; and Birket Foster for interpretative wood-cutting. An old art becomes fresh and new again when it is used by a new genius. A process like photogravure can imitate so many arts with wonderful accuracy, that, of itself, it offers variety enough to gratify the love of change for many years together. The taste of the public is certainly much broader and better informed than it was thirty or forty years ago. I distinctly

remember being told by a great dealer and print-publisher, still living, that etchings were perfectly unsaleable. He appreciated them himself, but said it was useless to publish them. A well-known editor of artistic publications told me that pen-drawings could never be accepted by the public. We now see artistic periodicals chiefly illustrated by etchings and pen-drawings. This catholicity of feeling about the graphic arts makes variety easily attainable, without leaving the soundest and best of the arts. In conclusion, there is one thing I want to say, which is, that the future of book-illustration would be certainly more encouraging if one could be quite sure that

good reproductions would be heartily welcomed by the critics, and bad ones justly condemned by them. Unfortunately, good and bad are too frequently classed together as things 'done by process,' as if there were not vast differences of quality. Most of the book-illustration of the future is clearly destined to be done by the reproductive processes: this is as fatal as all other economical laws. The duty that devolves more and more upon the critic is, to distinguish between sound and careful process work and that which is exactly the contrary, and which ought not to be permitted to 'vulgarise' the fine arts in the very worst sense of the word.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### X. HUNT, DE WINT, AND COPLEY FIELDING.

THERE are few things more remarkable, or indeed more admirable, in the history of English art, than the distinctness of individuality which characterises the works of the artists, not only of the first but the second rank. Men like Hogarth and Turner stand out beyond any classification, but the same is almost as true of artists like Stothard and Prout, De Wint and William Hunt. All of these—and the list might be very largely increased—have some *cachet* peculiar to themselves, some excellence in which they are superlative, which separates them as distinct units in the general history of their country's art, and preserves them an immortality as sure, if not as splendid, as that of their more illustrious fellows. It is one of the loving anxieties of Mr. Ruskin, in his notes on Prout and Hunt, to emphasise with his certain touch these superlative qualities in these favourite masters of his. He insists on Prout's power to represent the exact aspect of places, on his skill in selection of line, on his sense of true magnitude, on his special feeling for the Gothic spire; and he holds up Hunt to our admiration as a faultless painter of fruit and flowers, and points out how finely he has seized, and how beautifully he has rendered, what is sweet and noble in the honest and unsophisticated English peasantry. But he has chosen him for praise chiefly on account of his consummate skill as a painter in water-colour. This (at all events in connexion with these papers) is his supreme and superlative quality. He used his materials—his water-colours—with a knowledge and skill which have never been equalled, *i.e.*, in the representation of his class of subjects, especially fruit and flowers. He began life as a landscape-painter; but though his work of this class is of no little merit, it is probable that for many reasons, of which his health was one, he would never have attained to a very prominent place among landscape-painters. Leaving this field to others, he chose a little plot of his own

and cultivated it to perfection. Therefore, though modest in his aim and of no great strength, poetical or intellectual, he holds his particular place, and is as difficult to class as the greatest—at least among the earlier English painters in water-colours. Among these, indeed, there is none with whom to compare him; and even amongst those that have followed him, though there have been many refined and skilful painters of similar subjects, he has no equal. Standing, therefore, so alone, there is no place into which he naturally falls in a sequential history of English water-colours, and the fact that Mr. Ruskin has placed him by the side of Prout is, in default of a better, a sufficient excuse for mentioning him here.

William Henry Hunt (1790-1864) was the son of a tinplate-worker in Bolton Street, Long Acre, where he was born on March 28th, 1790. Like Prout he was a sickly child and always delicate throughout his life—more delicate than Prout, who was at least able to undertake long journeys and endure much fatigue in the exercise of his profession, whereas Hunt was from physical necessity obliged to choose subjects which were within easy reach, and could be studied quietly and at leisure. He was apprenticed to John Varley, and was a visitor at Dr. Monro's, staying with him for a month at a time and receiving seven and sixpence a-day for the drawings he produced. He became a student of the Royal Academy in 1808, and exhibited there occasionally ('Landscapes' and 'Sketches from Nature') for some years. His first contributions are said to have been in oil, but he commenced to exhibit at the Water-colour Society in 1814, and henceforth devoted himself to it. He was elected an Associate in 1824, and in 1827 a full member, after which he became a large and constant contributor, his subjects being principally confined to fruit and flowers, with an occasional dead bird or rustic figure. He spent much of his time at Hastings,







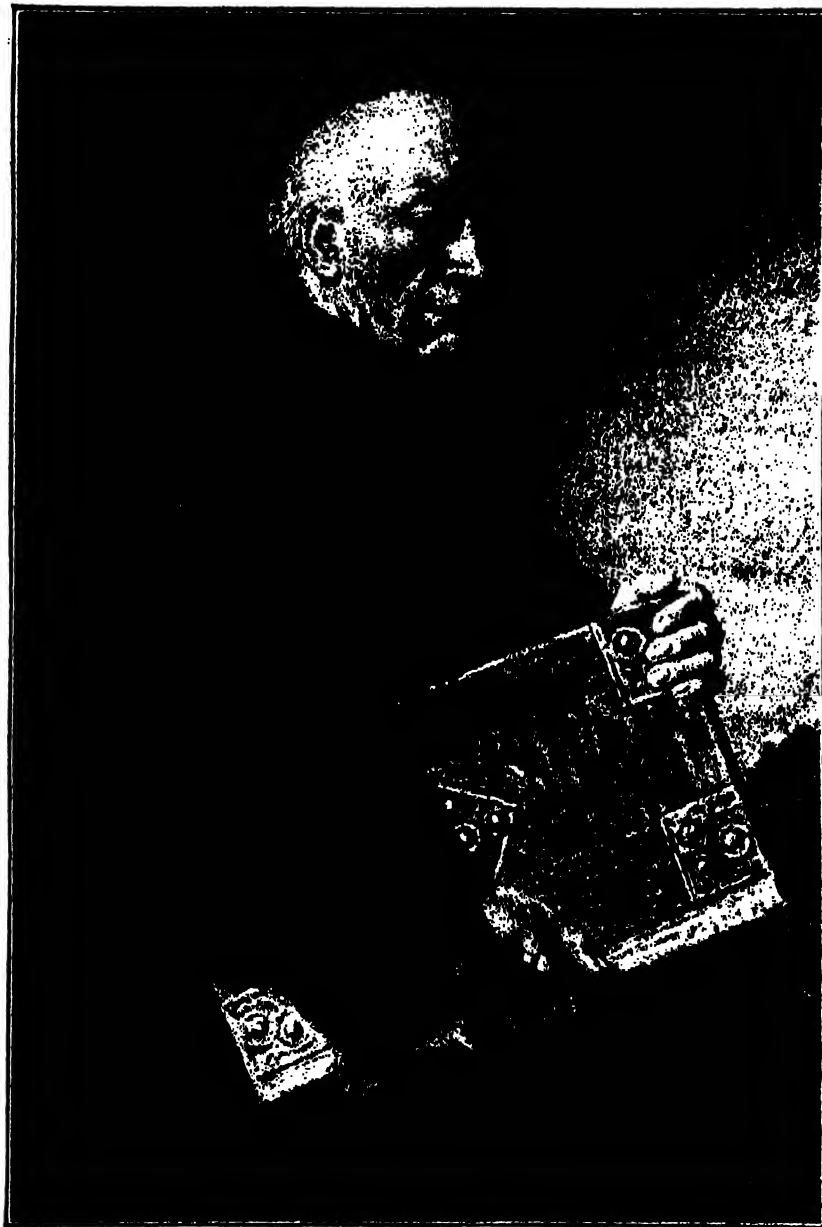
and died unmarried in Stanhope Street, London, on February 10th, 1864. This is nearly all that is recorded of the life of William Hunt.

Mr. Ruskin has pointed out how the spirit in which Hunt painted his flowers and fruit differed from that of Van Huysum and the rest of the old painters of still life. He did not paint them to show their decorative value in ornamenting the sumptuous tables of the rich, nor to show his own skill in imitation; he painted them out of pure love for the things themselves, for the love of their beauty of form, and colour, and texture, in all the freshness of their prime. He did not make his flowers up into bouquets, or mass his fruit in luxurious heaps, but painted them singly as they lay fresh-plucked, disposed as it were accidentally, but really with an art which concealed itself. He invited us, not to feast in imagination on his luscious plums and pears, but to admire their loveliness; not to admire a masterpiece of painting, but one of nature. He

painted them tenderly -- we may say reverently. Though they were plucked he would not divorce them entirely from nature; he did not set them off with Turkey carpets and silver salvers, but preferred to rest them on some mossy bank, warm in the sun which had given them their beauty. Such perfection of modelling, such close imitation of colour and texture, such almost atomic truth of finish, have seldom or never been combined with such breadth in effect, such preservation of general truth. His finish was true finish, each touch adding to the completeness, not concealing the want of it. It

may not be thought very high art, this careful imitation of still objects, however beautifully arranged, however pure and lovely the result. To devote a life to the rendering of the most exquisite qualities of a dove's breast, or a spray of hawthorn, may seem but a poor enterprise. But it is for the painter as well as the poet to 'shine in his place and be content,' and few have shone more contentedly

or brightly than William Hunt. What he did he did well, almost perfectly, and to those who love art one of his plums outweighs in true value all efforts of unsuccessful ambition. Moreover his pictures of country life must not be forgotten. He painted his rustic figures in much the same spirit as his flowers -- their faces ruddy with the sun; their frank, honest eyes, and strong bodies, their rough smocks and hobnailed shoes, just as they were. He gave as, perhaps, no other artist has quite given, the shy sweetness of the girls, the awkwardness of the hoydens, the unrefined appetites of the boys,



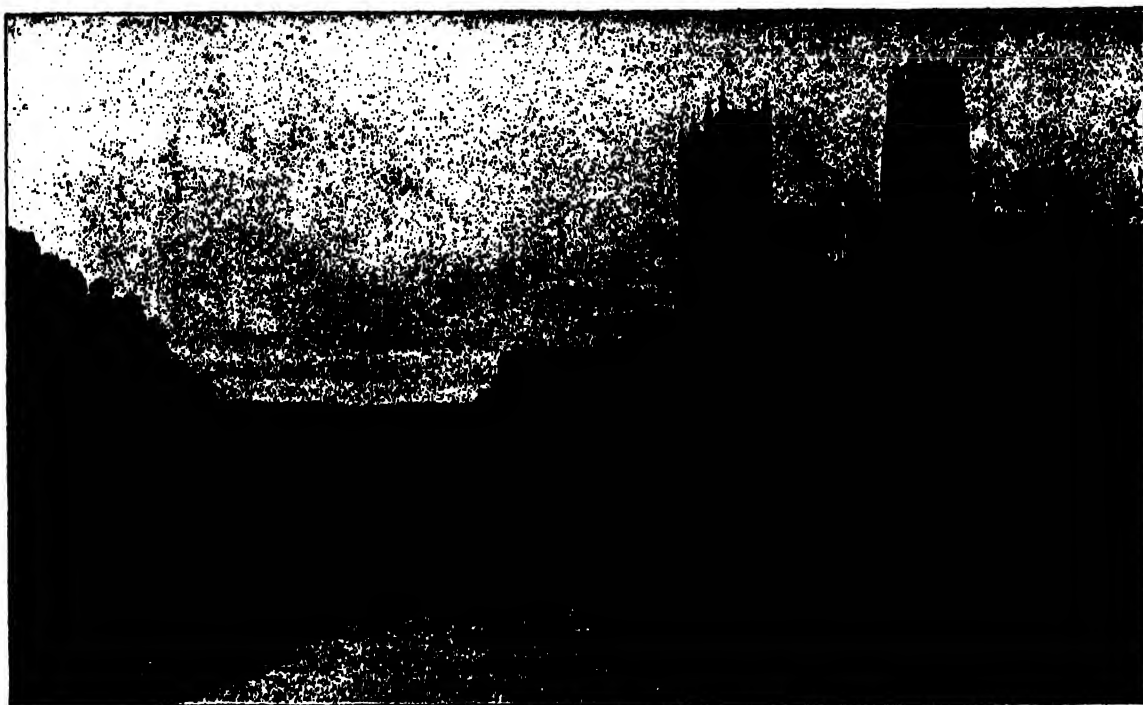
A MONK. BY W. HUNT.

the patriarchal nobleness of the old men. The drawings of the *Shy Sitter* and *The Blessing* are, perhaps, the best known of the nobler figure-pictures of Hunt. They were photographed for the illustrated edition of Mr. Ruskin's 'Notes on Hunt and Prout,' and *The Blessing* has been etched by Waltner. But there are others of the same class and much the same quality. One of these, though called *A Monk*, in the fine and simple seriousness of its expression is allied to *The Blessing*, and forms one of our illustrations. In the technical history of the art of water-colours, Hunt holds also

a place almost as unique. His mastery of his materials was consummate. He showed the whole power of its colour—in perfect imitation of that of nature, in brilliancy, in strength, in subtlety, and in richness. In manipulation, also, in variety and certainty of touch, in the rendering of texture, in the use of body—in union with transparent colour—in all these ways, and many more, he may claim to have extended the resources of his art almost as far as they would go.

To return to our landscape-painters. Two of the illustrations to this number are by artists who, if they do not hold any recognised position of importance in the history of English water-colour, were both men of interest and good artists. One of these

can be paid to it here, and the same may be said of that of Augustus Pugin (1762–1832), a Frenchman, and father of the well-known architect, Augustus Welby Pugin. The father was specially interested in architecture, and it will be seen from the example which we give (a view of St. Mary, Oxford), that, though he was an adept in the use of water-colours, his drawings are distinguished more for the truth and care with which the buildings are drawn than for their picturesque qualities. It is as one of the first to study Gothic architecture with attention, and draw it with accuracy and knowledge, that he is most to be remembered. He was for twenty years an assistant of John Nash, the architect of Waterloo Place and Regent Street, with whose



DURHAM. AFTER DANIELL.

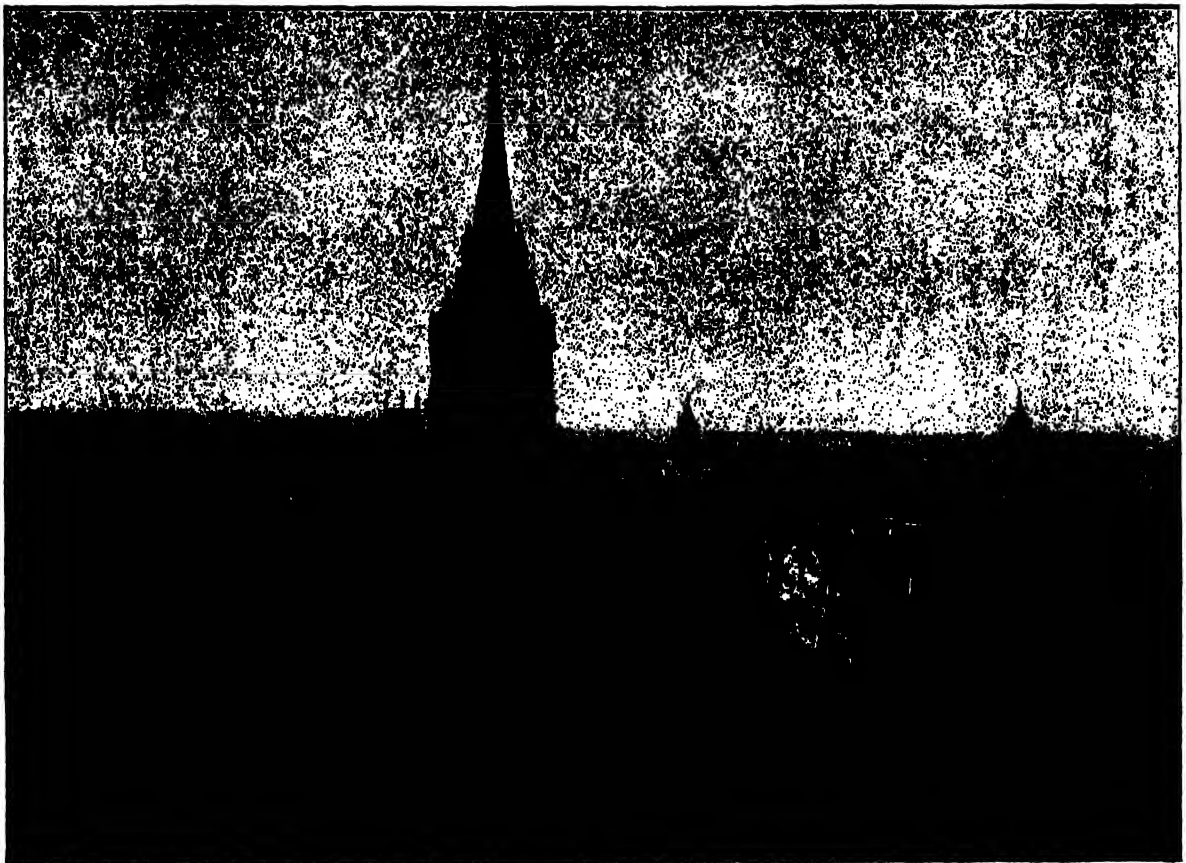
was William Daniell, R.A. (1769–1837), nephew of Thomas Daniell, R.A., a man of some distinction in his day as a painter, a traveller, and an antiquarian. At the age of fourteen the nephew accompanied his uncle to India, where they made sketches for an important work, afterwards published under the title of 'Oriental Scenery.' For many years his subjects were principally drawn from his Indian sketches, but in 1802 he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy drawings of scenes in the north of England. The drawing of *Durham Cathedral*, which we engrave, is dated 1805, and is a masterly production, the point of view finely selected, the execution broad and powerful, and much in the manner of Girtin both in colour and handling. He engraved as well as painted, and published several illustrated books. The most extensive of these was his 'Voyage round Great Britain,' which was entirely executed by himself. His work deserves more attention than

professional taste he could have had little sympathy. But it was yet to be a long time before the true beauty of Gothic architecture was again to appeal to our countrymen, and the elder Pugin had to be content with laying the foundations for its revival. For the public it was interesting as an antiquated curiosity, and its picturesqueness (in a drawing) was becoming daily more acknowledged through the labours of those draughtsmen who had turned topography into art.

As the position of the water-colour school becomes established we find the spirit of the artist gradually overcoming that of the topographer until, even in pictures of which architecture forms the main subject, the attitude of the painter is rather that of one who paints what he likes than the executor of an order for a portrait of a famous building, whereas the number of painters who concern themselves principally with the beauty and character of English country

gradually increases. Thus gradually a school of pure landscape was formed among the water-colourists, and a number of men arose who as landscape-painters deserved to hold the highest rank among the artists of the period. Their great merit, as we see it now, was that they studied English scenery as it had never been studied before—its hills and its trees, its rivers, and, above all, its skies; studied all with simple love and unambitious earnestness, finding out day by day some new means of rendering some effect of light, and colour, and atmosphere familiar enough to all, but unattempted and unconquered by previous painters. Content to live a humble life without the hope of any

painting when it was yet in its infancy and lived to see it develop to its prime; nearly all of them had a conspicuous share in its development. Though they started as it were from the same point, so that there is a great similarity in their earliest drawings, each gradually drew away into a path of his own, found new subjects suited to his own individuality, found also a method of expression to a great extent personal to himself. They stand on a different level to those of Turner and Constable; they had not the all-embracing genius of the former, the immense initiatory force of the latter, but they were all distinct powers, pioneers in untrodden lands of art, revealers



ST. MARY, OXFORD. AFTER A. PUGIN.

great gains, accepting even professionally a subordinate rank as artists, these water-colourists laboured on quietly and accomplished a work of which they scarcely appreciated the importance or the magnitude. Of these interpreters of the beauty of their country three were specially gifted—De Wint, Copley Fielding, and David Cox.

Mr. Walter Armstrong, in his recent memoir of De Wint, has pointed out that most of the English branch of the modern landscape school were born between 1780 and 1790. This, of course, excludes the greatest names of all—those of Gainsborough, Turner, Girtin, Constable, and Crome, but it includes Cotman, Cox, Collins, John Varley, Prout, De Wint, Havell, Copley Fielding, and probably G. Barret, junior. All of them were, therefore, young men together. This band of youths began the practice of water-colour

of beauty unrealised before by painter's pencil, adding each his modest but perceptible quota not only to the domain of art but also to its resources of expression. Indeed, they did so much in perfecting the technique of water-colour and in increasing its range of subject, and did it in so sincere and thorough a manner, that their work is, and must ever remain, in a sense classic.

Of these men many have already been treated in these papers. Of those that remain the greatest are De Wint, Fielding, and Cox, and their special distinction was that they were more exclusively than the rest painters of English country, not so much of its castles and cathedrals, but of its fields and mountains and local characteristics. They all of them painted in various parts of England, but of this vast book each had a chapter to which he devoted himself more particularly. As Suffolk to Gainsborough, as

Norfolk to Crome, and as Essex to Constable, so were Lincolnshire to De Wint, Sussex to Copley Fielding, and Wales to David Cox. Wherever they drew, these men were accomplished artists, but each found some neighbourhood specially congenial to his disposition, where his study was more prolonged and fruitful, calling forth his best both of sympathy and invention. All these men were obliged to earn their livelihood by teaching as well as painting, and counted their pupils by the score. Their influence is not dead yet. Despite the dominance of new ideas, the search for new subjects, you cannot visit an exhibition of water-colour drawings in which half at least of the landscapes show distinctly the influence of Cox, or De Wint, or Copley Fielding.

De Wint's father was a physician, descended from a Dutch family which had settled in America. He was apprenticed to John Raphael Smith, publisher, and painter of *genre* and portrait, but above all things famous as the interpreter by mezzotint of the masterpieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Morland, and others. De Wint was bound to him for the purpose of learning the arts of engraving and portrait-painting, but he seems to have had a preference for sketching from nature, and Smith, though he sent him to prison once for refusing to betray the secrets of his fellow-apprentice who had run away, seems to have had the wisdom and kindness to encourage his natural gift. His fellow-apprentice was William Hilton, the historical painter, with whom De Wint formed a friendship which lasted till Hilton's death. They lived together as bachelors, they spent their holidays together at Hilton's home at Lincoln, and there De Wint met and won for his wife the sister of his friend. At Lincoln, also, and in its neighbourhood, he found subjects for endless pictures. Wherever he went, whether to the hilly country of Yorkshire, Cumberland, or Wales, or the flats of Lincolnshire or Essex (and scarcely Turner himself had in England a wider sketching-ground), he preferred a long, low stretch of country, and to paint it on a long, low slip of paper. It would seem as though he had inherited a love of flatness from his Dutch progenitors. In the foreground a river or a cornfield, or both, a village or town in middle distance, a hill beyond rising to no great height—of such simple elements his finest works are composed. And these works were truly fine though inspired with no exalted poetry, and confined to the representation of ordinary phenomena. Simplicity, directness, and force, were the essential qualities of his art. His distribution of light and dark was broad and effective, his skies luminous and true, sometimes clear and blue, sometimes hazy with sunny mist, sometimes obscured by drifting rain-clouds. He was a careful student of trees, and in his sketches their exact character was often caught and put in at once with a felicitous blot—as,

for instance, the pines in a rapid sketch of Greenwich Park in the British Museum—and he was masterly in his generalisation of masses of foliage; but for all this his nearer trees are often so mannered in touch that they alone would be sufficient to authenticate a drawing. Few have excelled him in painting the earth, in the solid modelling of the ground, and in representing the different textures of its soil: few have painted mellow sunlight more strongly and transparently than he. The general sentiment of his work is tranquillity, the true country feeling 'far from the madding crowd,' where reapers rest in the cornfield in the shade of fresh-cut sheaves, where barges float slowly on smooth rivers, and cows pasture in fat meadows beside some sleepy town. As Mr. Armstrong says, 'His place in English art is with Constable and David Cox,' though he had none of Constable's desire to make 'the restlessness of nature shine through the repose of art.' Like and unlike Constable he was also as a colourist; like him in aiming at Nature's exact scale, but seeking her richer and more complete harmonies. His supreme quality was, indeed, his colour, his chord was richer and deeper, perhaps, than that of any other landscape-painter. He drew and finished in colour only—drew in complete and full colour at once—so that his merest sketches have all the force, sometimes more than the force, of his finished drawings. But of his practice we have an authentic account in Mr. Armstrong's memoirs, which perhaps he will forgive me for quoting here:—

'When painting on his own account he worked almost invariably on "old Creswick paper," which was manufactured in delicate ivory tints. This was always more or less granular in texture, which thoroughly suited his style, for it enabled him to strike his rich transparent tones well into the body of the paper. This he did by saturating it, and while it was wet mosaicing it, as it were, with rich, harmonious colours, some cool, some warm and glowing. His aim was always to succeed by the first intention. The bloom of his colour was never disturbed in the shadows, "lifted" tints being confined to the half-tones and used only in his large works. His sketches and small drawings were carried out entirely in undisturbed colour.'

There is a fine instance of this 'mosaicing' in a singularly rich sketch of Gloucester, in the British Museum, and in this and other unfinished works there, notably a grand *ébauche* of a forest scene, his method of commencing his work may be profitably studied, especially his wonderful skill in utilising the grain of the paper to produce variety of texture and innumerable lights.

Fortunately the nation is rich in fine examples of De Wint. At the British Museum there are only a few sketches, but the South Kensington Museum contains twenty-eight of his drawings, including the famous *Cricketers* (now, alas! with a

perished sky) and fine pictures of *Nottingham* and *Walton-on-Thames*, all three of which are part of the Ellison Gift; and at the National Gallery are twenty-three drawings bequeathed by Mr. Henderson, all finely preserved, and including some of his finest works, such as *Lincoln Cathedral*, *Bray on the Thames*, *Ruins of Lincoln Castle*, and *Harvest Time, Lancashire*. Our plate of a *Cornfield, Ivinghoe, Bucks*, is taken from a drawing in this collection. But at South Kensington there are, besides the water-colours, four of his pictures in oil-colour, including his two masterpieces in this medium, the *Cornfield* and the *Woody Landscape*, two of the finest pictures of the English school. They were presented by the late Mrs. Tatlock, the daughter of the painter, about fifteen years ago. Like Cox and other water-colourists, he was as great as a painter in oils as in water-colours, and it is one of the most extraordinary instances of prejudice on the part of both artists and

the public that this fact was not recognised till long after his death. He never left off painting in oil, but his works in this medium were either rejected or skied at the Academy, and always remained on his hands unsold. 'Fifty years ago,' as Mr. Armstrong tells us, 'that august body (the Royal Academy) was not kind to water-colour men who dabbled in oil. It either wished to hold them to their lasts, or, failing to understand their works, took for granted they were bad.' More extraordinary is what follows:—'In the first instance Mrs. Tatlock made her offer to the National Gallery. At that time the late Sir William Boxall was director. He, perhaps, had never heard of De Wint as a painter in oil. In any case, he was so little attracted by the lady's proposal that he never even tried to see the pictures, and so Constable's *Cornfield*, and *Hay-wain*, and *Valley Farm*, are left without two of the best companions they could find in Europe.'

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## THE VALUE OF RIVALRY IN ART.

THE word 'envy,' as most usually employed, means the pain one experiences at the contemplation of excellence or advantages pertaining to another which he would fain possess himself. It may be feared that this customary use of the word implies the direction in which human feelings are most apt to verge. There is even a liability in weak humanity to feel pain at the contemplation of happiness, though it may be of a kind which is incompatible with that possessed and most prized by the envious one. The ox and the nag of Horace envy each other's occupation and trappings, but would flinch at a proposal to interchange yoke and saddle. These, however, are the morbid misdirections of nobler sympathies. Rivalry which is generous is something very different. Even generous rivalry, it is true, may suffer from momentary gusts of selfish sirocco, but its ruling tendency is to attain to the very height of the admiration which the performances of another merit and challenge, and to find therein a stimulus to the exertion of powers which may be vouched for by a no less generous self-confidence.

This is assuredly no unattainable height of virtue, and it has its reward for a truly gifted artist. If he finds himself on this elevation, and happy there in self-respect, braced by that fine air, he can believe that it may be equally attained by another. It is in this conviction that rivalry becomes a motive as noble and happy as effectively stimulant in the most eager competition. So it is that genius may be saved from the benumbing tendency of a sense of isolation, that isolation which will always be more or less the

fate of the highest genius, by the very fact that genius is above all things exceptional. But genius should give the call to genius, as deep answers to deep. Simple superiority of intelligence knows well the pang of hungering for response even independently of sympathy. 'Tell, for you can,' says Pope to Bolingbroke,—

'Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise . . .  
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge  
Without a second or without a judge . . .  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand;  
Painful pre eminence, oneself to view  
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.'

But the genius of the artist, which is by its nature more emotional than that of the abstract or political philosopher, springs far more sensitively to a manifestation of genuine sympathy, and it is probable that it is only under condition of such stimulus that it ever can exert the whole of its power.

It is herein probably that resides the secret of the fact, so constantly observed, that artistic genius occurs in favoured historic periods in groups. Doubtless there are causes why, in the starry heavens, the luminaries crowd together in some parts to form conspicuous constellations, while other parts seem all but desert. So it is that we find large—comparatively larger—tracts of history quite barren, while others, at considerable intervals, are radiant with the Orions, Cassiopeias, and Pleiades of poetic and artistic genius.

We shall seek in vain to account for the precise appearance of contemporaries of genius at certain



epochs; what we can discern, with considerable confidence, is that the fact of contemporaneity had much to do with the splendour of each individual. 'Emulation feeds genius, and enviousness now, and now admiration, is a stimulant incentive'—so runs a pregnant sentence which Dryden quotes in his essay on 'Dramatic Poesy' from Velleius Paterculus:—'Alit æmulation ingenia, et nunc invidia nunc admiratio incitationem accendit.'

The best faculties only receive their highest development under the influence of rivalry, which seems to exert an invigorating power upon germs which only then manifest all the forms and functions of which nature has made them capable. This stimulant and cherishing warmth is at one time experienced as pleasure, and at another as pain. The state of the envious man is not a happy state. Not without reason has envy been yoked with such unequivocally bad associates as 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.' This, however, is the more virulent access of emotion; it may come to a normal crisis, and be thrown off by a happy constitution, which is thereafter exempt from contagious recurrence. There is an envy which is not ill-natured grudge, but quite compatible with liberal congratulation, even when the success which is witnessed in another excites a fear which in itself cannot be delightful, lest it should baffle all endeavours to rival or surpass it. Enthusiastic admiration, the second incentive of the Roman historian, will scarcely allow ill-feeling to live in its neighbourhood and society. This may be the case even when the admiration incites to attempts to follow and overtake in the identical career; still more naturally and readily when it prompts to renewed exertion to assert superiority in virtue of special qualities, of peculiar personal endowments.

Even in politics the trophy of Miltiades reacted on Themistocles—he said it disturbed his sleep; and Alexander the Great, in the heart of Asia, could exclaim, 'Oh, ye Athenians, what toils do I not undergo to excite your admiration!' Even so he was not altogether successful; at least, an Athenian philosopher, who was asked by some Pyrgopolinices or Thraso what was said of the great battle, replied, 'Oh, we have matters of far too much importance to occupy us at the Academy for us to give a thought to news from Asia!'

The case, however, is very different between artist and artist; it must ever be by an artist that an artist expects and hopes to be best understood, best felt, best appreciated. The true enjoyment which those who have no practical knowledge of art gather from contemplation of its works could not be so important an element of happiness as it is, apart from very considerable insight and sympathy. Still, in their case there must be something, and no little, wanting. The widest and most enthusiastic general popularity,

therefore, however pleasant in itself, will never give full satisfaction to the artist of genius. He will find more encouragement in the appreciation of a very small group of connoisseurs; but again there will be an all-important chord untouched, unless he is conscious that what he has done excites the admiration of one whose genius he himself admires—whom he himself, if in a collateral course, most ardently emulates. If anything can rouse, inspire, inspire the entire man to do the fullest justice to his own powers, to rival himself, to embody that ideal to which all his powers of sense and thought, and imagination and industry, are contributory, it is the consciousness that a glory is within reach of exciting in a rival an admiration so enthusiastic and irresistible as to evoke involuntary sympathy.

The history of the world does not, as recorded, supply another equally remarkable instance of two artists, contemporary, contrasted in genius, yet each supreme, to compare with that of Raphael and Michael Angelo. There are no doubt on the records flickering traces of jealousy on the part of the great Florentine, easily accounted for by his nature and his environments; but when he said that Raphael had learnt from his own practice—and what he said was true enough—he showed by implication a consciousness that his young competitor had learned to some purpose. If we owe the *Raising of Lazarus* to the encouragement and help that he gave to Sebastiano del Piombo, in order to rival the *Transfiguration*, we have again a proof that the Urbinate had truly touched his sensibilities. Raphael himself owed much to a circle of highly cultivated and affectionate friends; his pictures in the Segnatura are the most learned pictures in the world; but we may glance through the list of his friends known and possible, from Castiglione, Bembo, and Ariosto onwards, but still retain conviction that when he stood before wall or canvas, dealt either with oil or fresco, his most frequent thought was of that Michael Angelo of whom he is known to have thanked God that he was born a contemporary.

What a touching scene is the last interview of Reynolds with Gainsborough on his death-bed! Rivalry inevitable had put them apart or kept them apart, but it may not be easy to say how much that we now enjoy in the admirable works of both was not due to the consciousness of each, as he worked, that whatever he did best would so far not be thrown away, that it was certain to be known for what it was worth by the other. Gainsborough we know was appreciative of a characteristic of his rival which might well excite his own emulation, considerable as was the scope of his own genius. 'Plague take the fellow, how various he is!' he exclaimed at the sight of his pictures of the year at the Academy. If any bitterness had ever mingled with his feelings, we may

be sure that it was not such or so permanent as to infect the nobler sympathies, that sense of ultimate fellowship that welled up freely in his farewell words, 'We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.'

So it was that Ben Jonson, a far more irritable and self-sufficient and arrogant soul, who had so carped at Shakespeare as even to provoke an imputation of malevolence, recovers our respect and merited his own by the frank words, 'I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any.' It may have been a weakness if he stopped short of that pitch of admiration which, as reached by others of his contemporaries, he thought amounted to idolatry. Considering, however, the extravagant reputation he himself obtained in his day, it is excusable if his sense of scale was a little perverted. He says enough for him to be claimed as one of those artists who have been under great obligations, in what they have done of excellent, to the stimulant neighbourhood of great contemporaries.

That envy, cabal, and *camaraderie* will always be more or less rife among artistic competitors, as among others, who will doubt or deny? But who shall try the hearts of individuals, and say on which side victory lies at last in the conflict between the good and the evil genius, which goes on in every heart -- which goes on and ever has gone on; for thus sings Hesiod, the bard whom the Muses found tending sheep on the slopes of Mount Helicon, and, placing in his hand an olive wand, bade sing to the husbandmen: --

'Contention is not of one nature alone, but upon the earth's surface  
Two there are; one only needs to be known to be applauded,  
The other blameworthy;--so are they at odds in disposition.  
One gives furtherance ever to mischievous quarrel and battle,--  
The pernicious,--love it does no one of mortals, but by compulsion  
They have to oppressive Contention regard: so will the immortals.  
The other, an earlier birth of the womb of Night primæval,  
Did Cronus' son, the supreme, the dweller in æther, establish,  
Rooted in earth itself and among mankind, far better.  
This it is stirs up a man, even shiftless however, to labour;  
For such a one, as of employment devoid, he looks at another  
In wealth, even he makes speed to engage in ploughing and planting,  
And founding a dwelling. Neighbour emulates ever a neighbour,  
On speedy way to be rich. Good to mortals is this Contention;  
And potter with potter heartburning has, and joiner with joiner,  
And bard and beggar to beggar and bard bear grudge and envy.'

The tone of the two last lines seems a little out of place, but the commentators do not demur; they are quoted over and over again in antiquity.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Thirty first Annual Report of the National Portrait Gallery places on record the remonstrance of the Trustees that no suitable building has yet been provided for the permanent housing of this important historical collection; the 'earnest and serious attention to the subject' promised by the First Lord of the Treasury having thus far produced no results. The vacancies in trusteeship, left by the retirement of the Bishop of Chester and the death of Mr. Beresford-Hope, have been filled by the Earl of Pembroke and the Speaker. Numerous portraits of interest have been added during the past year, among them those of Lord Nelson, Michael Drayton, Lord Lawrence, C. R. Darwin, 'Barry Cornwall' and his gifted daughter, Adelaide Procter, and another portrait of John Keats.

THE Loan Collection of Pictures at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery is this year exceptionally good. The Duke of Westminster is a generous contributor; Lord Dartmouth lends pictures of the English school, Gainsborough, Wilson, &c.; the Duke of Norfolk several fine Van Dyck portraits; and Sir T. B. Lennard, of Belhus, a large number of works of the Dutch and English schools. The Marquis of Hertford and the Marquis of Lansdowne send good examples of Reynolds.

THE National Museums of France--the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, and St. Germain--and all objects of art

in State buildings are, by a decree issued last month, placed under one supreme Director, who shall be appointed by the President of the Republic on the nomination of the Minister of Instruction, and have his official quarters in the Louvre. Beneath this responsible head will, of course, be sub-directors and officers.

THE distinguished etcher, M. Waltner, and M. Koepping, his pupil, have been elected honorary members of the Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna.

THE National Gallery at home is not the only collection waiting for a re-issue up to date of the official catalogue. To name two instances close at hand, the Académie des Beaux-Arts in Brussels and the Museum at Lille are in the same plight. Our experience on the Continent, at Munich and Vienna, for instance, has constantly in past years been of like deficiency, consequent sometimes upon readjustment in hanging or new acquisitions, or because a fresh nomenclature has been started by some zealous director.

A PRETTY little quarrel between antiquarians, student and dilettante, has been enlivening the art columns of the 'Athenæum.' Mr. E. J. Furnivall, in company with Mr. Dunnington, timber-merchant, and, he writes, with the approval of the 'leading members of the Architects' Asso-



ciation,' has been oiling and scraping tentatively at the panels of the great gallery at Haddon Hall, and proving--what most people knew before--that they are of oak, painted over and fluted with ebony. Mr. Albert Hartshorne, well known as an antiquary, wrote an indignant note of protest at this sacrilegious proceeding, and deprecated the possible sequence of laying bare the panels throughout the gallery. He holds the stain to be the faded remainder of the original painting, or decorative treatment of the oak panels after the taste of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In this the late Mr. L. Jewitt, as quoted by Mr. J. C. Cox, concurred; but other writers think that there may have been a subsequent coat or renewal of decorative stain, and Mr. Andrew Cokayne dates the painting from about 1650, something less than a century after he conjectures that the long gallery was built, possibly to commemorate the marriage of Dorothy Vernon, as the joint Manners-Vernon arms and crest first appear thereon. This is not the place to follow the dispute, which illustrates aptly the diverging convictions of authorities on antiquarian art, not only in matters of taste but matters of fact, and the helpless position of the 'outsider' who may seek for guidance. The main interest for lovers of this picturesque interior, a happy hunting-ground for artists over so many years, is, by which section of disputants the Duke of Rutland will ultimately be influenced. Will the silvery tones of the faded semi-transparent paint be left, or will the modern restorer, who has no sympathy with the accidental beauty of decay, be allowed to 'bring up' the oak and ebony of the underlying material?

'A POPULAR Handbook to the National Gallery, including . . . Notes Collected from the Works of Mr. Ruskin,' by Edward T. Cook. (London, Macmillan, 1888.) The English National Gallery is now acknowledged, after sixty years of growth, to be, in some ways, the most remarkable in Europe. In catholicity it is beyond rivalry. Its standard has been put unprecedentedly high. It is the only great gallery in existence in which every picture can be examined with reasonable comfort. And now, with the accessions of the last few years, it is as rich in monumental works as any of its rivals, except, perhaps, those at Paris, Dresden, and Madrid. If the next twenty years see as great a development as the twenty which have elapsed since the Royal Academy left its lodgings in Trafalgar Square, the Institution which used to be the laughing-stock of Europe will be the envy of the world, and London will become the Mecca of the scientific *connoisseur*. Since 1868 nearly three hundred pictures have been added to the collection, among them the gems acquired by Sir Robert Peel and the prizes from the Palaces of Hamilton and Blenheim. The building itself has been transformed from one of the meanest ever put to such a use, into a monument that only requires a little more homogeneity, with which at some future time it can be readily endowed, to become worthy of the treasures it shelters. That such an Institution should give rise to a literature of its own was but a question of time; and so of recent years, books and articles upon it have been multiplying with some rapidity. Not the least service done to the cause of art by the National Gallery was the inauguration of the era of good catalogues. It is now more than forty years since the late Mr. Wornum, afterwards Keeper of the Gallery, published the first edition of a catalogue which afterwards became a model for all the better managed Collections in Europe. Mr. Wornum's pamphlet passed through seventy editions before its author's death, which took place in December, 1877. A new edition was allowed to run out of print, and for the last eight or nine years visitors have had to content themselves with an abridgement,—an abridgement, however, which will compare favourably enough with the best Catalogues of most Continental Galleries. This long absence of a detailed guide has done something, perhaps, to

stimulate the production of various essays which have seen the light in recent years. The first of these was Dr. Frizzoni's elaborate study of the Italian pictures, which has never, to our regret, been translated into English; then came Dr. Richter's important volume on the same subject. Mr. Walter Armstrong followed with an account of the Gallery's vicissitudes, and critical notes on its contents. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse wrote upon its specimens of the 'Italian Pre-Raphælitcs'; and now Mr. Edward T. Cook, already known as a compiler of hand-books, has produced a monumental Guide which is likely to win a wide popularity with those to whom pictures appeal mainly by their subject. It may be said at once that Mr. Cook has carried out the task he set himself very well indeed. In a short introduction he confesses that the technical appreciation of pictures is beyond him; that he aims only 'to tell the salient facts about different schools of painting and different painters' characteristics,' that, in fact, his Guide 'is written by a layman for laymen.' Like every one else who writes from such a standpoint, he fails to suspect how much he excludes of what makes the fame and power of art, but he is not led by his limitations into many positive errors. He takes the Schools as nearly as possible in their chronological order. To each he provides a short and well-written introduction, and then goes on to notice the works which belong to it in their order on the walls. His criticisms are mostly second-hand. By far the larger portion of them are taken from the writings of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Cook does not shrink, however, from recalling his leader's mistakes when the latter are of the sort he can appreciate. As an instance of this we may point to page 379, where he cites Mr. Ruskin's unlucky dictum as to the fine condition of the *Boar Hunt*, by Velazquez. Every one else of any importance who has written on the Collection Mr. Cook quotes, and quotes in the right place. His one serious error within the bounds he has set himself, is to be found, perhaps, in his sections on Claude and Turner. There he has again darkened counsel by following Mr. Ruskin's crude ideas of forty years ago, and by omitting to explain why Claude is a great artist in spite of his conventionality, and why so many people who certainly know what they are talking about refuse to acknowledge the supremacy claimed for Turner. Not the least useful part of the Hand-book is the Second Appendix. In a well-arranged table Mr. Cook gives the subject, the painter, the *provenance*, and the price, of every picture; thereby superseding the sheaf of Annual Reports to which one has hitherto had to turn for those particulars.

MR. WILLIAM HOLE, A.R.S.A., has made a large etching in illustration of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. The plate measures about thirty-five inches by fourteen, and contains about thirty figures with a proportionate number of animals. Massed to the left we have some architecture of the time as a background, including a gateway and the twin towers of a cathedral, whilst in the distance to the right is a quaint piece of river with the shipping of Chaucer's day. The length of the composition is agreeably dissimulated by keeping the dark masses chiefly to the left. The principal merit of the design is the clear discrimination of character without any tendency to caricature. Every one of the figures and faces is marked by strong individuality. They are all firmly drawn, and the female faces are not wanting in delicacy. The attitudes are cheerful and lively, like those of people setting forth on an agreeable expedition. The animals are inferior to the human pilgrims, being rather heavy and deficient in charm, but they are felt to be secondary; indeed, the horses are purposely made of rather small size to give importance to the riders. On the whole, the work is important and interesting, and likely to add to the artist's reputation. The technical quality is simple and sound throughout.





## DAVID TENIERS II.

### *His Works and his Family.*

#### I.

OF this extraordinarily energetic and prolific painter the records recently recovered by French and Low Country archaeologists are extremely copious and curious. The time had come when the wild ascription to him of more than 900 pictures—many of which are crowded with figures at whole-length, surrounded by innumerable details, such as utensils, toys, weapons, armour, animals, furniture, architectural elements, and what not, to say nothing of landscape features, and finished with touches of ineffable spirit, firmness, and precision—should be questioned. It is desirable that definite ideas should be attained of what in the prodigious assembly is to be accepted as his and what awarded to others who bore his family name, as well as to those imitators and scholars (the terms were often due to one and the same person) who either worked for him and them, or were neither more nor less than servile copyists of the masterpieces of the most brilliant and accomplished artist of the Flemish school of the seventeenth century.

Such was David Teniers the Second, or, as the French call him, *le Jeune*, in order to distinguish him from D. Teniers I., or *le Père*, his father. The latter was an artist of considerable ability and industry, who, dying in 1649, aged sixty-seven years, seemed to have been born for the confusion of inquirers and the bewilderment of critics. In the line of domestic and festive *genre* which the father and son alike affected, their similarity is close enough to excuse, if not to induce, that troublesome mixing of their works which has not even now been corrected in every gallery, public as well as private. To this hour the curators and compilers of the catalogues of national collections, to say nothing of those provincial ones where pseudo-‘Tenierses’ are rife in incredible numbers and of wonderful badness, seem to hesitate about labelling the works of *le Père* distinctly from those of the son whose career—David II. being born in 1610—that of his father overlapped by at least twenty, if not twenty-five, years. Add to this affection for a certain class of subjects in common the fact that David II. was actually his father’s pupil, and if not an imitator of that clever artist, at least his follower, for whom he during youth doubtless worked according to that custom of the period which has confused so many records and led to endless blunders.

In an age when the office of the art-critic is often assumed by ‘young gentlemen of the Universities,’ who found nothing so much to their tastes as

a picture, and being innocent of technical knowledge, are professors of *belles lettres* rather than of art, the mere fact that Teniers I. and Teniers II. were both named David, and, it was averred, most reprehensibly accustomed to use signatures as nearly alike as they could well be, it is not surprising that confusion has been thoroughly attained and long irresolvable. To this hour professors of *belles lettres* are exercised in many odd ways of art-criticism, but in none are they more frequently at sea than with regard to the productions of the numerous Teniers family. The fact is, that whereas a certain clear, cold greenness and an exceptionally thin *impasto* generally (though not invariably) distinguish the pictures of the elder David from those of his son, especially when his technique was fully developed, the latter excelled in silveriness and clear, pure tones, choiceness and variety of colours in those half-tints that never exhibit the characteristic even brownness (verging on a monochrome of that hue) which pervades the works of David I. The drawing *per se* of the junior painter is generally better than his father’s, which very seldom, however, sinks below excellence, and cannot be called mediocre. The son was a man of incomparably greater resource than the father; consequently, while the designs of the latter suggest a constitutional timidity and lack of invention, freedom, and energy, those of his pupil and offspring are highly organized, thoroughly animated, and crowded with character, humour, and insight. David II. mastered higher keys of light and tone than his progenitor; and, although he never attained to the depth, richness, and force of Jan Steen—who may be fairly bracketed with him in many respects, except as regards the grossness of the Dutchman and pupil of Adrian van Ostade—he surpassed David I. in the brightness and strength of his local colours. The last-mentioned distinction, the brownness of the senior’s half-tints, and the thin greenness of his pictures, are always safe if not quite complete guides for those who wish to appropriate the productions of either David to the right man.

It may be that the father moved in a lower social circle than, after Fortune smiled on him, the son attained; accordingly it is not hard to discover by the costumes of the figures he painted that boors and frows of low degree were his models, while the son, in later life at least, delineated handsomely clad ladies, soldiers, nobles, statesmen, and their attendants. Unfortunately this rule, if it be one, does not always apply, and some of the finest pieces of David II.—e.g.

the famous *Kermesse*, *The Chateau*, and *The Bagpipe*, which are among the greatest treasures in Buckingham Palace—deal with low life and its humours. The same may be said of the somewhat inferior *Reapers' Fête*, which is in the same collection. *The Chateau* and *The Bagpipe* have been at the Academy, respectively No. 98 of this year and No. 88 of 1882. The former, which is said to have been painted for the decoration of the artist's own harpsichord, is signed and dated 1645. It is No. 496 of Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné.' The latter is dated 1649, and is Smith's No. 498. They were both reproduced by

Tenierses affirm the authorship of the son's pictures, and thus enable us to set up standards of style with regard to both, and applicable retrospectively with excellent results. All this shows the better taste and finer culture of the younger painter.

The best standard for discriminating the works of one and the other artist is that technical one which I have ventured to indicate, and which may be established as well as illustrated by examination of *Rocky Landscape*, *The Conversation*, and *Playing at Bowls*, Nos. 949, 950, and 951 in the National Gallery, all of which were formerly ascribed to 'David Teniers' at



TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

M. Braun of Dornach, and published by the Autotype Company, with the numbers 58 and 59 respectively. But for the custom of both artists to depict inferior subjects, we might sometimes readily discriminate the father's from the son's works by means of the changes of costumes adopted by the upper classes, the dates of which are easily ascertained. The dresses of the labourers were seldom altered during the Teniers epoch. On the other hand, the fact remains that the younger painter rarely omitted to introduce, as in that masterpiece *The Chateau*, ladies and gentlemen as witnesses of the gambols of his boors. In the above-named *Bagpipe*, which is celebrated as 'La Cornemeuse,' a gay young man with a feather in his cap dances with a lively matron (whose suspicious spouse looks on), and gives a less ignoble air to a composition the elder Teniers would have confined to village louts and dull old men. The dates of many

large, and are now rightly awarded to the senior. Turning from these to the unquestionable works of David II, in the same collection, and including *The Misers*, so called, or, more correctly, *The Money-changers* (No. 155), of which an etching accompanies this essay, *Boors Regaling* (158), and *The Village Fête* (952), the reader will have no difficulty in discovering the grounds of the criticism which has enabled students to award many Tenierses rightly to their authors. The title of *The Money-changers* is, of course, nearly as unapt as that of *The Misers*, which, as to many a similar work, has been absurdly given to No. 155. *The Bankers*, or *The Money-lenders*, would be best of all names for this very excellent picture, a capital example of a large class. It bears the signature at full length, 'David Teniers,' and is evidently a late production of that artist. So far as my inquiries enable me to affirm, it

appears that David I. never signed pictures thus, while his son rarely, if ever, employed the cypher 'T' within 'D.,' which, beyond question, the father most frequently affected. Some of the pictures in the National Gallery bear this cypher, and may, I think, be due to the older artist, whose work they greatly resemble.

If it is difficult to tell David I. from David II. in their works respectively, how shall we say which is which of the labours of the other artists of their race, who, descending from Julian Teniers, or 'Taisnier,' the quondam mercer of Ath in Hainault, set up his staff at

Antwerp in 1558, and died in the Shoe Market there, at the sign of the 'Crown of Cologne,' May 4, 1585, and gave to the world two sons, Julian II. (born respectively in 1572 and 1615), and the above-named David I., or *le Père* (born 1582, died 1649)? Julian II. begat Julian III. and Theodore I. The brothers were both admitted to the Antwerp Guild of Painters in 1636. David I. begat David II. (born December, 1610, died 1690),

Julian III. (1616-1679), Theodore II. (1619-1697), and Abraham (1629-1670). David II. by his first wife (see below for his re-marriage) begat David III. (1638-1685), Anne Maria, Clara, Anthony, and Cornelia, who married that painter of quaint figures, John Erasmus Quellinus (1634-1715), a member of a family of sculptors whose lives covered nearly two hundred years. David III. begat David IV. (1672-1771), who settled in Portugal, where his descendants are, it is said, still discoverable.

The painters of the Low Countries often married each other's sisters and daughters, and thus we are not surprised to find that on July 22, 1637, David II. led to the altar Anne, a child of 'Velvet' Breughel, or 'Breughel de Velours,' Rubens (the alleged master of the bridegroom), David I., and Paul van Halmale, whom Van Dyck painted, signed the marriage register. The bride was seventeen years

of age. After her death, in May 1656, and burial in St. Gudule at Brussels, David II. was in the following October re-married to Isabella, daughter of Master Andrew de Fren, Secretary of the Council of Brabant, a man of standing. By his second wife David II. had seven children, including Louis, Justin Leopold, and Maria Isabella. It is interesting to know that the mother of our master was a person of some account—to wit, Dympe Cornelissen de Wilde, daughter of Cornelius Hendricks, Captain of the Scheldt, and afterwards Admiral.

The researches of M. Alphonse Wauters, of Brussels, and others, have produced, from parochial and other documents, the above genealogy and many details of note. The greater number of the Teniers family were painters, and most of these adapted themselves to the artistic types of the illustrious David II., whose *véritable initiateur* to art is said to have been Rubens. With this opinion, for which there is not a scrap of historical evidence, except that which refers to the friend-



A COTTAGE DOOR.

ship of the great Fleming for the Antwerper, it is hard to agree. The former was thirty-three years older than *le Jeune*. Their friendship, but nothing more, is established by the records discovered by M. Wauters. In the technique of David II. are ample traces of the influence of his father, but there is no feature to associate it with Sir Peter Paul's methods in art, or, and least of all, his inspiration in design. In fact, nothing could be more remote from these elements than the highly characteristic treatment of David's *chef d'œuvre*, the superb picture at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, which is renowned as the *Arquebusers of Antwerp*, and represents the leading members of that valiant corps exchanging compliments and stately salutations with the chiefs of the city in the Grand Place before the Hôtel de Ville.

The whole assembly stands in a long line and

close masses, with, facing us on our left, that building, with statues of *Justice* and *Wisdom* in their niches, soaring eagles on the gables, tall obelisks of white marble glancing in the sun on the parapet, and marine gods triumphant at their sides. Likewise, and on the gable proper, is the Virgin, as Queen of Heaven *regnant* on the crescent moon.\* On our right we have, in the vista of the Breery Straet, or Brewer Street, the house of Charles V. The whole design comprises thirty-six whole-length figures, seen in full, beside as many heads in the second rank looking over the shoulders of their neighbours, and every one of these is a portrait. All the persons are dressed in black velvet, relieved with scarfs of crimson silk; most of them wear falling collars, some of which are richly laced, or circular ruffs *à la Jean Baptiste*. The latter appear about the necks of the seniors, and evidently refer to a fashion which was dying in 1643. Saluted by the Commandant of the Arquebusiers, the civic dignitaries, all of whom hold halberds of state, take off their plumed caps, and, bowing, allow the heavy ostrich-feathers to trail before them. It is said that portraits of the artist and his family, and other eminent painters, have been recognised in the groups of armed men. These portraits were recognised by Smith's informant in the more prominent personages of the composition. As the picture was a commission from the Arbalatiers, it is not likely the leaders of the corps would allow themselves to be ousted from their places in this respect; although among the subordinate figures the artists may indeed be found. I recognise in the elderly man who is holding the goblets of wine, and standing close behind the civic chief, the features of Simon de Vos. He has on his breast those curious buckler-like disks of metal which, in one of Frank Hals' pictures, the cup-bearer wears. Another cup-bearer is on our extreme right, and adorned with similar insignia; he has a napkin over his arm. Some of the troopers carry arquebuses, two ranks similarly armed are discharging a *feu de joie* before the Hôtel de Ville; but the dignitaries carry halberds of state, and are portly gentlemen far beyond the martial age. On our extreme right, one champion, doubtless in honour of the ancient weapon of the Arbalisters, bears a cross-bow.

\* This masterpiece was, as we learn from the 'Histoire de la Peinture Flamande' of M. Michiels, vi. 455, painted in 1643 (it bears this date, with the artist's names in full), for the *Serment de l'Arbalète*, a corporation which, in 1750, sold it, with another painting, to M. Gerard Hoet, for 5000 florins. Later it was in the gallery of the Landgrave of Hesse, at Cassel, and later still in that of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison. The Emperor Alexander of Russia brought it from Malmaison in 1815, and it is now at the Hermitage. It is Smith's No. 20, and, in the Supplement to the 'Catalogue Raisonné,' No. 24.

Other Arbalisters appear on the opposite side of the picture.

This very remarkable work is crowded with figures of great spirit and full of character, admirably finished and illuminated as with a charm. There is not a trace of Rubens in it. On the contrary, it exhibits the very culmination of that firm, solid, laborious, and learned art which it was the mission of Rubens to put an end to, substituting for these noble qualities, which obtained ere his time in the Low Countries, his own massive bravado, florid luxury, and audacious sumptuousness. The great Teniers of the Hermitage is in the style of Terburg, Breughel, and Jan Steen. Measuring nearly four feet four inches high, by six feet long, it is among the largest of the works of David II.

I dismiss at once the legend that Adrian Brauwer, who was admitted to the fraternity of St. Luke in Antwerp in 1631, only one year before our painter attained the same distinction, was the master of the latter, who, in truth, only carried to its acme the style of his time, independent of Rubensian bravura and splendour.

The impossibility of David II. having produced all the works ascribed to him of Smith, to say nothing of others not named in the great 'Catalogue Raisonné,' is manifest when we consider how highly he worked up his figures, and with what ineffable skill—the despair of all draughtsmen *per se*—he delineated armour dresses, weapons, and still life at large, besides buildings and landscapes innumerable of details. The *Arquebusiers* is perhaps the finest of its kind, but it is by no means the picture of Teniers which comprises the greatest number of complete and highly-finished whole-length figures. I shall refer to this point in another essay. Even the cold-blooded Wilkie, the only modern, except MM. Meissonier, Zamacors, and half-a-dozen Frenchmen of triumphant patience and indescribable skill, who has approached our master in this respect, said, 'I have also' [he meant likewise] 'seen some pictures by Teniers which for clear touching certainly go to the height of human perfection in art; they make all other pictures look misty beside them.' What that 'clear touching' was, which went to the height of human perfection, may be seen in such instances as the Queen's Teniers called *The Drummer*, well known in Europe as *Le Tambour Battant*, and dated 1657. Compared with the armour lying on our right in this canvas, the execution of which is as veracious as it is magistral, nothing Wilkie left us is equal. Only a few Dutchmen and Flemings of the seventeenth century, Van Eyck and Memlinc of the fifteenth century, and the above-named Frenchmen of our own age, have approached this triumph which I select as an example not only of finish and 'clear touching,' but of *finesse*, and, above all, of breadth,



veracity, and solidity. Merely to toil over such still-life as this is not to come near the honour of Teniers II. It is Smith's 388, and formerly belonged to Mr. Walsh Porter. There are similar pictures at Amsterdam, Lord Derby's at Knowsley, and at Madrid. Relatively to the *Arquebusiers* these are quite inferior examples, yet each of them must have demanded an immensity of labour and corresponding time from the deftest of hands, and skill without a rival.

To a man who worked in this wonderful manner, Smith and the collectors have awarded a host of pictures. I say nothing of his invention and higher capacities, or of the genius which, with force and wizardry almost equal to Breughel's, affected incantations, *diablerie*, and the like—a genius which revelled in guard-houses with soldiery and sutlers, got as drunk as possible at *kermesses*, danced wildly at feasts of the rich and poor, played at cards and bowls with peasants, gambled with swash-bucklers, and attended the labours of armourers, chemists, smiths, clerks, students, women, surgeons, and tooth-drawers.

Smith enumerated 903 pictures by David Teniers II. Although the Marvel of Cataloguers recorded some of these twice over—e.g. his 96 is the same as the above-named Nos. 20 and the Supplement No. 24, and thus that work stands for three—the total is monstrous. To his followers, relations, and namesakes (especially to his father) we may fairly attribute the majority, if not all the inferior instances and small things, out of counting. Their lives have been absorbed in the fruits of his. The ablest of his imitators were Apshoven, Ryckaert, Van Helmont, De Houdt, and F. Duchatel. Nevertheless, when these worked independently we have little difficulty in recognising the works of each man. Perhaps Zorg, likewise, might have produced some 'Tenierses' before he started for himself. Long as was the life of David II., and great as was his success, we cannot accept more than 200 paintings of all kinds as due to him wholly or even largely. It is known that most of the above-named artists worked for him, while some of them lived with him. It is to be hoped that the handsome Château de Pereck, near Mechlin, of which he painted the portrait now in the National Gallery, was not maintained by 'sweating' his assistants. His life was indeed long and industrious. He was born in Antwerp on a day not recorded, but doubtless very shortly before December 15, 1610, when he was baptized in the church (Rubens's church) of St. Jacques of the same city. His uncle, Julian Teniers the painter, and Maria Janssens, were his sponsors at the font. After his admission to the Fraternity of St. Luke in 1632, he married Anne Breughel in the church of St. Jacques, as above, July 22, 1637. (See before on this point and as to his seven children.) In 1644 he became

Dean (*Doyen*) of St. Luke's fraternity. His wife Anne died in May, 1656; and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, Brussels, on the 12th of that month. On the 21st October following her widower was re-married at the church of the Abbey of St. Jacques sur Caudenberg, Brussels, to Isabella de Fren. Isabella was a godchild of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, one of whose names she bore.



SKETCH IN CHALK.

At this marriage were present Abraham, the brother of David II., and his son, David III. The Archduke Leopold William appointed David II. one of the officers of his household (*Ayuda de Camara* or *Aide de Chambre*), Chamberlain, and gave him a gold chain and medal of honour. Among other trusts this liberal Governor of the Low Countries imposed on Teniers, whose warm admirer he was, was that of copying the noble collection of Italian and other pictures in his possession at Brussels, the staple of which are now in the Belvedere at Vienna. To this circumstance was due the existence of not fewer than 150 copies lately at Blenheim, and recently exhibited on sale in Bond Street. These

copies, or most of them, were made for engraving in the '*Theatrum Pictorium Davidis Teniers*.' Having carefully examined the works at Blenheim and in Bond Street, I have no hesitation in saying that,

if any, not more than half-a-dozen of the whole had received touches of Teniers' hands. It is a manifest absurdity to suppose that he would personally execute such a commission.

F. G. STEPHENS.

## DANIEL VIERGE.

WHEN the French translation of 'Pablo de Ségovie' was published in 1882, the publisher, in a note, regretted the sudden serious illness of Daniel Vierge, the artist who had undertaken its illustration. He had scrupled asking any one else to illustrate the remaining chapters; for the work, unfinished though it was, would ever remain 'the most glorious monument' to the talent of Vierge. From this we concluded, not unnaturally, that the illness had proved fatal; a conclusion confirmed by the fact that for several years we saw no more of Vierge's work. The sudden death of his brother, also an artist and illustrator, was another reason that many fell into the same mistake. But some months since, on making inquiries about him, we learned that so far from being dead he had only just been married. Then in '*La Vie Moderne*' we saw illustrations representing him sitting at work and learning to draw with his left hand; and while we were in Paris at Christmas, a drawing by him of *Les Chiens Savants*, signed 1887, appeared in '*Le Monde Illustré*.' But his illness had indeed been serious enough to justify the publisher's belief that he would never more rival or surpass his own masterpiece. His right side was paralyzed; he lost the power of speech. There seemed little chance that he would again produce any work, good, bad, or indifferent. But his career was only checked, not stopped, by a misfortune that would have destroyed a man less great. As was shown in '*La Vie Moderne*,' when he could no longer use his right hand he set to work with the left, and he is once more, as of old, busy with the illustration of the papers and books of the day. He may even yet give the world work as great as, if not greater than, his 'Pablo de Ségovie.' This is more than possible, for he is still young. At thirty-seven a man has many of his best working years before him.

Vierge's name is almost unknown in England; his work here has been but little seen. He does not paint, he has never exhibited in the Salon. But in Paris, no sooner did his black-and-white work begin to appear in the illustrated papers, magazines, and books, than it was eagerly looked for in every studio, as it will be now that he again uses his pencil. He is a Spaniard by birth, a pupil of Madrazzo, a friend of Fortuny, Casanova, and Rico, though much younger than they; in a word, he is one of the group of Spaniards who have done so much to revolutionise modern art on the Continent and in America. His

father, Vicenti Urrabieta-Ortiz, was a draughtsman who had made a name for himself in Spain. But Vierge, unlike many of his contemporaries, was unwilling to use his father's reputation as a stepping-stone to fame. Once he published drawings of his own, he signed them 'Vierge,' his mother's name. He seems, however, to have been ready enough to learn all that he could from his father. In the early part of his career he worked in collaboration with him. This was when he was still very young, before he had left the art-schools in Madrid. His student's life had begun at the age of thirteen; when he was eighteen or nineteen he went to Paris, where so many of the great Spaniards had gone before him, where so many of the great Spaniards still live and work. For almost all agree with Casanova that Paris is the one and only centre of art, the only place, we have heard him say, for the modern artist.

Vierge came to Paris at an unfortunate time. Almost on his arrival war was declared with Germany. During the long, weary months that followed, during the siege, during the Commune, artists and art were forgotten. Many a Frenchman who, like Vierge, had just begun his art career, had to throw down his brush and take up a gun for his country. Vierge was a foreigner, and therefore not called upon to fight. He might have left Paris to work quietly elsewhere, but he remained; and Henri Demesse, who has written a short sketch of his life, tells how, throughout the siege and the no less evil days of the Commune, Vierge was to be seen everywhere, all day long wandering from one part of Paris to another, his pencil in his hand, and every evening bringing home a rich harvest of sketches. Of everything he saw, from the guards at the ramparts to the frightened women trembling at their shop-doors, he made notes, even as shells fell thick around him, until his portfolios contain by far the most wonderful and interesting collection of drawings of the siege of Paris that can be found.

The same writer also tells something of his life in the years that followed, when he first learned to know the city he had hitherto but dimly seen through the smoke of war. It was a continuation of the wanderings he had already begun. He was forever moving from one quarter of Paris to another, forever establishing himself in a new studio, only to leave it perhaps the next day. He loved to hunt out the picturesque, unknown corners, to study all that was

strangest in the life about him. Nothing pleased him as much as a queer little restaurant near the Halles, discovered by chance, where cripples, like those told of in 'Notre Dame de Paris,' every evening were cured of all their troubles. No sooner had they crossed the threshold than the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the lame were healed! Here Vierge doubtless found the originals of many of the marvellous drawings in 'Pablo de Ségovie.' The strange company, probably all unconsciously, served as models for the starved attendants of Don Alfonso, the blind beggars on Alcalá's streets, the wounded and the maimed who followed in Don Cosme's train. A man who was never without his sketch-book could hardly

German War no name was oftener seen in the illustrated publications than Vierge's. He worked for 'Le Monde Illustré' (then managed by his fellow-countryman Charles Yriarte), the 'Magazin Pittoresque,' the 'Tour du Monde,' 'La Vie Moderne,' the 'Musée des Familles.' He sent drawings to Spanish and even to American papers; he illustrated Victor Hugo, Michelet, Zola; he gave the world his conceptions of Don Quixote and Gil Blas; he interpreted the fantastic and arabesque creations of Edgar Poe. He worked unceasingly, now studying life, now putting the results of his study on paper.

In Paris his drawings influenced the art world, no less than Fortuny's had at an earlier day. Indeed



have let such an opportunity pass. As he sat with them at the table, where the cloth was not clean, but the dinner was delicious, where, however coarse the glass, the wine was of the best, there can be little doubt that he was busy, if not with his pencil, at all events in taking mental notes. The actual notes he makes on the spot—at least those we have seen—are not wonderful. The wonder is in the results he obtains from them. He told us himself that he did not use models, and in the accompanying plate there are certain things which make us think this must be the case. But how, without them, any one's head can contain and any one's hand express all that he puts into his drawings is more than we can understand. Another quality to be noted in his work is the wonderful amount of colour suggested without the use of it. In this same plate there is no pure black at all.

Probably in the years that followed the Franco-

their influence on illustrators and illustrations was really greater, since Vierge devoted himself entirely to black-and-white work. He doubtless owed much to Fortuny. The greater part of his work, and certainly the most characteristic, is done with pen and ink; and like Fortuny, he used the pen to fill his drawings with delicate modelling. Pen-and-ink drawings with him were something more than the mere sketches they had almost always been before the time of Fortuny. But however much Vierge learned from his great countryman, he brought to his work, a strength, a delicacy, and a character that were all his own. From the moment he began to work there was no mistaking it for that of any other draughtsman. Not that it is in the least mannered. In looking over the pages of 'Pablo de Ségovie,' one is struck with the entirely different methods used in the many drawings. Indeed Vierge, of himself, seems to have learnt everything, and to have mastered that

cleverness or the knowledge of how to use one's ability which is indispensable to good pen drawing, an art only for so-called clever men—men who are interested in their work, and who, to attain their ends,

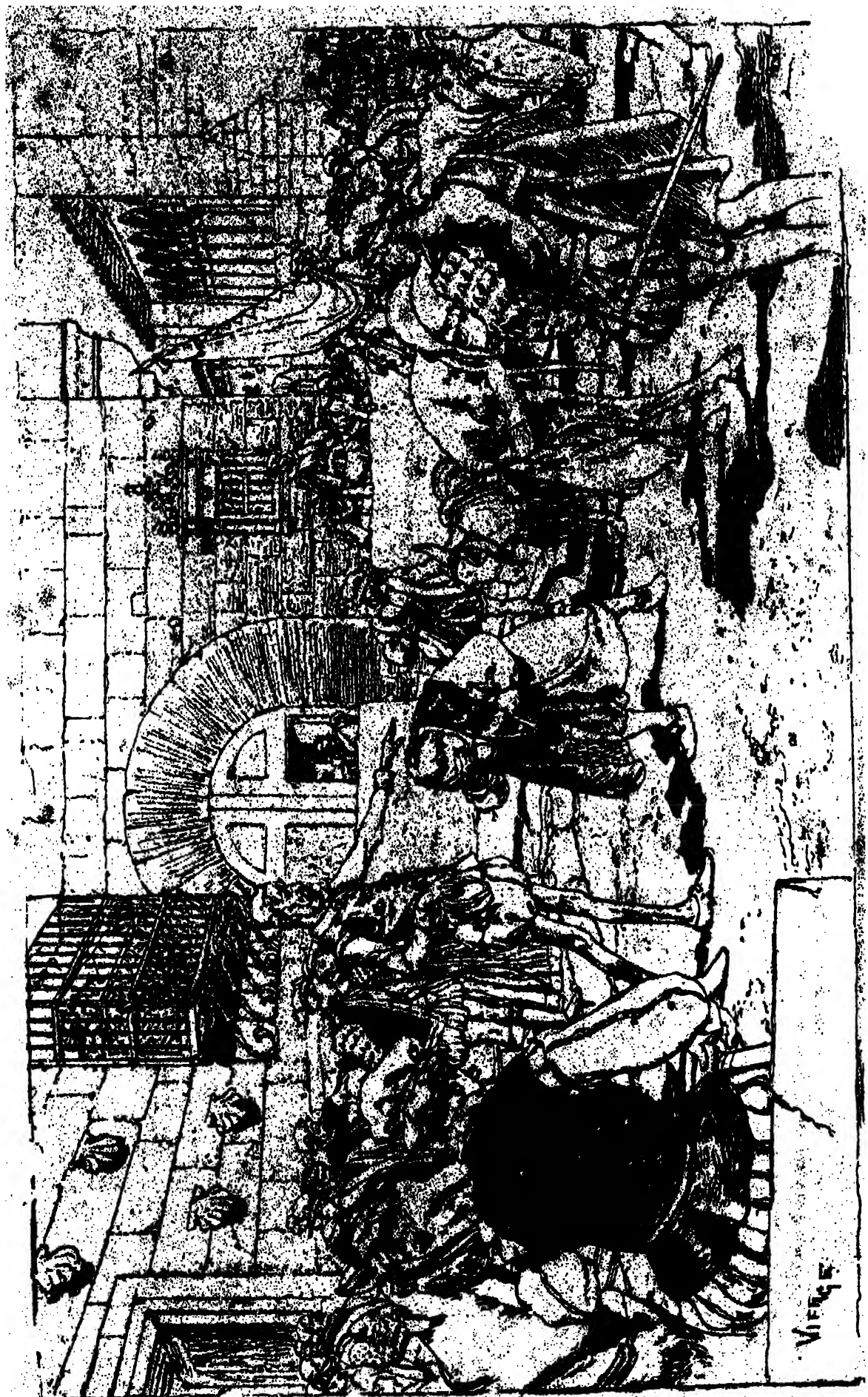
most artistic rendering of architecture, the most graceful suggestions of landscape. To examine the smallest drawing in this masterpiece of illustration is to learn how much study prepared the way for its



are ready, if necessary, to use other than conventional methods, or to get other than commonplace results by the ordinary means. If the pen draughtsman who thinks he has discovered some new method, looks in that most wonderful book, 'Pablo de Ségovie,' he finds that Vierge discovered it long before him, and can give him a few hints into the bargain. And with this cleverness of technique he will find the most perfect modelling in the tiniest figures and faces, the

brilliancy and grace. And it is because of this study, because of the assured touch of the master, that each and every one of his drawings is so strongly stamped with individuality.

The influence exerted by Vierge is shown by the number of his followers. The pages of 'La Vie Moderne' are filled with the work of men who unquestionably accepted him for their master. Some of the cleverest French illustrators—Ferrand Fau,



Vierge





L. Galice, V. Poirson, F. Lunel, for example—owe much of their cleverness to the study of his work.

Lantier was of the friends who met in the Café Baudouin. But where Claude Lantier had but



Several of the leading American illustrators have been no less influenced by it. That in Paris his followers gathered about him with enthusiasm is more than likely. We can fancy him the centre and moving spirit of a group of fellow-students, full of new ideas, and eager for hard work, just as Claude

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failure for his portion, Vierge gained one success after another, until just as he reached the last rung of the ladder to fame, he was cruelly stricken with paralysis, and like a child had to begin again at the very beginning and learn how to hold his pencil. The drawings in 'La Vie Moderne,' of which we have



spoken, are but one of many proofs of the enthusiasm and interest he inspired. Another, almost touching in its *naïveté*, is given by Henri Demesse in his sketch of Vierge. By way of prelude he tells how he and a friend had often pictured to themselves the ideal artist. He was to be a man, essentially superior to his fellow-men, beautiful as Antinoüs, generous even though penniless, 'loyal, fearless, magnanimous, and superb.' He was to live, as was but befitting, in some old mediaeval dwelling, surrounded by poignards wrought by Cellini, by mandolines, by all that was most lovely and old in Palissy ware, by Egyptian mummies, by Assyrian marbles—in short, he must be as wonderful a creature as the hero who walks through Ouida's impossible world. '*Eh bien*,' adds Demesse, after this description, '*Eh bien*! This artist, of whom we dreamed in our youth, I have just seen. In almost all respects'—in all but the appropriate mediaeval background—'Daniel Vierge realises our ideal.'

We met Vierge about a year ago in Paris. He is still an unusually handsome man, despite the disease which has crippled him. At first the only sign of his sufferings seems to be the one white streak in his brown hair. But then almost immediately you see that, strong as he looks—for he is tall and large—he walks with a cane, and his right side is lifeless. When you speak to him he can scarcely find words in answer. It would be sad enough were it not for his own cheerfulness. When the words will not come he laughs. With a smile, which helps you to understand the infatuation of Demesse, he shows you he

can move his right arm an inch, when a year ago even that was impossible. For the truth is Vierge is recovering, though slowly as was to be expected; but still there is every reason to hope that in a few years he will be able to work and talk as in other days.

Even, as it is, that his right hand has only lent its cunning to his left, the plate here published proves. When we saw him he had just come back from Spain, where he had made a number of water-colour drawings, as fine in colour, as crisp in touch, as the work of Rico. Though his life and work have been devoted to black and white, he occasionally has made studies in colour. He showed us the original drawings for 'Pablo de Ségovie,' which are as much more marvellous than their reproductions as these are than the average illustration. They were too much reduced, the blocks being too small to do full justice to the delicacy of his work, as any one can see by comparing the blocks in 'Pablo de Ségovie' with the much larger reproduction which the artist has enabled us to give, and with the photogravure in this number of *THE PORTFOLIO*, remembering at the same time that the latter was drawn with his left hand, while the former are the work of his days of perfect health and vigour.

Vierge is now finishing the series of illustrations for 'Pablo de Ségovie' with a view to publishing an entirely new edition with much larger reproductions. Fortunately he has full control of the old drawings. To the new edition all artists must look forward with pleasure.

J. AND E. R. PENNELL.

## THE EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

### XI.—COPLEY FIELDING, DAVID COX, W. J. MÜLLER.

OF the three artists referred to in my last paper as painters, more exclusively than the rest of the earlier English water-colourists, of the country of England, not so much of its castles and cathedrals as of its fields and mountains and local characteristics, Antony Vandyke Copley Fielding (1787-1855) was at once the most elegant and the weakest, the most charming draughtsman and the least potent colourist. His drawings fell generally under one of three classes: lake and mountain scenery in the North of England, Wales, and Scotland, sea and shore scenes, and pictures of the Sussex Downs. He was particularly skilful in obtaining most delicate gradations of tone and effects of mist by repeated layers of colour and washings down, and may be said to have been the chief master of this method as distinguished from that of the

pure, bright touches in gemlike mosaic, and the artful wedging and interlacing of washes of full strength laid on once and for all, in which both Cox and De Wint excelled. Of Fielding, Mr. Ruskin said in one of his lectures at Oxford:—

'The depth of far-distant brightness, freshness, and mystery of morning air with which Copley Fielding used to invest the ridges of the South Downs, as they rose out of the blue Sussex champaign, remains, and I believe must remain, insuperable, while his sense of beauty in the cloud-forms associated with the higher mountains enabled him to invest the comparatively modest scenery of our own island—out of which he never travelled—with a charm seldom attained by the most ambitious painters of Alp or Apennine.'

The charm of his pictures of lake scenery is doubtless great; he drew the forms of hill and moun-

tain with singular grace, he shrouded them in the most subtle and impalpable veils of mist; but it was their picturesque beauty rather than their majesty that he felt, and his colour was pretty rather than rich or full. But on the Sussex Downs he was, as Mr. Ruskin says, insuperable. He loved all that was sweet and delicate in nature, and these softly-moulded hills, half-filled with the white mists of morning, or flooded with the gentle gold of a summer afternoon, with their long, smooth curves undulating to the distant white cliff set in tender contrast against a pale blue sky or sandy sea; such things as these pleased him to paint, and were specially suited to his method of execution. The key in which these Down drawings are executed is so light, and their beauty is so difficult to represent by black-and-white lines, that they do not lend themselves to reproduction by photography or etching, and one of his fine drawings of a storm at sea has, therefore, been chosen for our plate. Drawings of this class were scarcely less a specialty of Fielding than his scenes on the Downs, and both have provoked numberless imitations.

For such pictures the scale of colour of which he had the completest command was adequate. The murky sky of all imaginable gradations of warm and cold greys, the waves with slaty hollows and sandy lights, the dark hulls of the ships with their white or brown sails, he repeated with variations again and again. The original in our plate is a fine example of his swinging seas and advancing clouds; it has lost in colour, but this does not much affect our engraving. Fielding, like Hunt, was a pupil of John Varley and a visitor at Dr. Monro's. Of his life there is little recorded beyond his connexion with the Water-colour Society. This commenced in 1810 and terminated only with his death in 1835. During that period he was a prolific contributor to its exhibitions, sending an average of between forty and fifty drawings for many years in succession, and he filled the offices of Treasurer, Secretary, and finally of President of the Society.

The last and greatest of the trio was David Cox, not greatest in all respects, for Copley Fielding had a finer sense of the beauty of line and form, and De

Wint excelled him in composition and drawing and in depth and bloom of colour; but if Cox's chord of colour was not so deep as that of De Wint (Fielding cannot compare with either as a colourist), it was equally fine in quality, as true in harmony, and more radiant. Indeed, as a 'luminarist,' to take a word from the French, there is perhaps no modern painter who is quite his equal. His best pictures, whether in oil or water, make 'a hole in the wall,' as the saying is. Every part of them is alive with light,—light radiating from the sky, sparkling in the middle distance, and scintillating even in the shadows of the foreground. And he combined this transparency with remarkable force and solidity of effect, so that his works are as strong as they are bright. Using a full brush, he laid on his colours with swift strokes, interlacing and

interweaving them without disturbance, so that (especially on the coarse-grained paper that he loved, they have at once a purity and a play which is perhaps unrivalled, for they are never muddled or 'smoky,' and, despite their constant variety



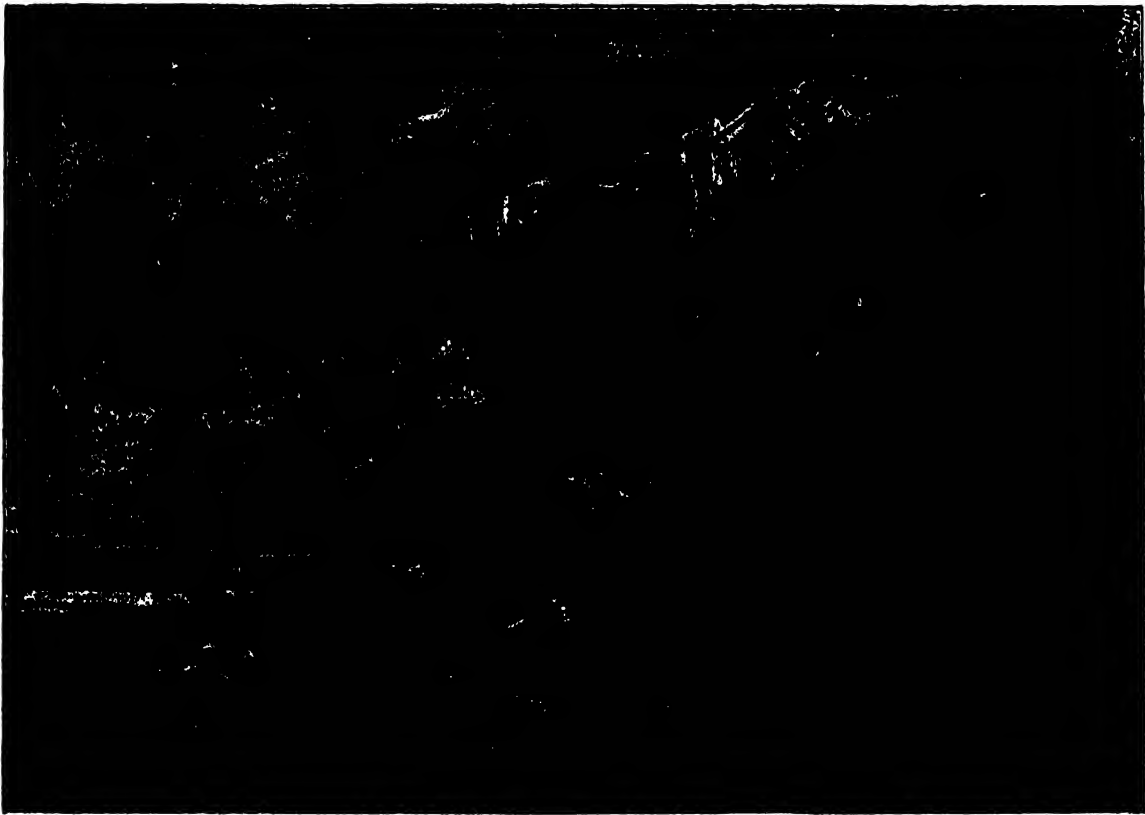
PENCIL SKETCH BY COPLEY FIELDING.

and interchange, maintain unbroken the prevailing tint of their broadly divided masses. He was also great in rendering every variety of 'weather,' from a bright summer morn with a 'mackerel sky' to a drizzling afternoon and a 'dirty' night. But it is not to his technical skill—splendid though it was, and in so marked a degree peculiar to himself—that he owes his special eminence in the history of English art, but to that power of poetical expression which was more strongly developed in his later life. The spirit of his poetry was of the kind that I have already described as separating modern from ancient landscape, as modern from ancient verse, and consists in imaginative sympathy between human and inanimate nature generally, and more especially between those who win their bread by the sweat of their brows and the places where they live and die. The individual may be a peasant and his place a fen, or he may be a sailor and his place the shore and the sea, but in either case the man is bound to the place, and its soil and its plants, its heights or its plains, its dryness or its wetness, its stillness or its storms, its prevalent sunshine or prevalent mist, mould his fortunes and his ideas, and

even his physical form. These ideas are not fanciful, but most literally true, and yet they present for the imagination of a landscape-painter a field as wide and deep and noble, and perhaps more fit than the fall of empires and the destinies of the human race.

David Cox (1783-1859), like so many of our greatest artists, was of humble origin. His father was a blacksmith and a whitesmith, his mother, the daughter of a farmer and miller, was of better education than her husband, and a woman of superior intelligence and force of character. David was born in Heath Mill Lane at Deritend, a suburb of Birmingham, on the 29th of April, 1783. What education

ger. He soon rose to the position of scene-painter but after two or three years he quarrelled with Macready and went to London, on the proposal of Mr. Astley, and settled in lodgings near Astley's Circus, which was kept by a widow named Ragg, whose daughter Mary he afterwards married. He never, however, seems to have painted for Astley's, but he painted scenes for the Surrey and other theatres. Some scenes painted for the theatre at Wolverhampton are his latest recorded connexion with stage-art. All this time he had kept up his habit of sketching from nature whenever he could, and by this time his career as a painter of landscape



COAST NEAR PEN MAEN MAWR. AFTER D. COX.

he received was at a day-school and afterwards at the Free School at Birmingham for a short time, but he was soon set to work in his father's smithy. He showed very early a disposition towards art, and as he was not deemed strong enough for smith's work, he was sent to the drawing-school of Joseph Barber, for the purpose of qualifying him for apprenticeship to one of the 'toy trades,' then flourishing at Birmingham: the toys consisting of buttons, buckles, snuffboxes, locket, &c., mounted in metal-work and painted. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a locket and miniature painter, but his master, whose name was Fielder, committing suicide about eighteen months after, that way of life was closed to him, and he found another in grinding colours for the scene-painter, at the Birmingham Theatre, of which Macready (the father of the great tragedian) was then lessee and mana-

in water-colours may be said to have well commenced. Two of his friends from Birmingham, Charles Barker and Richard Evans, had come up to town to sketch with him, and he disposed of his drawings to a dealer named Simpson, of Greek Street, for the large sum of two guineas a dozen. He began to take pupils, and also lessons; and in 1805 and 1806 he had made sketching tours in North Wales. John Varley was his master, and to his credit be it recorded that when he found that Cox was a poor and struggling artist he refused to accept further payments from him. In 1808 he married Mary Ragg, who was some twelve years older than he, and removed to a cottage at the corner of Dulwich Common, where their only child, David, who afterwards became a well-known member of the Water-colour Society, was born the year after. For many years his life was one of struggles; the prices

for his drawings (1811-1814) ranging from seven shillings for a small sketch to six pounds for a large coloured drawing. That he could not sell all he painted is clear from the following story. Cox belonged to the short-lived Association of Artists in Water-colours, which was started in 1808 and came to an end a year or two afterwards, the works of the Society being seized by the owners of the Exhibition Gallery. One of them, a drawing of *Windsor Castle* by Cox, was purchased by Mr. J. Allnut, and when his collection was being prepared for sale in 1861 two other drawings were found underneath it attached to the sketching-board. The fine drawing of the *Cricketers* by De Wint was discovered in much the same way by Mr. Vokins.

In 1813 Cox for a short time taught drawing at the Military Academy at Farnham, but his new duties obliged him to break up his home, and were otherwise uncongenial, and in the following year he took up his residence at Hereford, where he remained till 1827, teaching in different schools and private families and taking pupil-boarders. By dint of hard work and economy he had managed by 1817 to build a house on land of his own, which he called Ashtree House, and when he came to London he was able to dispose of it for about 1000*l*. In 1813 he joined the Water-colour Society, and during his stay in Hereford he (except in 1815 and 1817) contributed regularly to its exhibitions, sometimes sending over twenty, and once over thirty, drawings. Every year he paid a visit to London and took a sketching holiday. In 1819 he went to North Devon and Bath, in 1826 to Holland and Belgium, but he usually then and afterwards went to North Wales. In this Hereford time he also published several educational works, illustrated by soft ground etchings of his own and coloured aquatints. In 1814 the first appeared called 'A Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect on Water-colours, from the first rudiments to the finished picture;' in 1816, 'Progressive Lessons in Landscape for young beginners'—twenty-four etchings without letterpress; and in 1825 his 'Young Artists' Companion, or Drawing-book of Studies, &c.' He also published in 1820 some views of Bath.

From 1827 to 1841 Cox lived at 9 Foxley Road, Kennington Common, and during these years took several short trips to France, and sketching excursions in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Wales. In 1836 and 1837 he made the sketches for his illustrations to Roscoe's 'Wanderings and Excursions' in North and South Wales. Living a simple painter's life without incident, steadily but slowly improving in his art and in public favour, steadily saving a little money year by year, still producing hundreds of drawings which sold but for small prices, and in truth did not deserve very large ones.

In 1839 Cox was fifty-six years old, a good honest painter in water-colours, an accurate observer of nature, an excellent teacher, but yet not generally recognised as the possessor of any special gift or remarkable poetry of feeling. But he was still an industrious and humble man, not tired of his work nor satisfied with his accomplishments, but conscious of his shortcomings and bent on overcoming them if it were possible. At this time he conceived a strong desire to paint in oils, and not even his habitual caution or the advice of most of his friends could dissuade him from the attempt. He had long ago sketched from nature in oils with Havell, but he had not painted any oil picture of importance. He had, at least, one encourager in his new departure, a friend and fellow-sketcher, Mr. William Roberts; and he persevered, with the result of not only mastering the difficulties of the oil-painting, but also thereby greatly developing his genius as a painter in water-colours. This development was greatly aided by the influence of a much younger man, whose rapidity and skill in the management of his materials were phenomenal. In 1839 this young painter (but twenty-seven years old, and equally skilful in oil and water-colours) had just returned from his journeys in Greece and Egypt, bringing with him his portfolios full of vigorous and masterly sketches, and Cox went to see him paint.

This young genius was William John Müller, the son of a German minister, born at Bristol, where his father was Curator of the Museum. Well educated, endowed with various tastes, and intended for an engineer, he threw over everything for art. He received his first instruction from his fellow-townsmen, James Baker Pyne (1800-1870), the well-known landscape-painter and imitator of Turner, but soon struck out a bold new line for himself, studying direct from nature and painting in the open air. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1833, and had visited Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, besides Greece and Egypt, before one morning Mr. George Frigg, now himself a distinguished veteran of the water-colour school, took Cox to see him paint. One of the pictures which he painted in Cox's presence was the famous *Ammunition Wagon*, which he completed in two sittings of a few hours each, although he made a very serious change in the composition while the picture was in progress. Cox looked on with wonder at the dexterity and power of the young genius, and with the eager apprehension of a young student. On the conclusion of one of the sittings, or lessons, he is reported to have said, in all humility, 'You see, Mr. Müller, *I can't paint*,' or words to that effect. But if he never painted before he painted afterwards, basing his practice in oils upon Müller's, and exhibiting a freedom and power in his water-colours greater than before.

Cox must, therefore, be said to have learnt much

from Müller, of whose splendid audacity as a sketcher we give two examples, reduced in size and denuded of colour, but still illustrative of some of his best qualities as a draughtsman and chiaroscuroist. To him it will be necessary to recur again, if briefly, for though he can scarcely be called one of the earlier water-colourists, he, like Bonington, did not live to belong to the later ones, and his talents were too sterling and his influence too great for him to be dismissed as an incident in the life of David Cox. At the same time it would be easy to over-estimate his influence on Cox. Cox was Cox even in 1838; all that he had of knowledge, of nature, of poetical feeling, was in the man stored up and ripe. In the

year till his death in 1859. It is to this period that all his great oil-pictures, and the noblest and most poetical of his water-colour drawings belong; including probably the not very large but fine example in the British Museum which has been engraved for this series. The inspiration for most of these was drawn mainly from North Wales, especially from Bettws-y-Coed and its neighbourhood, to which he paid a yearly visit from 1844 to 1856. Of all the parts of this island which he visited and painted, it was Wales that he loved and understood best, it was Wales that drew from him his deeper notes of poetry, his noblest sympathy with his kind. He is the greatest interpreter of her scenery and her life. And



LANDSCAPE. AFTER MÜLLER.

higher qualities of Cox, especially his human sympathy, Müller, with all his strength, was deficient; what Cox owed to him was not feeling but a method of expressing it. How quickly he profited by his study of oil-painting may be gathered from the fact that one of his oil pictures, *Washing Day*, painted in 1843, sold at Christie's in 1872 for 943*l.*, and many of his later oil pictures have sold for prices between two and three thousand pounds; and one, quite a small picture, *Peace and War*, for 360*l.* 10*s.*, a price quite unexampled for any landscape of the same size. It is only 18½ inches by 24 inches. It was painted in 1846 and given by Cox to a friend. This friend being in need of money, Cox bought his own picture of him for 20*l.*, and afterwards sold it for the same sum.

The desire to perfect himself in oil-painting was one of the reasons for his leaving London in 1841, when he retired to the neighbourhood of his native place. It was at Greenfield House, Greenfield Lane, Harborne, near Birmingham, that he lived from that

of all places in Wales, it is Bettws-y-Coed that he selected especially as the field for the exercise of his art. It was there that he sketched the church, the mill, the 'big' meadow, and saw the touching scene which he afterwards wrought into his noble drawing of *The Welsh Funeral*; and it was in its neighbourhood that he watched the peasants gathering peat, or returning home laden with fragrant heather, both subjects of famous drawings; and it was there probably that he saw the old man in our etching returning at eve with the bundle of faggots on his back. It was there, in fact, that all his greatest works were conceived—oil-pictures and water-colours—whose names are now 'historical' in sale-rooms for the large prices they have fetched since his death; especially at the Quilter sale in 1875, when the great *Hayfield* sold for 2950*l.*, the largest price ever paid for a water-colour drawing, not even excepting Turner's.

But even when he had reached the zenith of his power, as the story just related of the picture of

*Peace and War* will indicate, his prices were still low, his genius only recognised by a few. One of his oil-pictures was actually rejected by the British Institution in 1844; and he had to complain of the small respect that was paid by the hangers to the drawings he sent to the Water-colour Society in 1845. The public and his brother artists saw only in his broad style a 'want of finish.' In 1853, when his power was at his greatest, when his grasp of the greater truths of Nature was most strong, when his colour was most deep and brilliant and pure, and his works were inspired by a large spirit of humanity and a solemn deep feeling which may almost be called biblical, the Committee of the Water-colour Society thought his drawings 'too rough.' 'They forget,' wrote Cox, with a self-assertion rare to his humble nature, 'that they are the work of the mind, which I consider very far before portraits of places.' This (1853) was the year of *The Challenge*—a drawing of a bull roaring, a wild swamp with a blurred sky behind it—and the *Summit of a Mountain*, two of the finest of his later works. The former was, however, hung in the place of honour; and the latter found admirers at Harborne, for Cox wrote to his son, 'Perhaps I am made vain by some here who think my *Summit of a Mountain* worth—I am almost afraid to say—100*l.*; and if I could paint it in oil I shall some day, with D. V., get that sum.' There is no record that he ever did get 'that sum' for any one of his works; but if he did it was probably his 'top price.' A good deal of pity has been expressed for him (as for other artists, on account of the enormous contrast between the sums paid for their works after their death as compared with the prices they obtained in their lives; and there is perhaps nothing more pathetic than the case of artists like J. F. Millet and Méryon, who were barely able to support themselves in the humblest fashion even to the last. But this was not the case with Cox, though he had his period of struggle; and it was well said by Mr. Edward Radcliffe, in a speech delivered at a dinner given by the Liverpool Art Club in 1875 to commemorate an exhibition of Cox's works:—

'I would not like his life to have been changed one bit. . . . No man more thoroughly enjoyed his life. His habits and tastes were of the most simple kind. He saved what to him was a large competency. His house with all its surroundings was a model of English comfort. Suppose he had been besieged by patrons and dealers, he might have launched out . . . kept his carriage, taken his '40 port, and died twenty years before he did; and instead of being remembered by troops of friends as a dear simple friend, only thought of as a great "Mogul."'

It would be well, perhaps, for the art of England, and for many fashionable artists of the present day, if they were compelled by comparative neglect to live in

such comparative poverty as David Cox. Fortunately he was never tempted to flood the market with inferior replicas of the *Val of Chayd* and the *Skylark*, but put new effort and thought into every sketch till the end.

In 1844 Cox had a bad chest attack, and in the same year he lost his wife, after a union of thirty-seven years, and felt her loss severely. She was a very intelligent woman, had helped greatly in the strict economy of the household, and had taken an unusual interest in her husband's work. She sat with him while he painted, and was an admirable and severe critic. Cox's deep religious



WATER CARRIER, NANTIH. AFTER MÜLLER.

convictions aided him in recovering from this blow. 'In December he wrote to his son and daughter-in-law: "I certainly was very much out of spirits when I wrote on Thursday, but I am much better now; and I believe I have no real cause to be otherwise, for all things, I feel, are ordained for the very best for my good. I have been at my work with more calmness, and shall, I have no doubt, do better and be better in all ways, with God's grace and assistance. Your letter was of a most encouraging kind, too, with regard to my work, and yesterday I took your advice and immediately took up a canvas to begin an "oil" for the Institution.' This picture was called *Wind, Rain, and Sunshine* (or *Sun, Wind, and Rain*), a title suggested by Turner's *Rain, Steam, and Speed*, exhibited the previous year (1844). Work once



begun again, his industry never failed. He worked not only by day, but in the evening also, and his testimony as to the value of painting by lamplight is interesting. He wrote to his son in 1849: 'In an evening I go to oil painting (small pictures). I wish I could finish them by lamplight as well as I can make a beginning; for I find when I paint in oil

I have entered more fully than usual into the life of this artist, partly because he was one of the greatest of his school and partly because it is rare to find such a good record of a water-colour artist's life as is contained in the biographies of Cox by his friend Hall and by Solly, the latter of which was based on the manuscript of the former, but



BERNFSKE OBERLAND. AFTER HARDING.

and water colours by lamplight, my picture is always broader in effect and more brilliant, and often better and more pure, in the colour of the tints.'

In 1853 Cox had a seizure which, if not paralytic, had much the same effect. His eyesight was affected and one lid drooped; but he went on painting, and his drawings of 1857, though rougher than ever, made a great impression on the public. In June he was taken ill, and though he recovered sufficiently to enjoy painting again, and exhibited drawings in 1858 and 1859, he did not leave Harborne any more, and died there on the 7th of June, 1859.

was the earlier in point of publication. I have also quoted very freely from the account of Cox's life which I contributed to the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

One other illustration this month is from a charming little drawing in the South Kensington Museum by James Duffield Harding (1798-1863), an artist of much grace and skill, a celebrated teacher in his day, and principally remarkable for his skill in the use of his lead-pencil and his works of instruction on the subject, especially on the drawing of foliage of various kinds of trees.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## SCULPTURE GALLERIES.

**A**MONG other disadvantages and disabilities under which Sculpture labours as compared with 'her rainbow sister,' is the great difficulty of gaining an opportunity for daily effective and appropriate display. The beauty of a fine painting may suffer seriously from the not unfrequent obscurity of a northern climate, or from being hung in a permanently unfavourable light; but it is not too much to say that the difficulty constantly arises to place a fine piece of sculpture where its best perfections will not be lost entirely. The most exquisite refine-

ments of sculptural execution and expression will be dependent on such a delicacy of gradation of shade, that under a false exposure to light they may vanish and be as though they were not. The very plenitude of illumination may but serve to obliterate them more completely. So it is that the definitely expressed musculature of the knees of the Apollo has escaped the observation of many a critic, and the trunk above has seemed to be modelled without any consciousness of anatomical detail. As the Venus of Melos was exhibited, at least in past years, at the Louvre, much



of the grandest modelling was lost in a mere blank. And not only the nude, but even drapery, is liable to forfeit charm, by the shades upon its floating surfaces dying into lights, or moderate swells and eminences becoming cancelled in uniform obscurity. If this is the case with body, limbs, and drapery, how much more disastrously must it be so with the severely controlled conditions of facial expression? Here, if in any direction, surely we may find the explanation of the diversity of opinion as to the sentiment of most admired statues,—nay, sometimes as to whether they express any sentiment at all. The eyes of the Melian statue are those which the Greek sculptors appropriated to the goddess of Cyprus, yet all the characteristics of that goddess are missing from some of the most authoritative interpretations of her pose and gesture. Still it has seemed to some, with the advantage of a more manageable cast at command, that when rightly placed in a due light, the anomaly departs; the queen of smiles reappears to our imagination, intent on regarding her image reflected in the bright shield which she supported on her raised knee,—the very action and attitude in which other ancient monuments present her. She is the goddess absorbed in the satisfaction of conscious and triumphant beauty—satisfaction which is not in such case that of frivolous vanity—which is not ignoble. The Venus of the Florentine tribune has been as variously conceived; has been still more strangely misconceived. As she is seen in the Tribune, it is possible to appreciate the beauty of forms, but no more; and so the very personification of the Homeric laughter-loving queen has been credited by critics with retiring self-respect, which she would have been the last to lay claim to. Great was the misery which the late John Gibson expressed when, on visiting England, he found that the purchaser of one of his statues had set it up indeed in a place of honour, but in a place so lighted that he could not recognise in his own work one of the effects which it had been his ambition, and, as he hoped, his triumph, to realise.

It is easier to indicate that great mistakes may be made in the display of sculpture than to definitely teach what were good to be done. The glare from the paved floor of the Elgin Saloon in the British Museum is very detrimental to the effect of the pedimental sculptures which it takes in reverse. Even apart from this, their effect is extraordinarily different on days of different light, and under the light of different times of the day. These are conditions which are largely beyond our control; we may moderate excess, and deal with direction of daylight, but deficiency of it beats us. Artificial illumination is at best delusive. The utmost that can be done in many cases will be to secure that the best lights have the best opportunities. The flatness of relief of the wonderful frieze of the Par-

thenon was no doubt adopted from regard to the steep angle at which it could alone be viewed from below, in the narrow ambulatory. But even so it would be seen at great disadvantage; skill and labour were bestowed upon it far beyond the amount which could be appreciated when it was once in place.

So, again, with the pedimental statues. It is but a small matter that they were finished at the back as elaborately as in front, but a vast proportion of the most exquisite work of the front—as in the drapery over the laps and limbs of the Fates—was as absolutely and permanently out of sight when the figures were once set in place upon the cornice, as was the back of the Ilyssus, which was all but in contact with the tympanum behind. The full glory of a composition one hundred feet in length could no doubt only be appreciated as a composition when it was in place, but the appreciation of it was never again so complete as it had been by those contemporaries who could retain a recollection of each individual figure as it had appeared when fully and completely within sight.

It is unfortunate that the finest portion of the frieze is the most unfavourably placed. There is a point in its execution which is generally overlooked and attention to it is a first warning how first attention must be given in the display of sculpture to the point of view considered by the ancient artist. If we are to find and feel the beauty of this Panathenaic procession, we must take in a considerable length of it continuously, and so recognise a rhythmical progression; and we must do this moving on in the direction of its movement and as if in company. It is not only that thus the movement is best and most naturally developed, but the sculptor in providing for it has not hesitated to gain an enhancement by deliberately sacrificing even what effect was possible from the other direction. As we face the northern frieze the relief rises from the background on our right hand—that is, on the West—comparatively smoothly and easily; but on the left it less descends to it than starts up from it suddenly, even in parts quite steeply. This is particularly the case with the profiles of the horses' heads, from which the marble is often cut at a right angle to the bed; the plain edges which are thus exposed, and which are presented as frequently by the legs of the prancing horses, are very repulsive as we meet them; but the treatment allows an introduction of sharply defined lines which have inestimable value in conferring energy and vivacity to the work from the opposite point of view.

It will be observed that the procession was represented as moving from the west eastward, and thus in the direction by which a visitor would advance from the entrance of the Acropolis by the side of the Parthenon to its front. So in the case of a temple statue, a chief point of view is decided by

the nature of its position—a chief, and it may even be a single. To the sacrifices that may then be made of other points there is no necessary limit. The Melian Venus is, no doubt, such a statue, intended to be seen from the front; there is even reason to believe that it was designed for a shrine so restricted that it was scarcely liable to be looked at from any other direction; that, in fact, it was intended not to be looked at from any other. The beauty of the face strangely vanishes when we see it in profile; at the same time the relative proportions of the lower limbs, of which the pose adds so much to the dignity from the front, become, if not actually irreconcilable, most unpleasantly suggestive of being so. Consequently, when it becomes a question of the arrangement of casts in a gallery, it is incumbent, in justice to the ideal of the artist, to preclude opportunities of viewing this statue from points from which it was intended it should not be viewed; and, on the same principle, to secure that the Athenian frieze should be naturally approached as Phidias intended, and as it only can be approached advantageously.

Pausanias preserves the tradition that Phidias marked on the pavement of the temple at Olympia the exact spot from which he desired his colossal chryselephantine statue of Zeus to be viewed. By close observation of every ancient statue, and even of every bust of fine style, we may discover the one point of view which has been chiefly consulted sometimes alone, sometimes associated with it may be only one, and sometimes with an extraordinary number of others subordinate. And, usually, each of these is decided in a very remarkable way: not alone by its proper charm, but by a scheme of what, in absence of a better term, may be called its guards. When such an advantageous point is found, it is curious to observe that if we swerve from it either to right or left, some leading outline will at once become vague, or, worse, will be interfered with by the emergence of some detail that breaks continuity. The contrivances are endless by which a spectator who is worthy of his opportunities is edged away, even unconsciously, from one position to another, till he is fixed by pure satisfaction. Sometimes this true—this focal position is gained as a curl which projected from behind the neck as a knob, is lost; sometimes as the attachment of a stump to a limb disappears and the interval between them opens precisely in the degree to relieve the outline of the nude; then, again, the most favourable aspect, in other respects, will prove to at once bring the nose within the outline of the cheek, and show this leading up to the clear profile of an eyeball. With nude statues, seen from the front, the true aspect is constantly gained at the moment of eclipse of the gluteal muscles behind the continuous line over the hip from trunk to thigh. Sometimes the bend or the broken branch of a stump

is so managed as to emphasize by contrast the curve of a limb, and sometimes attached drapery is brought so close to it as to reinforce the expression of vital elasticity.

The group, or rather the knot—the Symplegma, of wrestling youths at Florence, is remarkable for the number of points of view which the figures, closely intertwined as they are, present without any confusion. As we move round the marble we come upon a series of intricate combinations of limbs and lines, and yet can always recognise the exact manner in which each of the struggling pair is interlocked with the other. Equal art is displayed in the single figure of the Medicean Venus, which, therefore, would equally claim a position from which it could be viewed all round. The sinuous lines of the supporting dolphin are so managed that openings pervious to light are provided in a variety of directions, and whenever its mass does produce unwelcome interference, the movement which it provokes immediately restores a combination of harmony and novel grace. The correspondence of this dolphin and its bestriding Love, emblem of the sea-born goddess, with the support of the fine statue of Augustus recovered in our own times, is full justification for dating the work in the early days of the empire. It embodies the very ideal, verging on the meretricious, which Homer introduces both in the ‘*Iliad*’ and ‘*Odyssey*,’ and introduces in both poems to subject to contemptuous humiliation; but it is not on that account less in accordance with the epoch, which accepted her in the poetry of Virgil as well as in art, and even in politics as the ancestress of the imperial race of Caesar.

Some of the ingenuities of art seem to have been brought to greater perfection at this time than even in far better ages. It is difficult to persuade oneself that the stump and drapery over it, which are attached to the Praxitelean *Hermes* of Olympia, are managed in any way to enhance the lines of the admirable nude figure. This neglect of a chief use of such an adjunct is almost as perplexing as the less than commonplace forms of the infant *Dionysus* upon its arm.

Before quitting the subject of sculpture-galleries generally—and of particular sculpture-galleries there are but few within reach to comment on—a final turn may be invited through those of the British Museum. It is painful and repugnant to come first of all upon a series of busts—many of them of the greatest interest—shelved—shelved in a row! The custodians no doubt, as usual, may appeal like Shakespeare:—

‘Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,’—

with Fortune and with the architect. For the sake of an idle colonnade on the exterior one entire side of what should have been a noble saloon, but is reduced to a passage, is darkened and wasted. After

such a precedent what right have we to be surprised if busts are still placed on lofty bookcases or in high niches, where they are lighted from below, every shadow thrown upward, and every purpose of nature in the relative projection of the features is rudely contradicted? Moving onward, we are glad to find the archaic reliefs of the Lycian Harpy Tomb brought within sight, and perhaps are a little grateful that the Olympian Victory is placed so well on its way to its original elevation as to render less obtrusive its personal proportions and the poorness of its drapery. It is with less satisfaction that we find the Choiseul Gouffier statue—the finest single statue in the Museum collection—relegated to this Archaic Room. That this statue represents an Apollo—on the stump beside him is seen the strap by which his quiver was suspended from it—was never questioned until our own day, and need not have been questioned then. Like some others in the Museum it has been sent on its travels in search of a name, and a University has been invited to greet it in modern Latin as a simple athlete: it might as reasonably have been called an acrobat. But these troubles seem now by common consent to be over; we have only to regret that, in conformity with the passion for historical rather than artistic truth, it has been removed from the vestibule of the Elgin Room, where it was admirably seen, to preside over crude forms in comparative darkness. In this vestibule we have to lament the disappearance, which seems intended to be final, of one of those noblest of archaic monuments of art, the Aeginetan pediments. The loss is not compensated by any of the additions which were considered to justify and enforce it.

As we stand at the entrance of the Elgin Saloon, we still—and, indeed, more than ever—lament that the group of the Fates, which Phidias joined together, should have been by any man put asunder. It is not difficult to identify one influence which contributed to the sacrilege. As this group of the Sisters Three—two seated, one reclining—was originally placed, it had, as a whole, a certain decided *lean* to their right—a lean, an inclination, which might seem to vitiate the balance of composition. Hence, apparently, a willingness to correct this by giving the sister whose seat is detached a slight turn and a slight move away. And this was done though due observation would have shown that the sculptor had treated the adjacent draperies as mutually compressed. The mistake arose, or was favoured, from disregard of the fact, that the group, magnificent as it is, was purely subordinate, and that its slope towards the centre was part of the requirement of a comprehensive organism. Even the contrast of the raking line of the pediment cornice as it rose above these figures from the angle would assist the effect of repose and balance. It is now many years since a suggestion was entertained by the Trustees of the day to establish an indication of this line, as well as to supply a complete restoration of the architectural details of the horizontal cornice, but the matter was not pursued. As little effect ensued upon a protest against the trunk of a figure in the west pediment being left so poised that if the legs of which the position is certain were restored, one of them must have been lifted unsupported in the air.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which opened its first exhibition at the New Gallery in October, is initiative of more serious endeavour than a mere effort to induce the public to buy pretty things. Many of our artistic thinkers, working designers and craftsmen, have felt that the false relations between art and manufacture, the absorption of the personal element in production by machinery, and the merging of the men who think and make behind the medium of the men who sell, have been stultifying the reawakened desire to make life beautiful and fit. Hence has arisen the scheme of holding exhibitions of decorative art and handiwork which may place the public *en rapport* with their direct production, and restore the vitality of industrial art by recognition of the individual and the true. It is intended that demonstration lectures shall be given in the Gallery by skilled designers and craftsmen to further elucidate the object of the Exhibition. The committee of management, under the presidency of Mr. Walter Crane, contains names already identified with these views—Messrs. E. Burne-Jones, W. Morris, J. D. Sedding, Harry Bates, W. de Morgan, Cobden-Sanderson, and so forth; and the list of guarantors includes not only private individuals of known sympathies on the same score, but the Society of Arts and the Skinners' Company. The first organization of the scheme has inevitably presented many difficulties. 'The constituency,' as Mr. Crane writes, 'is as it were out of the knowledge of the committee, and has to be discovered; individual and indepen-

dent artists in design and handicraft are as yet few and far between, and others have to be sought for behind the firms who employ them.' If, therefore, the first gathering of objects is somewhat limited to the productions of the group who have called the scheme into being, it is by no fault or wish of the originators. The Exhibition contains, roughly speaking, textiles, hand-embroidered, woven, and printed; ceramics and enamels, window-glass, wall-papers, furniture, work in *gesso*, metal work, and carving in wood, also cartoon designs for the same, bookbinding, also designs of decorative type-printing, text illustration, and so forth. The result is a singularly interesting exhibition, set forth with much skill in the ordering. It is notable that the Art of Design is here applied by the same artist within a considerable area; so that one hand is found to create beautiful patterns for various objects, from stained-glass windows to chintz hangings, from the decoration of a saloon to the fashioning of a waist buckle. The range of Mr. Burne-Jones's genius, the adaptability of Mr. Walter Crane's fertile invention, and the cleverness of Mr. Holiday's diversified capacity, are well known, but in the orbit of lesser lights the same versatility is to be observed. In the gallery set apart for display of cartoons for windows and mosaic, decorative detail in plastic art, *exome* or cabinets painted by hand, is found beautiful work by the artists just enumerated, together with Messrs. Shields, Hamo Thornycroft, Spencer Stanhope, and others. Mr. de Morgan's splendid lustre pottery and that

shown by Messrs. Maw make an impressive show in the West Gallery, where also are gathered specimens of wall-paper designs, textiles, and objects large and small for household use. Mr. Morris is, of course, a large contributor here; the beautiful handwork of his wife and daughters is seen in embroidered stuffs variously applied; Mrs. Holiday has also carried out some fine needlework designs. The names of Mr. Lewis Day and Mr. G. G. Mawson are notable for paper and fabric patterns. Many dainty processes are illustrated throughout the Exhibition, some of them almost childish in application, but intended to testify to the 'presence of art in humblest object and material.' In the vestibule are shown specimens of metal work: the hammered iron gates by Messrs. Robinson and Robson are the most imposing objects, and articles in copper and brass *repoussé* by the students of the Toynebee Hall Guild have a special interest. Two large and noble copper vases are fine specimens of Clement Heaton's *cloisonné* mosaic, on the invention of which we recently commented. Here, also, is a large mosaic in Venetian *tesera* of the *Last Supper*, designed by H. Holiday and executed by Mrs. Holiday, an unusual and highly creditable piece of woman's work. Specimens of engraving, work in black and white, and some specimens of coloured window glass, are in the balcony upstairs. The body calling itself the 'Century Guild' of artists sends examples of various applied arts, remarkable as to design for what might be called aggressive simplicity. But on the whole there is the stamp of character and style on the products gathered in this Exhibition; in most cases there is, over and above, that individualism which divides the work of the intelligent craftsman from the product of the blind machine. The catalogue is enriched by short essays on decorative and industrial art by practised hands. Whether the aims of the scheme here set on foot will permanently prosper cannot be yet pronounced, but it is in a hopeful spirit that we wish it good speed.

AN interesting exhibition of drawings in pastel was opened at the Grosvenor Gallery last month.

THE French Government having declined to bear a part in the expenses of a British Fine Art Section at the forthcoming International Exhibition in Paris, the Lord Mayor, who is President of the Executive Council of the British Section was eloquently addressed on the matter by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., in a letter which, accompanied by an appeal to the public from the Lord Mayor for funds, appeared in the press last month. About three thousand pounds are stated to be required for costs of freight, insurance, and so forth, which amount the Executive Council and Sir Frederick start with six hundred. It is to be hoped that this initiative may be followed up with sufficient energy to induce artists, and especially collectors, to lend worthily representative works to Paris next year. Better no show at all than one which should be inadequate.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club, early in the coming year, will hold an exhibition of the water-colour drawings of John Sell Cotman. The most important of those shown at the recent collection in Norwich have been promised to the Club.

WE record with regret the death of Mr. J. Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire. He did good service to art as writer, painter, and inventor. His mural paintings at Highnam Church, at Gloucester and Ely Cathedrals, were up to a professional standard of merit in execution, while they showed the culture of an accomplished amateur. To him is owed the 'spirit fresco' medium in which some noble monumental work has been carried out by Sir Frederick Leighton and others. His last contribution to literature, the 'Ministry of Art,' was published not very long before his death.

A COLLECTION of Elizabethan relics in connexion with the

Tercentenary of the Spanish Armada has just been opened in the saloons of Drury Lane Theatre, under the auspices of the manager, Mr. Augustus Harris, and the guidance of a committee on which Sir O. Brierly and Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., represent the arts, amid a group of gentlemen rejoicing in the inheritance of names that carried terror into the Spanish fleet some three centuries ago. The interest of this collection is antiquarian rather than artistic; it includes curious contemporary documents and prints, books, arms and armour, coins and medals, portraits painted and engraved, miniatures and miscellaneous articles. The larger part of the contents of the Armada Exhibition held at Plymouth in July have been lent to London.

LESSONS ON DECORATIVE DESIGN, by Mr. Frank G. Jackson, second master in the Birmingham Municipal School of Art (Chapman and Hall), is one of the best text-books on the subject that a teacher could place in the hands of young students or choose as a class-book. It is true that it reflects in some degree the traditions of the science and art classes, and so far bears what has been called the South Kensington stamp. But this manual is really free of all the exaggerations of the system referred to, and while quite distinct in teaching, does fairly combine the wholesome elements of design taught on a geometric basis and that which follows natural appearances. Mr. Jackson would have the student first study history, that is, the examples of decorative design from barbaric times downwards, before he goes to nature, and mark the principles on which the two lines of construction and invention, or pictorial and imitative ornament, the true and the mistaken modes, have been evolved. He points out how nature develops variety within certain limits of form, and that the lovely intricacies of flower and leaf are based on the same geometric laws which govern mere linear design. This is, of course, the rock on which the student of decorative art may fall and be broken, but the teacher in the little manual before us takes his pupil safely over, and leads him to note that by working as nature works, and constantly returning to her for suggestion and guidance, the designer masters the secret of variety—the 'law of liberty,' in fact, which governs creative art, whether decorative or other. The illustrations of the manual are capably drawn and chosen to elucidate the letterpress. It may be disputed whether, in the chapter on brush-work, Mr. Jackson is not putting the cart before the horse when teaching that certain leaf-like forms in early decorations were the accidental result of the use of the brush instead of the stylus, afterwards enriched by study of nature, rather than a *pièce à faire* attempt to imitate natural forms. We cannot wholly agree with the remark that such an ornamental leaf, 'though it has no exact prototype in nature, yet possesses natural qualities and is more truly decorative than a natural leaf, because it has been developed out of certain constructive necessities and in perfect harmony with natural laws.' The beauty of the acanthus foliage we should say owed more to its direct enrichment from the study of living growths than to the decorative fitness of the primitive leaf-like form, whether that was accidental or imitative. Moreover, it seems more credible that the primitive artist adapted the capacities of his tool to carry out his idea than that the flexibility of the brush suggested the forms it could produce. The dogma that the principle of decoration is 'inventive form, enriched by the study of nature,' rather than natural forms degraded, is hardly so sound as to say that decoration is natural form adapted or applied to inventive design. The main current of Mr. Jackson's teaching, moreover, certainly runs to elucidate this closer line of argument. The book, which is based upon lectures delivered at the School of Art, where Mr. Jackson is a master, only professes to be elementary, and a sequel is promised, which should be assured of a welcome prepared by the excellence of the present issue.











## PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY.

BY REMBRANDT. ETCHED BY W. WRIGHT-NOOTH.

MR. WORNUM, in his 'Catalogue of the National Gallery,' says that this portrait was formerly in the Erard Collection, and afterwards in that of Mr. William Wells, of Redleaf. When Charles Blanc made his 'Catalogue of Rembrandt's Works,' the picture belonged to Sir Charles Eastlake, from whom the Trustees of the National Gallery bought it in the year 1867. Nobody seems to know who the old lady was.

The picture is painted on the old-fashioned principle that that light will look brightest which is surrounded with the greatest quantity of shade. The face is striking in its reality and executed with immense force; it is even made to look almost startling by the vigorous darks that surround it; but if the reader cares to analyse the work he will soon perceive that the chiaroscuro is of that strangely arbitrary kind which Rembrandt employed in his famous picture of the *Night Watch*, where lights and darks are placed just where he

wanted them, without any regard to the truth of nature. In the present instance, the head and ruff are in broad daylight, whilst the dress is like an object just perceptible in the latest twilight, nor can anything excuse the darkness of the cast shadow on the white ruff, which the etcher has translated by a very near approach to absolute blank. In a word, the scheme of light-and-shade is simply that of arbitrary opposition, and it is a definite wrong to art when such chiaroscuro is made the theme of unintelligent laudation. It is, however, difficult to exaggerate the power shown in the treatment of the face itself. The signs of age are there, but it is healthy, well-preserved old age, and one of the most pleasing characteristics of Rembrandt's mind was the kindly interest that he took in old people and his sense of their beauty and dignity.

The original picture is of small size, measuring 2 ft. 3 ins. by 1 ft. 9 ins. It is painted on panel.

## DAVID TENIERS II.

### *His Works and Family.*

#### II.

THE distinctions and employments conferred upon David Teniers II. by the Archduke Leopold William, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, and son of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany (1604-1662), were not limited to a gold chain and medal and the commission to copy, or cause to be copied, certain pictures then in the palace at Brussels, the staple of which is now in the Belvedere at Vienna, where they found places not long after the retirement, in 1657, of their accomplished owner from his government. He was, be it remembered in his honour, one of the earliest collectors of works of art in Europe, and, as such, he acted on a scale comparable with the doings of the English Earl of Arundel and King Charles I. At the sale in 1653, by order of the Parliament, of the pictorial treasures of the latter monarch the Archduke bought largely, especially Venetian pictures, of which he was an extreme admirer. From the collections of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (which were sold at Antwerp by his impecunious son, and which included 10,000*l.* worth of paintings gathered by Rubens), the grand patron of Teniers acquired, under his painter's chamberlain's advice, a considerable number of fine things, including Titian's incomparable '*Ecce Homo!*' with

seventeen figures at life-size, which is now the cynosure of the Belvedere.

It was in collecting pictures for his noble Brussels gallery that Leopold William frequently employed our painter. The Belvedere contains no fewer than nine Teniers of the first quality. To this artist the Viennese owe the Belvedere and the majority of its finer treasures. We may think with safety that the small copies of the works which were then in the Brussels gallery—copies which found their way to Blenheim, and have since appeared in Bond Street—were made, under Teniers's direction, by less accomplished hands than his, and mainly for the use of the engravers of the famous *Theatrum Pictorium*; but very few indeed of these things prove, on critical examination, to be indebted to the master whose wonderful tact in copying pictures is acknowledged to be far superior to such instances as these. That he wasted his time and rare skill on such an occasion and painted no better than the examples attest is not to be thought of by experts. Nor was it necessary he should produce the whole hundred and fifty indifferent or bad copies we have seen. No doubt he depicted more than one view of the interiors of picture galleries, including that in the collection of

Earl Brownlow, which he lent to the British Institution in 1835, and another which is now at Raby, and its companions, which comprises Leopold William's portrait (Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' Nos. 630 and 631, and Supplement 180), both of which a century and a half ago belonged to Prince Carignan. It was entirely in the way of David II. to choose such subjects (see Smith's Nos. 26, now in the Belvedere, 272, 455, 534, 631, 684, and 685, all at Madrid, and Sup. No. 180 of the same catalogue), but that he deliberately drudged at seven score and a half copies,



THE VISION.

which, above all, distinctly affirm themselves to be due to at least four or five hands, is so incredible as not to be ridiculous.

The Archduke made Teniers keeper of his picture gallery, and, as we should say, Painter Extraordinary. In the latter capacity he executed for Leopold William that famous piece which is now No. \*34 at Vienna (Smith, 26), where the patron is seen in the act of pointing with his cane to Raphael's *Madonna im Grünen* ('Madonna in the Meadow') while he converses to his *protégé*; this discourse is, no doubt, about some of the fifty canvases adorning the room, the greater number of which are known to fame. It is to the production of these views of picture-lined interiors that the notion got into dilettante heads that the master depicted the little engraver's copies we have heard of so often. The chain and medal

before alluded to constituted a sort of badge of honour, as well as of office, and were such as had been given to Rubens, but withheld from Van Dyck in the Low Countries. It was a gift the offer of which powerfully moved the last-named painter to accept King Charles's invitation to London, where, soon after his arrival, he painted his own portrait, as we saw lately at the Grosvenor Exhibition, standing near the emblem of loyal devotion—a sunflower—and with his fingers caressing the much-prized ornament, which is hanging on his shoulder. It does not appear that Teniers attended Leopold William when that statesman resigned his posts and migrated from Brussels to Vienna. On the contrary, we know that when (in 1685) Don John of Austria, the famous natural son of Philip IV. of Spain, became the Archduke's successor as Governor of the Netherlands, he confirmed our painter in his employment and posts, and continued to employ him as an artist with great distinction. The notary, Cornelius de Bie, who, during the painter's lifetime, compiled, with the title 'The Gulden Cabinet,' a biography of Teniers (he published it in 1661), and was a contemporary of the events he described, asserted that Don John, the great captain and victor of Lepanto, was very fond of Teniers. 'Look what kindness for the art you may find in dukes and princes who spare no cost to buy such works [as Dutch, French, Italian, and German pictures], and by so doing raise so astonishingly their value and their fame. The Earl Fon Soldani [Comte de Fuensaldagne] sent this, David Teniers on purpose to England to buy for him all the Italian pieces he could find, and honoured him also with a golden chain. Yes! this seducing art can awaken such love in the hearts of kings and princes, that his Highness Don Juan d'Austria, who was very skilful in the art, did not consider it unworthy to portray the son of our artist, David Teniers, such love and friendship he had for him. Yes! what is more, he often invited Teniers to instruct him. I could add still further proofs of honour and friendship, should it not be too tiresome to the reader.' Having ascended to this summit of loyal effusion with the worthy notary of Lierre, we rest till recovered breath enables us to say that it would have been well if the 'most magnanimous bastard,' as historians have called this really great prince, had never done worse than take lessons in painting from David Teniers II., and paint the portrait of David III., who was then a little boy, and give the picture to his father. There is gracious kindness in these acts, accepting them at their current, and, of course, true value, which reminds us of the Emperor picking up the brush of Titian, of Charles I. jesting with Van Dyck, of the gloomy Philip II. painting the cross on Velazquez's portrait, of our George III. humouring Gainsborough's peevishness, and, like an old woman, gossiping with Benjamin West.

Heer Vermoelen, to whom much is due from lovers of Teniers, says that Don John painted with his own hand the portrait of Teniers himself; but this is not what De Bie stated. The notary averred, and others have followed him in this matter, that that meteoric majesty Queen Christina much admired the works of David II., and as it has always been admitted she had good taste in art, the fact is noteworthy. 'His skill,' we are told, 'so greatly pleased the Queen of Sweden that she made him a present of a golden chain and a golden medal, on which was struck her image.'\*

on account of the truth that is in them, which is that King Philip greatly enjoyed the works of our master (it is one of his not few amiable traits) and collected them at Madrid. These included landscapes and other subjects characteristic of David II., such as feasts of peasants, villagers gossiping, the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, monks painting and otherwise occupied, soldiers, an alchemist, twelve illustrations of the history of Rinaldo and Armida, boors smoking, and hermits in caverns. These examples, or most of them, are now in the 'Real Museo de Pintura,' where there are not fewer than fifty-three pictures.



PEASANTS REGALING.

Anent another great lord and our master the notary added, 'So much is thought by the King of Spain [Philip IV., Don John's father, who was then living] of his [Teniers's] celebrated talent that his Majesty ordered a gallery to be built at his palace (the Prado), wherein he preserved, for his own gratification, no other pieces of art than the pictures of David Teniers.' We see at once the exaggerations and errors in these statements; but they are welcome

\* M. T. Van Lierus, in his admirable 'Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers,' to which I am much indebted for details quoted above, states that he has observed in Luke Vosterman's print from P. Thys's portrait of Teniers II., which was executed in 1659, that the subject wears his Chamberlain's key and a gold chain with a medallion, 'Sans doute celui de Christine de Suède.' This confirms the notary's statement to the above effect.

bearing the name of Teniers II., the greater number of which are genuine. Numerically they exceed the works of Ribera or Murillo in the great Spanish gallery, they are equal to those of Velazquez, and are within seven of the productions of Rubens, who contributed more than any other master to the 'Real Establecimiento.' The chief examples are, *Fiesta de Aldeanos* (Feast of Rustics), '*Le Roi Boit*' (peasants drinking, a favourite subject with Jordaens and others), *La Tentaciones de San Antonio*, *Danza de Paisanos delante de una Casa rustica*, and that odd masterpiece of fun, *El Borracho fumando*, a tipsy peasant with his mouth wide open and a pipe in his hand. Besides these are pictures of apes variously engaged, a guard-house, and a peasant girl. The most important of all is the famous *Galeria*

de Cuadros del Archiduke. (Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' although copious with regard to Teniers, contains only a passing reference to this masterpiece, which is No. 1274 in the 'Real Musco,' and represents Teniers with the Archduke and two other persons surrounded by pictures, which the leading persons are discussing.)\*

Among the other evidences of the intercourse of



THE LUTE-PLAYER.

David II. with his Imperial patron I may mention the admirable picture (No. 520) in the Louvre which is called *Chasse au Héron*, where, on our left, Leopold William appears on horseback and attended by two riders, while four falcons assail their long-beaked prey. It is Smith's 270. Of the encouragement bestowed upon Teniers by Queen Christina nothing more than De Bie recorded and Vosterman's print delineates is known, except that in her very miscellaneous collection of paintings were several pieces by our master. Of the journey undertaken by him into England for the Comte de Fuensaldagne nothing more is known than that which the notary of Lierre has preserved. The record, however, adds that this nobleman bestowed a chain of gold upon his famous agent in token of his satisfaction with the results of the journey, and the employment attests how

\* This picture, of which the Autotype Company have, for Messrs. Braun and Co., of Dornach and Paris, published a capital reproduction, is exceedingly interesting because, as in other paintings of similar subjects by Teniers, Francks, and the like hands, the names of the artists are legible on the frames (which are, of course, mostly black) of the examples placed on the walls and floor. Among them many are still identifiable at Madrid and Vienna. The same may be said of the above-named instances at Ashbridge and Raby. It is the case in the other work already mentioned as among the treasures of the Belvedere. The specimens in the Prado, besides Titian's *Venus and Diana and Calisto*, comprise a very poetical picture of a picture bearing the name of Mabuse, and representing an artist kneeling and painting the Virgin and Child, who are manifest in an aureole. This embodies an idea by which Rossetti was happily inspired, without, doubtless, knowing anything of the Mabuse or the Teniers.

much Teniers's opinion ancient works of art was valued.

In 1663 the city of Antwerp, moved by the artistic body, and very powerfully by Teniers himself, confided to David II. and his colleagues, the Deans and Ancients of the Corporation of St. Luke\* (a society of which our subject, who had joined it in 1632, became a dean in 1644), the founding of the Academy of the Fine Arts in their midst, where it still flourishes. It was ordered to be of the same kind as the Academies of Rome and Paris. Among its technical advantages was the appropriation of a hall at the famous Bourse at Antwerp for the use of the students who drew from the living model. This and other transactions, as well as the growing honours of the painter, brought him into closer relationship than before with some of the most distinguished men of his time, including William II., Prince of Orange (son of Frederick Henry, who married Mary, daughter of the English Charles I., and died in 1650) and Antoine Triest, the learned Bishop of Ghent and statesman, whose portrait by Van Dyck is one of the finest of his works. These and other *grands seigneurs*, David II. entertained in his château at Perck, a mansion which is represented in a capital landscape with figures, now in the National Gallery, and Smith,



A PILGRIM.

No. 422. The place was called Hoenenhoeve, otherwise 'Den dry Toren' ('The Three Turrets'). The house is near Mechlin, Vilvorde, and Brussels.

\* The Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp, which came into existence about 1382, is one of the most ancient artistic societies still flourishing. It is called after its device, 'La Violette,' otherwise the 'Golden Flower,' or the 'Olive Branch,' and it originally comprised goldsmiths, painters on glass and in other materials, sculptors, and silversmiths. Later it was opened to members of many more arts and crafts (including printing), and under the inspiration of Teniers, its Dean, became a teaching as well as an honour-bestowing and qualifying body. It held its meetings in the Vieille Arbalète, upon the Grand Place, Antwerp.

Before this time, Teniers, being no doubt moved by the spirit of the time in which he lived, and encouraged by the courtesies of the dignitaries he served, desired to be recognised as of noble birth. This was previous to 1655, before the death of his first wife, Anne (born Breughel). In 1657 an answer was given to this application. In 1663, the year of the foundation of the Antwerp Academy, he



A LADY.

renewed the demand, alleging to Englebert Flacchio, who was King-at-Arms at the Court of Brussels, that his family was honourable, originally of Ath, in Hainault (where, by the way, we know his grandfather was a *mercier*), and qualified to carry an escutcheon charged with a bear *au naturel* (or as we should say *proper*) on a *chief azure*, with three acorns *or, ranges*, a crest to match, and the motto *Sine labore nihil*, which was all that could be desired by one of the hardest-working and most successful painters the Low Countries could claim. It seems that this demand was at first too much for the *Roi d'Armes* of 1657, who must have been a humorist in his way, for with due solemnity he replied that, although the application might be granted, the ambitious painter would, on pain of being disennobled, not be allowed to exercise his profession publicly for money, and interdicted the exhibition of his pictures in his own house, according to the practice of that period. This reply seems, for a time only, to have put an end to the desires of David II. Heer Vermoelen cites a certificate signed by 'Engelbert Flacchio, Luxembourg,' the above-named *Roi d'Armes*, and dated May 30th, 1680. This document admits the escutcheon alleged to belong to the family of Teniers, 'lesquelles armes sont esté confirmez en Espagne en vertu de la Mercede dann noblissement que sa Majesté de glorieuse et este seroy d'accorder au dict sieur David Teniers, pour lux, ses enfants et postérités,' &c. Heer Vermoelen, without affirming it, cites a statement of 'un chroniqueur' to the effect that, in 1670, the magistrates of Brussels ex-

empted David II. from the payment of the excise (*accises*).

David II. lived at Antwerp in the house now No. 107 in the Longue Rue Neuve. It was then called the *Meerminne*, and, before his time, had been occupied by his father-in-law, Jan Breughel 'de Velours,' and after the death of our subject by Jan Erasmus Quellinus, who married one of his granddaughters. In 1648 David II., being appointed painter to the Archduke, removed to Brussels, where the Court was. He had a handsome house in the Rue des Juifs (Jodestraet), in the parish of the Coudenberg. His son, David III., lived in the Rue Haute (Hoogstraet). As his wife died in the Longue Rue Neuve, she was interred in the parish church of the Coudenberg, and not, as was stated in the former of these papers (for which I relied on a fallacious authority, in the church of St. Gudule. This fact is affirmed by the testament of David III., a son of Anne Teniers, which expresses his desire to be buried as above, and 'under the monument where is interred my late mother.' The same author misled me as to Teniers's children, who were, by his first wife, David (III.), Cornelia (who married J. E. Quellinus), Anne Maria, Clara, Anthony, Justin Leopold, and Anne Catherine. The last two were born in Brussels. By the second wife (Isabelle de Fren), he had a son whose first name is not known, Maria, Louis, and Anne Maria. The last was the second of the painter's children thus designated; accordingly we assume that before her birth her elder sister and namesake was dead. Isabelle Teniers died in



APR.

her husband's lifetime, and was buried in the church at Perck, in a dateless tomb, which describes her as the wife, 'huysvrouw,' and not the widow, of David II., and ends with, '*Ora pro defunctis.*'

Among his accomplishments seems to have been playing on the viol di gamba. He thus represented himself in a picture (Smith, 254), which was engraved by Le Bas in 1781. One of his pictures in the National Gallery is said to have been the cover of his harpsichord. He painted himself and his family on more than one canvas, and repeatedly at 'Den dry Toren,' and in the neigh-

bourhood of that place—to which after his second marriage he removed—he found numerous models for his pictures. He seems to have retained the fortune of Anne (born Breughel), but we cannot suppose that this alone enabled him to become a landed man. Later he was, by legal process, compelled to yield the fortune of Anne to her children, and part with the *maison de campagne* and its appurtenances, farm, woods, fields, and ponds. The house is now in sad decay, and the majority of the villagers of Perck are ignorant of the fame of David II. The domestic quarrels, which broke the happiness of the later years of the master, have no small likeness to the sorrows of a much greater man, the incomparable Rembrandt. They were continued after the deaths of David II. and III., ‘entre les enfants des deux lits,’ and the records of them are very curious indeed, but they hardly concern us now. It has been alleged that, in a moment of despair, the famous painter attempted suicide. David III. himself took a leading part against his parent, and a letter from the latter, beginning ‘Soone David,’ dated March 2, 1683, and quoted by M. Vermoelen, is decidedly stiff, if not reproachful or resentful. The exact date of the master’s death has not been discovered. Descamps averred that he joined the majority on the 25th of April, 1690; M. A. Wauters gives the date of this event as April 5, 1694; M. De Bron, ‘Quelques Notes,’ &c., averred that in the records of the parish of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, Brussels, it is stated that the Sieur David Teniers, late of the Rue Haute, was buried in the church of the Coudenberg, at the side of the Porte Rouge, on the 11th of February, 1685. M. Van Lerius and others have affected the idea that this deceased person was one of the painter’s namesakes and relations. It is, however, certain

that a notice was issued of ‘a sale of the pictures of the late Teniers le Jeune (“de jonge”), of the Rue Haute, would take place at his house there, on the 22nd of May, 1685, and following days.’ We have seen that it was David III., and not his father, who lived in the Rue Haute. David I. being dead in 1685, of course David III. was called ‘de jonge.’ On the other hand, it has been discovered in the registers of the Brotherhood of St. Luke, that the mortuary debt of the ‘ancien Doyen,’ David Teniers, painter, was paid between September 18, 1689, and September 18, 1690, which seems to leave no doubt that the master was dead before the earlier year. Another paper has been found, dated at the end of 1692, and stating that ‘David Teniers, painter to His Highness,’ addressed the Governor of the Low Countries in favour of his mother, Anne Teniers. This seems to be a production of David IV., who died in 1731, referring to his mother, Anne Bonnarens, who died in 1727. Anne Breughel was dead in 1656; the wives of David I. were Françoise Franken and Jeanne van Maelbeke. Opinions are in favour of Descamps’ date, as above, for the date of the decease of David II. We are not to suppose that he was very poor at this time. The last anecdote of him is to the effect that, while painting the portrait of a lawyer seated in his study surrounded by books, parchments, and papers,\* he observed, jokingly, to his sitter, that he had all his life used ivory black in painting, but on this occasion he had substituted his last tooth, which had just fallen out. After this we may presume that he did not commit suicide.

F. G. STEPHENS.

\* Such a picture is described by Smith as No. 667, and, in 1831, in the possession of Miss Harvey, at Chigwell.

## THE MINOR POEMS OF MILTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAMUEL PALMER.

IN the biography of Samuel Palmer, by his son Mr. A. H. Palmer, not the least interesting and, I may say, touching element is the son’s unconscious revelation of his own filial loyalty and attachment. A son who really enjoyed and valued his father’s society, who liked to take a share in his artistic and intellectual life, to hear him read and interpret the poets he loved, to draw from him something of his own inspiration, was a son of a very uncommon kind. But Mr. A. H. Palmer has proved his sense of filial duty, or rather his lasting filial love, by something far more arduous than passing pleasant hours with one of the most amiable and most cultivated of men. He has actually imposed upon himself the terrible

task of learning how to engrave, and to engrave well, that he might carry to fulfilment his father’s cherished projects in regard to Milton and Virgil. To those who have never touched a copper plate, such an enterprise may seem a light matter; to any one who knows what line is, what tone and texture are, it is like ‘drinking the sea’—*c’est la mer à boire*. The world knows nothing of these toils, of this enduring patience, inspired by the love for a father in his grave.

Before passing to the compositions themselves, I will explain the nature of the engravings. It would have conveyed a false impression to describe them as *héliogravures*, yet *héliogravure* has



served usefully at an intermediate stage to place the drawing on the copper, after which Mr. A. H. Palmer bestowed much labour on each subject to bring it forward to the chiaroscuro and accents of the original. In some cases he was also obliged to translate the splendours of the original water-colour into monochrome. The result is an approximation of style so close that it seems as if Samuel Palmer had worked on the copper himself, but rather in mezzotint than in etching. The student may compare the two by putting *The Bellman*, in the present series, side by side with Samuel Palmer's own etching of the same subject. I remember how he told me—himself, with his usual fineness of analysis, that mezzotint could not replace etching, being, in fact, 'a cheaper process'—he meant in quality of shade. In a word, there is less transparence and less play of light and line in mezzotint and its imitations than in such etching as Samuel Palmer could execute. Still, in spite of this inferiority, there is, generally speaking, a quality in these engravings which is curiously like his quality in water-colour, even to some peculiarities in his execution, which amounted about to mannerism. There are the stipple, the sparkle, the crumbling touch; the extreme softness here, the vigorous accent there, and the two opposites of evanescence and solidity.

Compositions of this kind ought not to be criticised as if they were direct representations of nature. The artist intentionally transfers us to the world of poetry and the ideal. Nevertheless there is a great deal of substance in Palmer's most ideal creations. The boles and branches of his trees are substantial and woody enough. There is a most sturdy trunk of 'monumental oak' in the illustration of 'Il Penseroso' entitled *The Waters Murmuring*, and a vigorous study of branches in *The Brothers under the Vine* from 'Comus.' The hill-forms are sometimes grand, as in the *Morning*, where they remind one of the scenery of Wales; and there are very few skies in the whole range of landscape art comparable to that of the *Eastern Gate*, for the magnificent truth and majesty of their cloud-forms. This being said, I may be allowed to express some regret that the animals in Palmer's drawings, and in these not less than in others, are often so near and so large that they require more drawing than he was able to give them. His oxen are too fat for working oxen, and they are almost invariably presented so as to escape the difficulty of drawing the head,

which, had it been well done, would have relieved their heaviness. The oxen in the *Eastern Gate*, the *Morning*, and the *Lycidas*, are all alike too big and too formless. The human figures are better; they are often beautifully placed, and they are never spoiled by a too prosaic naturalism. In a word, they always have *style* in the high artistic sense, but they are not always adequately drawn; for example, the lifted arm of the shepherd in *The Dell of Comus*.

As to effect, Palmer was a thorough master of those effects which seemed to him most poetical. As a rule, though not invariably, they included great spaces of dark, broken by scattered lights, and there was generally a strong concentration of light in one place, given either by a luminous part of the sky or else by the great natural luminaries. He liked to break openings through a dark space, and this led him to pierce his architecture in *A Towered City* more, certainly, than I have ever seen stone architecture pierced in reality. The effect, however, in this noble composition is one of the finest after-sunset effects in the series. Palmer's love of sparkle and coruscation would have been dangerous had he been less refined. I believe he originally acquired that taste from the sharp and spotty lights which are so easily cut out in wood-engraving. For my part, I like the quieter subjects best. The evening subject, the *Curfew*, seems to me broader and more tranquil, and more permanently satisfying as art, than any of the coruscation pieces; there is not much in the sky, only an open space of light above the distant church, and, above that, a dark of formless cloud with a young moon and one star in it, and there are some rich and massive trees to the right, and a light one, for contrast, to the left. In a word, it is but the well-worn old classical composition, yet the old tune is played over again so sweetly that it touches us once again. This subject has the quality of unity more completely than the *Morning* or *The Lonely Tower*. The former is broken up into two or three subjects, and in the other the solitude of the student's tower (in 'Il Penseroso') is rather interfered with by shepherds watching a crowded flock, and a waggon travelling on a road. The matter in Palmer's compositions was occasionally redundant (it is so frequently in the old masters), but that was due to his desire to enrich every work to the utmost, to give it all the meaning and all the wealth of invention that it could be made to hold.

P. G. HAMERTON.

## THE EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.

## XII.—TURNER AGAIN.

TURNER'S advice was to paint your 'impressions,' but he meant by impressions something very different from the impressions of the modern impressionists. He did not paint his impressions at once, but reserved them sometimes for years; they dwelt and germinated in his mind until they had developed into a pictured fancy, which expressed the effect upon his mind of a particular scene, or series of scenes—the pictorial sum total of many 'impressions,' sensual and mental. His painted impressions were, therefore, highly organized poems, of which the material was indeed supplied by nature, but was so altered and rearranged in the process of composition, that the results were creations of which he was as much the author as Shelley of his Ode to the Skylark, or Beethoven of the Pastoral Sonata. Müller, on the contrary, painted his impressions in a manner much more like the artists of the school of Manet and Degas. The impressions he painted were the impressions of the eye and of the moment, and he painted them at once in a sketch, and when he made a picture of the sketch, strove to preserve its freshness unimpaired, either by elaboration or added sentiment. This apart from all extremes of impressionism is one of the characteristics of modern art—of the art of men who have lived since Müller. It was not quite such a characteristic of the art of his time, and therefore Müller may be said to have been in a measure an innovator, an introducer of a new spirit among painters, or at least among water-colourists; and it is for this reason partly that I have said more about him than about some earlier men. Another reason is that he was one of the first of English artists to visit the East in a purely painter-like spirit, and to bring back 'impressions' of it which were perfectly fresh and natural records of what he saw and had pleasure in seeing. His sketches in Egypt and Asia Minor are still as unequalled in force and brilliancy of record and in the purity of their Eastern character, as they are in sheer sketching strength. Fortunately the bequest of Mr. Henderson's fine collection enables the visitor to the British Museum to study many of his finest sketches of this kind; and while he turns over the pages of masterly drawing and flashing colour he will be reminded of no English artist who lived before him. But at the same time, though he acknowledges their confident skill and their splendid colouring which, especially in some interiors with figures, will remind

him of Titian or Rembrandt and sometimes both together, he may miss some indefinable quality which is necessary to his full appreciation of a work of art, though it be only a sketch, a want of human interest perhaps, a sentiment, or more vaguely 'poetry.'

Of that kind, or those kinds, of poetry which we find in English landscape work, the balanced serenity of Cozens, the scenic loveliness of Barrett, the solemn humanity of David Cox, the raptures and rhapsodies of Turner, we shall find indeed little. Such poetry is scarcely to be expected in the sketches of a young man, especially in a strange country; but you will find little of it even in his more finished pictures either abroad or at home. But of the mystery and romance of dead homes of ancient civilisations, and of another kind of poetry, the poetry of first impression—of the moment—the keen appeal of the sight to the seen, keenly responded to—of these kinds of poetry there is plenty in these sketches. Of Müller's prodigious skill and rapidity of execution, whether in oil or water-colour, there is no space to speak, and what further can be said here of Müller shall be in the words of his biographer:—

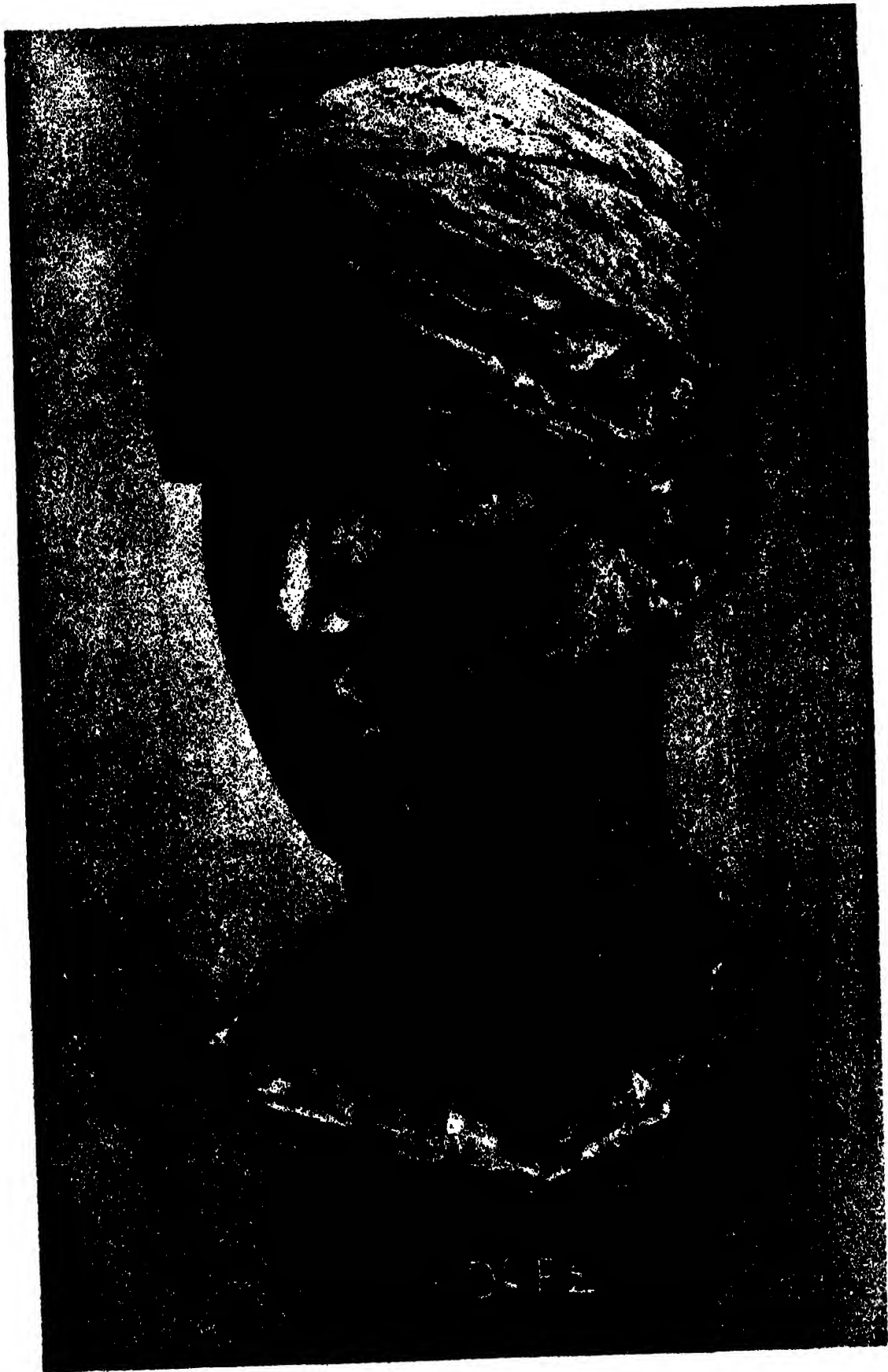
'Müller knew well that a sketch ought not to be a finished work, but a vivid, true, but generalised impression of the scene; a sort of compromise, in fact, wherein the soul or spirit of the scene was caught and rapidly made his own; in his later sketches of English country scenes, especially those of the scenery near Bristol, which he loved so well, this *poetical* rendering of the subject is very striking. When about to make a sketch from nature, Müller took a careful survey of all that was *around* as well as before him. He then made his selection; but his art-knowledge and his imagination enabled him to see mentally how the subject would appear if treated by one of the grand old masters, and to that ideal he often worked in his finest sketches. *How the subject would compose* was always one of the first points which he considered; and in carrying this out he never seems to have lost sight of the leading lines, nor to have neglected the assistance accorded by a very broad and happy arrangement of light and shade.

'Müller looked on the mere imitative process—however important—as the least essential of the rarer artistic qualifications that are necessary to produce a truly fine sketch. And yet the cultivation of the imitative faculty never had been, and never was, neglected by him . . . In his last journey to Lycia he kept up the good practice of careful pencil-sketching.

'As Müller's career advanced he evidently felt more deeply the poetry which is hidden in nature, and for which he sought an expression, just as he had learned to seize on the salient points of every subject selected by him during









the latter years of his life--those points I mean which were best calculated to express its character, sentiment, and feeling. It was thus with broad washes and sweeps of his brush, supplemented by rapid markings and hatchings that he combined what appeared to him best in every scene, feeling instinctively, in copying from nature, what objects it was desirable to sacrifice and discard, and what to retain and bring prominently forward. Sometimes—I should, perhaps, say almost always—he had to supply from his imagination what was wanting to carry to completeness the picture which he had already idealised in his mind.'

Müller died in 1845 at the early age of thirty-two, cut off like Girtin and Bonington, before his

landscape-painters many more, especially Robson, of painters generally, John Frederick Lewis, whose shade may well complain of the space allotted to Müller. Should the papers reappear in a collected form, these defects may be made up and numerous other errors corrected; but now what space is left must be devoted to a few words about Turner.

We left him in 1802, the year he was elected Academician, the year of Girtin's death, the year probably of his first visit to the Continent; it may also be said to have been the year of his emancipation as an artist. The magnificent series of large



OSPIDALE CIVILE, VENICE. AFTER J. HOLLAND.

genius had reached its full development, but not without making his distinct mark in modern art, or attaining a mastery which has been rarely equalled. Like David Cox and De Wint, and many another English landscape artist, his works have risen enormously in estimation since his death, but this has been the case even perhaps in a more marked degree with those of James Holland (1800-1879), for Holland attained a much more modest celebrity in his life. Of this rich and tender colourist (great both in oil and water-colour), whose radiant pictures of Venice are among the master-works of the British school, we give a small illustration from a drawing at South Kensington, and with this bare mention of him I must close the list of the earlier English Painters in water-colour. As I do so, many names rise up to reproach me; of figure-painters several, especially Richard Westall, of the

drawings from the North, belonging to the period of 1798-1802, the *Norham*, *Warkworth*, and *Kilchurn Castles*, the *Edinburgh*, and a score of others, and many a fine but dark oil picture besides, were a sudden revelation of the original power and poetry of the artist; but they still, the water-colours at least, bore the traces of Girtin's influence in their breadth and simplicity, while their grave, contemplative, and restful spirit, reminds one now of Girtin and now of Cozens. It was of the latter no doubt he thought most, when he gained his first glimpse of that Alpine mountain-land of which no one else yet except Cozens had freely drawn the form or caught the spirit; and made that wonderful series of sketches about Bonneville, St. Gothard, and the Grand Chartreuse, which, though they are only in chalk on grey paper touched here and there in a few cases with a splash of colour, are yet remarkable



amongst all his sketches for their vigour and truth. We reproduce here a view of Rome from Monte Mario, a pencil-sketch, with washes of colour, and a rapid study of a pilot-boat, both of them as masterly as they can well be. Of the last, Mr. Ruskin wrote in his Catalogue of the Drawings by Turner, exhibited at Marlborough House in 1858, that it was unrivalled: 'The figure of the old sailor throwing the coil of cable is, without exception, the most wonderful piece of energetic action I have ever seen rendered by means so simple, even Tintoret's work not excepted.' This illustration (the view of Rome must be some years later), if it serves no other purpose, will, at least, show how fully equipped as a draughtsman, how full

measure the rivalry of any other artist, no matter with how superior a genius he may be endowed. Turner surpassed, but did not extinguish, his predecessors. Their work may look dwarfed and humble compared with his, as that of Goldsmith, or Collins, or Gray, beside that of Shakespeare, but it still stands, touched with the special grace of its origin, and safe to find admiration and sympathy from kindred spirits. Turner's genius was vaster, mightier, broader, fed from a hundred affluents, but theirs was of a purer, simpler jet.

And what is true of his predecessors and the colleagues of his youth as compared with Turner, is true also of those who lived and worked beside



VIEW OF ROME FROM MONTE MARIO. (PENCIL AND COLOUR) AFTER TURNER.

of varied energy and power, he was when he left England for the Continent in 1802. After this, the divergence of Turner from the road followed by all his contemporaries (who were not his imitators) becomes decided and unmistakable. Whether we regard the drawings for the 'Southern Coast,' or the 'Liber Studiorum,' or 'Whitaker's History of Richmondshire,' or the 'England and Wales,' or his innumerable vignettes, or the 'Rivers of France,' or his later drawings of Venice, he stands alone. Of the band of young artists who met together at Dr. Monro's, there is no one who can follow his steps any more. In 1802 he had beaten all his predecessors on their own ground, and was passing on to dare things unattempted yet in oil or water-colour.

And yet in saying that he had beaten them all on their own ground, some reservation should be made perhaps, for there is a personality, a distinct, if limited perfection, in the works of Cozens and Girtin, and even of Hearne, which defies in some

him long after 'Poor Tom' was dead; true of David Cox and De Wint, of Callcott and Stanfield, of Constable and Collins, of Müller and Holland. In other words, no comparison is possible, or, at least, useful; for they did not, and could not, aim at the same goal. So far as they were unconscious, they were driven by quite different forces; so far as they were conscious, they had almost opposite conceptions of their missions as artists. How shall we describe the distinction between Turner and nearly all modern landscape-painters? A few years ago it would have been done easily enough; it would have been thought sufficient to say that Turner was an idealist and the rest realists. But many faults have been found with these distinctions, many confusions have arisen from their use. The claim of all artists with any poetical feeling to be called idealists can scarcely be denied; and no idealist whose work is based on nature, and whose endeavour is to be true, but is a realist also. The difference is more subtle and hard to grasp; it is

in the character of the ideas which the artists aimed to express, the kind of truth that they sought to realise. I have said of Girtin, who may be accepted as the type of one class of artists, as Turner is of the other, that he used himself to express nature, whereas Turner used nature to express himself. Another

distinction may be found in the endeavour of the modern school of English landscape to be faithful to locality, whereas Turner's genius refused to be bound to locality, except in a very general sense; they were local, whereas he was universal. Other artists strove to make their pictures as like what they saw as possible in form and colour; Turner altered and rearranged forms to suit his fancy, and habitually used a personal and artificial scheme of colour. The humanity of others was more or less individual and concrete and temporal; Turner embraced man in all ages past or present, and the future destinies of the race as well. In their rendering of light other artists

gave the natural proportion of shade, and in opposing earth to sky gave the former its balance of solidity. Turner, on the contrary (and more and more as he grew older), strained Nature of her darkness and earth of her weight; so that sky and land became almost equally ethereal, imponderable, and luminous. Other artists endeavoured to simplify Nature as much as possible, so as to gain in breadth and unity; Turner endeavoured, on the other hand, to express as much of her intricacy as he could, filling every space with suggestions of infinite detail. Turner, almost from the first, was, more than other

artists, the painter of the sun, the sky, and the air; and in the end represented all phenomena as a web woven of sunbeams and mists. His chord of colour may be said to have been taken from the sky; and it is in his skies that he comes nearer to positive, as opposed to relative, truth of colour. He pitched his

key by the sunlit sky also more and more, so that it became lighter and lighter—a harmony of yellow and red and blue, mixed with the white and the lightest of greys. He chose the higher end of the colour gamut, and sacrificed everything to keep in tune; and in this he followed not only his taste and feeling but his genius, for he was never so successful when composing in deeper and fuller notes. He could not get the lower harmonies with the richness and vibration of other artists, like Cox, De Wint, or Müller. He may be called an alto amongst colourists.

It might be thought that an artist who began life as a draughts-

man with other draughtsmen, and went on till late in life drawing the same scenes in his native country which he and they had drawn in their youth, would at least in such drawings show strong affinity with his colleagues in the school which he helped with them to found; but it was not so. His work, on the contrary, retained a stronger affinity with that of artists like Cozens, Barret, and Bonington, whose subjects were least English; and the contrast between it and that of men like Girtin, Cox, and De Wint, was most strongly marked in the 'England and Wales' series, which, with the exception of one or two comparatively early draw-



SKETCH OF A PILOT BOAT. (SEPIA) AFTER TURNER

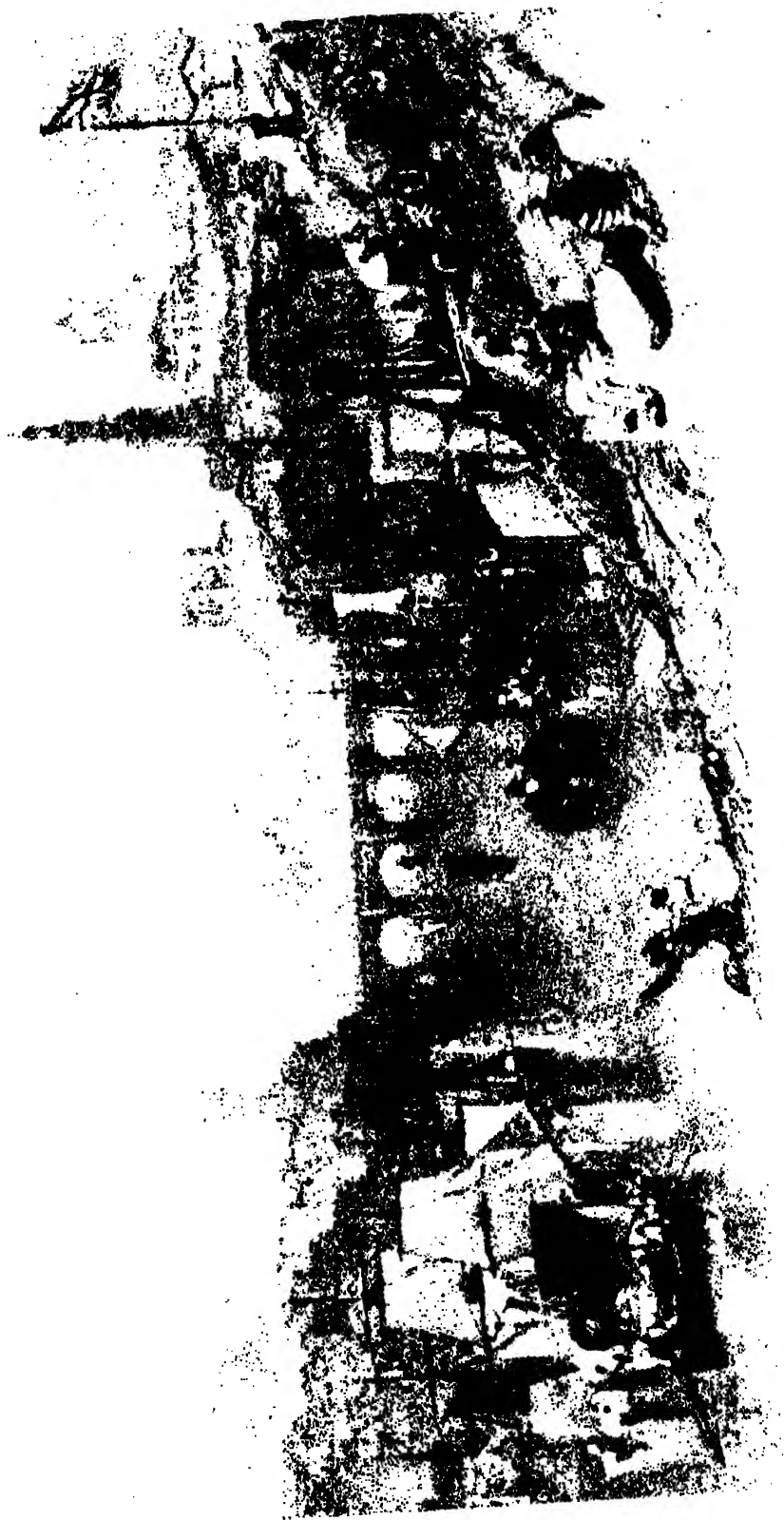
ings which were engraved for it, had no community with any previous work by any other artist. Trusting to early sketches for his facts, and to his memories for his 'impressions,' his imagination composed beautiful visions of the different places in England and Wales the names of which the engravings were to bear. They were drawings of the greatest beauty and full of poetry; they often expressed numerous and noble ideas in just association with the place depicted; they were based on the most profound and intimate knowledge of nature that any artist ever possessed; but both in the character of the ideas expressed, and in the truths they sought to realise, they were as far asunder as possible from the work of the other artists to whom these papers have been devoted. A comparison between Turner and his contemporaries after 1802 is disadvantageous to both; for it can scarcely be accomplished without bringing the peculiar defects of one side and the peculiar merits of the other into the strongest possible contrast.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Turner, in the series of the 'Rivers of England,' will show this as well as any other of Turner's drawings—especially if we compare it with Girtin's drawing of the same place, engraved for Walker's 'Itinerant' in the latter years of the eighteenth century, and republished in Miller's 'Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views, sixty years since,' in 1854. Of the Turner drawing we give a plate. The Girtin drawing was executed probably between 1790 and 1800, and Turner's within a year or two before 1824. The chief aim of Girtin's drawing has evidently been fidelity; he gives us the full width of the river with boats and shipping, its sloping banks of no great height, its bridge, and prominent towers and spires, in their proper places and of their right elevation, and the hills rising gently in the far distance. He gives us also the warehouses and quay on the right bank, all somewhat commonplace and uninteresting as pictorial material, and a bit of the crest of the commonplace cliff in the foreground, with a commonplace figure on it; the wind is from the south, blowing soft masses of rain-cloud along the sky, and carrying the smoke of the factories over the town. At the time it was taken Newcastle was a much less active and a cleaner place than when Turner made his drawing, and he has made his Newcastle much more busy and crowded, and fuller of fumes and smoke. Perhaps never before was the artistic value of smoke so thoroughly felt. It rises from a thousand chimneys, blends with the sky, and shrouds half the town in veils of every variety of tint and opacity. As a composition Turner's drawing has an infernal majesty of its own, and is an infinitely finer picture than Girtin's.

Not that this is of much importance in the comparison, for Girtin could make fine pictures out of smoky towns, as we saw in the Bridgenorth,

and had perhaps taught Turner how to do so; and if he had lived on as Turner did, instead of dying in 1802, he might have produced a still more noble picture of Newcastle than this of Turner's. But it may be safely said that he would not have obtained the same kind of beauty in the same way. How did Turner do it? By altering nearly every part. One special value of Girtin's drawing as a means of comparison is this—that it is taken from the same, or as nearly as possible the same, point of view as Turner's. Perhaps the two artists, when youths, drew the town together sitting side by side on the same knoll; perhaps—and I think this is more likely—Turner used Girtin's sketch, or the engraving for it, as the basis of his drawing. Turner has filled up a good deal of the river, and hidden part of the shore, with sails and shipping; he has pulled the foreground more into the middle, and has replaced the figure by two, besides introducing others in other places; he has raised the land on both sides of the river to an imposing height; he has raised all the towers and spires enormously, and made a special exaggeration of the shot-tower; he has wiped out the distant hills altogether, and so increased the space for his sky, which is entirely his own. But if we examine the two bit by bit, we shall find Girtin's drawing constantly, as it were, cropping up beneath Turner's, the smoke following the same direction in the same curves, the same lights and the same forms recurring in the same places throughout, although not representing always the same things. If these coincidences occurred only in the buildings there would be more room for doubt, but they occur in the boats and the figures. However this may be, whether he worked from his own sketch or Girtin's, or both, at least one thing is clear, that Turner's aim was to make as impressive a picture of the place as he could, careless as to the amount of local truth he sacrificed, provided he retained a few prominent features; while the aim of Girtin and his fellows was to preserve as intact as possible the local truth, importing no beauty except of atmospheric effect.

As to the strength and power of Turner's genius, his profound knowledge of nature, his special feeling for its majesty and loveliness, for the sublimity of mountain and clouds and sea, his extraordinary skill and subtlety of execution, and all those other qualities of mind and hand which place him easily at the head of all landscape-painters, there is no room to speak here, even if there were any need. He must be studied by himself, and there is already ample means of doing so with the aid of the collection of the National Gallery and the writings of Mr. Ruskin, not to mention those of Mr. Hamerton and a hundred other writers. But in a history of the Earlier English water-colourists it has been impossible





to ignore the greatest of them all. I have therefore endeavoured, while avoiding anything like an exhaustive study of his work or life, to restrict my remarks about Turner to those points in his career and achievement in which he is most closely related to those other earlier English water-colourists who were

his contemporaries in youth, and who shared with him in the foundation and development of the water-colour art of England. Most of these artists pursued each a separate course, but still one parallel to that of the others. Turner soon began to diverge, and went off at a wide angle to his own special glory.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## THEOPHILE GAUTIER AS AN ART CRITIC.

**I**N the lives of dilettante lovers of the beautiful in the arts there are hours when conviction falters, when the riches of observation and contemplation, hitherto so highly treasured, seem mere idle dross, and the sick mind is haunted by such thoughts as possessed the Tannhäuser when he dwelt on the hill of Venus. The creators of the beautiful fare, for the most part, differently; they have their daily task of action assigned them, they are absorbed in the joys and pains that attend the plastic struggle, the necessities of life happily leave them but little time for the self-torture of dubious analysis. But to the critic or art-lover who has followed Goethe's advice, and sought in art a refuge from the ills of life, it seems at times as if he had but won self-condemnation by isolating himself from the mysterious struggle and stress of existence; that his complacent ecstasies and rapturous admirations of marvels of rhythm and colour had ended in narrowness and sterility. He feels the need to outstep the limits of self, to breathe the air of action; he fears, with Tieck, that the man who has once been intoxicated with the seductive sweetness of a beautiful art is a lost man in practical life. Generally, he breaks not the idol he has worshipped so fervently, but his visits to the temple grow rarer. Henceforth, greater stress is laid on the moral functions of art; and the art-lover, if he be also a critic, tends to absorb art into the wider sphere of ethics. It is rare indeed to find a critic like Gautier, who continues his course unbrokenly to the end, measuring art by the standard of beauty and not by that of morality—or rather, Greek-like, regarding beauty and morality as one and the same. It is not often we find a man confessing, towards the end of his days, that he has nothing to change in the admirations of his youth; and that, though life may not have fulfilled all its promises, yet art at least has never failed him. We cannot help respectfully admiring one whose life and art were guided by a single fixed idea—that of the beautiful; one whose 'ruling passion,' to speak in last-century phrase, was Beauty. Nor have we a right to complain of the lack of human interest in his numerous works; for it is poor criticism to demand of a man what he has not, or chooses not to give. He had taken the region of the beautiful as his province, and well did he occupy

it. He sought peace, indeed; and was well content if left undisturbed by the multitude. Yet he did not avert his eyes entirely from the sordid miseries of life; but, in contrast to Heine, accepted the world as it was—nay, even dimly hoped, with a hope which seems, unhappily, destined to be foiled, that the progress of science would speed the day when machines should relieve mankind from all the menial offices of labour, and leave all free to cultivate at leisure their intellects and garden-plots. There is even a curious little preliminary sketch of his in which he held forth the promise, unfulfilled doubtless from the enormity of the undertaking, of a work which should treat of a question neglected by contemporary artists. Our life was spent, he said, amid unsightly inventions; and it was the duty of art to dower modern civilisation with a pleasant envelope, so to speak—the painter and sculptor should complete the work of the mechanician. Lebrun and David had been able to mould to their will the externals of their era; and though the swift advance of industrialism had left art stranded, yet the task was both possible and necessary. In like manner, this ardent lover of Praxiteles and Leonardo, who is accused of disregarding the times he lived in, was never weary of warning his brother artists that true art did not consist in the servile imitation of the idea of beauty as realised in past ages; but rather in the earnest endeavour to see the beautiful in the present. Was not the most difficult problem in art that of painting what lay before the eyes? and had not the great artists proved their greatness precisely by the strenuous idealisation of their immediate surroundings?

Surely, then, there is no need to attack this ideal attendant of Lady Beauty as a defaulter in the cause of humanity. His ethics were simple enough, yet ever penetrated by the sunny optimism of his temper—rare gift indeed in this century of ours. The deep enthusiasm for beauty, which led him to dwell too long at times on the perilous topic of human beauty, was attended by a corresponding horror at the ugliness of vice; his love of order was displayed in the punctual discharge of his daily duties as dramatic feuilletonist and writer of 'salons,' and in his mature dislike of that artistic Bohemianism which unreasonably considers genius and disorder to be inseparable.



In Gautier's art criticisms we shall find no ready-made store of aesthetic disquisitions; in his love of clear form he waves away metaphysics like Goethe or Landor; he is confident that beauty is better felt than expressed; for definition he is content to paraphrase Plato's teaching in the 'Symposium' and the 'Phaedrus,' that beauty is the brightness of truth. He knew not, or cared not, that Plato usually harboured a Puritanic contempt for the visible, and considered the beautiful as merely one manifestation of the mathematical harmony that lay behind and beyond the visible world. Shelley had a warning for those who would 'lift the painted veil that men call life:' Gautier needs it not, the painted veil satisfied him, and the same well-worn metaphor appears in his passing definition of beauty as the vesture which God weaves with His hand to clothe the world. Nor shall we find in him an erudite archaeology; nor, again, that popular anecdote which often serves for criticism. He does not step beyond the region of form and colour; and his criticisms are, to put it succinctly, prose translations of the pictures he sees, and the reveries induced by them. But what brilliancy of colour and exquisite feeling for form in those prose translations and reveries! Everywhere the poet of 'Émaux et Camées' is conspicuous; the poet who ever strove to wed form to idea, who boldly stated that 'the inexpressible does not exist,' who considered that art was nothing if not the means of surmounting the obstacles which nature opposes to the crystallisation of thought. His eclectic love of beauty and his sunny temperament led him to be almost too lenient in his distribution of praise. He declares with truth that no genius ever found in him a faithless admirer; and the slightest touch of beauty in the work of any artist of any school instantly calls forth his admiration. What he cannot praise he passes by without comment; one enemy alone he never spares, and that is the so-called realistic school. He is never weary of telling its devotees that nature is only the means and not the end of art; that nature is only the material whereby the artist may express his personality. In every work of art there must be a selection, a scheme of lighting, a feeling, a touch which expresses the soul of the artist. To use his own words, 'It is too often forgotten now-a-days that the aim of art is not the exact reproduction of nature; but the creation, by means of the forms and colours nature gives us, of a microcosm wherein the dreams, sensations, and ideas inspired by the outer world may dwell and spring into birth.' If ugliness be selected in place of beauty, it also needed idealisation as much as beauty; a subverted idealisation, so to speak, produced by voluntary exaggeration and stress on salient features.

Gautier has been styled by a friend 'the cos-

mopolitan mirror of beauty;' and his impartial comprehension of Greek, Renaissance, Spanish, Flemish, and modern art justifies the title. The Orient laid its spell on him, but his strongest note is the Grecian; he has the Greek lucidity of expression, and the seldom melancholy he feels is the Greek sadness, the Greek fear of colourless, formless death, and the void. Thought now-a-days, he declared, meant sadness, unhappiness, sickness; the melancholy vagueness expressed in nineteenth-century music, that art so congenial to modern feeling, which seems as if it would supplant all the other arts, did not suit his plastic temperament. The soul, he said, cannot be sculptured like a Greek marble; he knew well enough his own limitations, and that his talent was that of speaking in pictures.

His eclectic love of beauty serves also to explain his position with regard to the art of his time. He had begun life as an art student, but his early literary success had soon discovered to him his true vocation. One of the most ardent of that band of Romanticists which makes the years about 1830 a landmark in literature and art, he constituted himself the fervid henchman of their common masters, Hugo and Delacroix; and endeavoured to strike terror and disgust into the hearts of the Philistine *bourgeois* by his long locks and red satin waistcoat. Never before or since has there been a time when art and literature have been more closely united, or their interaction more profound; painters and artists simultaneously proclaimed the new gospel. It was a gospel that needed much purifying; but time brought the remedy, and the flame of itself was too ardent to burn long. Gautier possessed the gift of irony and humour; and he was not long in descrying the shortcomings of the lyrical passion, the reckless love of license rather than of liberty, the inordinate strain after individuality, which characterised the romantic poet or painter. He was not long in turning shafts of airy ridicule against his comrades; broadly flashing keen light on their foibles in 'Les Jeune France,' as it were the 'Précieux Ridicules' of the romantic movement. He did not desert the cause; but rather turned his efforts towards restraining the tide of romanticism within due limits, towards the preaching of the salvation ensured by due attention to the stern requirements of limit and form. It was Delacroix with him to the end; but admiration of Delacroix did not hinder him from estimating Ingres almost too highly. To him, as to Goethe, the Gothic cathedral had to give way to the Parthenon; but he still preserved a keen appreciation of the charms of Teutonic mystery. Exercising a deep influence on a younger generation, he stood before his contemporaries as the incarnation of the art-for-art's-sake doctrine both in literature and art; a theory which has a safer application to art than to literature, inasmuch as in the



latter the ideal wedlock of form and idea has a tendency to become a tyranny of form over idea—nay, the idea at times seems to have secured a divorce.

We have seen (in a previous article) the thorough agreement of Gautier's theories with the practice of Rousseau and Corot in landscape-painting; his attitude towards Delacroix and Ingres, the rival masters of his time, will illustrate his principles with regard to figure-painting. Much has been written about Delacroix, but little which has not been anticipated by Gautier. Hitherto the French school had possessed no colourist: Watteau, the best in this respect, was almost Flemish, and there was a certain hesitation in claiming Chardin, Proud'hon, or Gros as great colourists. The chief merits of the French school had lain in the same direction as those of their literature, with its profound rationality, clearness, sobriety, correctness of design. Grey in everything was the favourite tone; even the false pastoral of Boucher was rose-tinted, not red. But Delacroix, with his natural affinity to Rubens and the Venetians, rediscovered the palette that had been lost in the studio of David, and dowered his nation with a great colourist. How dramatic were the visions which flashed on him, imperiously calling for their transference to the canvases whereon he recreated, in his own stormy image, scenes from all ages and all literatures! He had felt all the fevers and flames of his time; and (mark Gautier's manner), like Corinthian bronze, he was composed of all the metals in fusion. Again Gautier clothes in imagery the simple fact that Delacroix had passed in turn under the influence of Gros, Géricault, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Bonington. 'Like a warrior clad in well-tempered, bright-polished armour, he reflected for a moment neighbouring objects, absorbing some of their tones and passing on, soon to reappear in his own true colours.' That Delacroix understood the antique in Shakespeare's manner at once suggests a touch like the following:—'Over these subjects, hitherto reduced to the immobility of the bas-relief, he spread the witchery of his colour, and caused the purple tide of life to flush the pallor of the veins of marble.' The faculties of colour and design seem incompatible in their essence; but Gautier will still defend the much-criticised drawing of Delacroix by declaring that it is learned in spite of faults visible to the merest tyro, and that there flutters and trembles, as it were, a flame about the forms, which he fears to limit lest movement should be stayed. The *contour* shall break rather than bar the impetuous sweep of a limb.

Ingres and Delacroix represented the extreme poles of art, yet Gautier's art canons were wide enough to embrace both. He defends the design of Delacroix, and sees a colourist in Ingres. Nay, he

even welcomed a romanticist in Ingres, much in the same way as the Germans discover a Greek in Shakespeare. For, to Gautier, the man who at first had been accused of barbaric *naïveté* and of wishing to return to the infancy of art, and who later served as standard for the classicists, was no academical copyist of Phidias and Raphael, but one who had partaken of the eternal source of art which flows, equally now as then, for all the truly initiated. Full of faith, and fervent priest of the religion of art, his proud, sad, earnest countenance wore the true pontifical aspect. He served also as text for Gautier's doctrine that art should serve no religious, political, or philosophical idea or system. It is the old refrain—that the poet, sculptor, or painter, who wields pen, chisel, or brush in the service of any system whatever, may possibly be a statesman, moralist, and philosopher; but his verses, statues, or paintings, are suspect, in that he has not understood that beauty rises superior to every other concept.

Ary Scheffer is worthy of remark as having deserted Delacroix, the master of his early manhood, for Ingres; and also from the fact that he secured that popularity which never fell to the lot of his masters. Scheffer's substitution of Ingres for Delacroix was but one more instance of that crisis which comes in many an artist's life, when visions of the 'grand style' haunt him, and any form of art except the highest seems despicable. The style that was thoroughly mastered is laid aside, but dubious success attends the courageous excursion into an unknown region. In Scheffer's case the change resulted in the loss of colour without the gain of line, and a meagre asceticism replaced the vague grace of his earlier manner. Scheffer was one of those who can only behold nature through the medium of literature, and his works were so many illustrations of great writers. This very fact placed him at once in the second rank of painters; for the true artistic temperament needs but the glimpse of a *contour* to inspire it, and can discover a picture in an attitude or a fold of drapery. The true artist is also not too greatly preoccupied by choice of subject, and the theme is almost indifferent. The same remarks apply to Delaroche, another popular favourite (popular from his very faults, says Gautier). There was conspicuous in him that confusion of literature and art which seemed so unrighteous to Gautier, but which ever attracts the attention of the many in France—and, may we not add, in England? Delaroche was a dramatist who had mistaken his instrument, in the same way as Scheffer was a transposed poet. The one was the Casimir Delavigne, the other the Novalis of painting. But the warm-hearted Gautier could not dismiss them altogether unpraised; and even in Delaroche, against whom in the ardour and confidence of youth he had tilted so often, he

finds a conscientious artist, who improved in each more recent picture, who narrowly missed producing a *chef d'œuvre* in his *Christian Martyr*, and probably achieved one in the well-known *Assassination of the Duc de Guise*.

For thirteen years or more Gautier wrote 'salons' and countless articles on contemporary artists which have not yet been added to the already voluminous collection of his works. There is no artist of whom he has not spoken in his 'impeccable' style, but the foregoing analysis of his theories and temperament may serve to indicate his line of criticism. Gautier

had the gift of objectivity, and could rapidly assimilate the feeling of any given individual or school. In his novels, travels, and criticisms, he mirrored in turn the elements of beauty which he saw in the arts of those nations who have given some lovely interpretation of the abstract ideal. With regard to our own, be sure that Gautier had dreamed over Reynolds and Gainsborough; and we should especially like to see in some continuing volume of the series, the account he wrote of the English school as represented to the French in their Universal Exhibition of 1855.

GARNET SMITH.

## ART CHRONICLE.

THE Exhibition of Pictures in Pastel at the Grosvenor Gallery, now about to close, will have been a surprise to many people not aware how bright a revival this mode of work has had of late among English artists. In France the art which the drawings of Latour brought to perfected quality has never been wholly out of use or sight, and the workers in pastel have banded together in a *Société de Pastellistes Français*. There is no reason, to judge from the number of English examples in the Grosvenor, why a similar society should not be organized over here, if there were any gain to art from such a body. The collection about to be dispersed gained, of course, greatly in attraction from the masterly contributions of some members of the French Society just named. The productions of MM. Machard, J. E. Blanche, E. Lévy, Dubufe, L. L'Hermite, F. Montenard, &c., illustrate all the excellencies of technique possible to the method, except, perhaps, the rapid 'colour note-taking' to which pastel lends itself with peculiar aptitude. Eugène Delacroix, for example, was accustomed thus to jot down colour effects. The Venetian Pastels of Mr. Whistler, shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms some years since, were charming examples of that sort of thing; the bits he has lent to the Grosvenor Exhibition are of the least admirable. Many of our young painters show much efficiency with pastel. Mr. Brittan's clever designs are happily executed; Mr. Jacob Hood's bright boy's head, *Ralph*, is delightful; Miss E. Armstrong's rustic *genre* figures, and landscape, are fresh and refined. Many clever and accredited painters simply repeat in pastel the effects they obtain in oil; others, like Mr. Percy Bigland in his bold portraiture, struggle bravely with a medium in which they are not quite at home. On the whole, the rock on which some of the pastellists split appears to be a mistaken attempt to force the chalk drawing into effects peculiar to oil or water-colour, instead of seeking the special excellencies of the dry method itself, whether the brilliance of the broad point, the soft, powdery bloom of the rubbed surface, or the dainty scintillation of the coloured touches on shadowed grounds. It has been surmised that some of the exhibitors at the Grosvenor Gallery have used a mixed method, having recourse to the brush and body colours. If it be so, the foregoing remark gains emphasis.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, to open on the first day of January, will carry on the examples of a century of British art up to the year 1837. A few English pastels of the period will be included.

MR. CALDERON, R.A., has been taking sketches at the Law Courts during the recent political *cause célèbre*, with a view to painting a picture that will embody portraits of some of the leading personages concerned.

LEEDS can now take standing with the other manufacturing centres in the matter of a home for the arts. The permanent

Art Gallery, opened in October, contains the museum court and vestibule, a sculpture gallery, and six well-lit picture galleries. The building has been inaugurated with a good loan exhibition of pictures from London and provincial museums, and the nucleus of the permanent Art Gallery has been formed by some generous donors. Professor Herkomer suggested at the opening of the Gallery that the Art Committee should endeavour to obtain gifts of sketches and studies for pictures from artists of mark, and weighted his advice with a contribution from his own stores.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil is about on an average of interest, but the lowering of the sky line has diminished the superabundance of mediocre work, and greatly improved the appearance. The strength of the collection still lies in the hands of painters accustomed to exhibit here. Portraiture ranks high with Mr. Shannon, Mr. S. Solomon, Mr. H. G. Herkomer, and other spirited, if somewhat aggressive, young artists as representatives of the branch. In landscape, Mr. David Murray and Mr. Alfred East are specially notable. We mark with pleasure the steady progress of Mr. East, whose work has the reticence and the delicately balanced power of the true artist. A young painter, who also draws attention by a certain characteristic vigour of chiaroscuro and grasp of motive in familiar *genre*, is Mr. H. Lorimer.

THE awakened interest in artistic crafts is not confined to London or England. In Edinburgh has been open since November a fine loan collection of decorative handiwork, carving, tapestries, sewed work, old English cabinet-work, eighteenth-century house fittings, objects in hammered brass, and so forth. A memorial volume is brought out with illustrations of the antique furniture, and notes on the arts and crafts of the day in Scotland.

THE statistics of the École des Beaux Arts, Paris, for this year show that no less than 1220 pupils have been under instruction. Of these it is notable that six hundred have been in the architectural classes, two hundred in excess of the students of painting. The scholars at our own Royal Academy average about two hundred.

THE old hall of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, one of the few specimens of mediæval domestic architecture extant in London, is now fitly tenanted by the Art-workers' Guild, who offer to let the hall, with its court offices, &c., on 'off nights' for any suitable purpose. The Hon. Sec. of the House Committee, Mr. Reginald T. Blomfield, 39 Woburn Square, can be addressed on the matter.

THE Turner pictures hung in Room XIX. at the National Gallery have been taken back to the Turner Room, to make

space for the four examples of John Constable, R.A., recently given by the artist's family, viz., *The Cenotaph, Flatford Mill on the River* (painted in 1807), *The Glebe Farm*, and *View of Hampstead Heath*.

THE studio at Streatham Hill of the late Mr. H. S. Leifchild has been opened during the last month, and gives a welcome occasion to the admirers of his original and virile sculpture, of seeing once again some of his best works between 1858 and 1882. The finely suggestive embodiment of swift darting *Opportunity*, one of the last pieces he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and most characteristic of his strenuous imagination, must be fresh in the memory.

THE loan collection of work in water-colour and black and white by John Sell Cotman, of the 'Norwich School,' gathered at the Burlington Fine Arts Club for the pleasure of members and their friends, has proved of much interest. Nearly ninety drawings in colour, and over forty in sepia, pencil, and so forth, have been lent by members and collectors outside the Club. Among architectural subjects, in which Cotman's clean outline and frank brush work were peculiarly successful, we may name many sketches at Durham and studies of old Norwich buildings, *St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich, Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate*, as it was before restoration, the old timbered *Rathhaus at Wiesbaden*, street view at *Alencon*, three drawings of *Mont St. Michel*, of which Mr. Heseltine's smaller version is exquisite in clear and delicate forms. The studies on *Monschoold Heath* are strong in character, but in landscape Cotman's colour sometimes errs on the side of over crude ruddy ochres and assailing blues. One or two quiet, somewhat blottesque, studies of trees are delightful in feeling. The marine subjects are clear and luminous, but want character in wave form. The best marine is a spirited drawing in broad pencil, *Storm at Sea: Moonlight*, lent by Mr. Reeves. Cotman's black and white work, some of which was done shortly before his death, especially reveals his good draughtsmanship and well-understood relations.

A SMALL collection of oil paintings, classed under the title of 'Pastoral Landscapes,' by Mr. William Estall, a follower of French stylists in landscape, Troyon, Daubigny, Corot, has been shown by Messrs. Buck & Reid. In harmonious tone and poetical sentiment and a faithful following of his models within a limited range of ideas, these pastorals are to be commended.

SIX literary 'sketches' entitled 'Art: A Commodity,' by Mr. Sheridan Ford, which have reached our library table, are very amusing reading. The writer has evidently a happy belief in his mission to expose the shams and tricks of the picture trade in America and elsewhere; the cunning management of the art markets by the middlemen to put money into their own pockets; the gullibility of the buying public, and the effrontery of popular painters. He has also a racy way of setting forth and illustrating the matter in hand, and is not at all troubled by veneration for accepted masters. It would appear that the business of art in the American States suffers very much from the abuses current in England or Paris, 'only much more so.' The big dealers rule the market, make or mar the fortunes of young artists, and lead the public more or less by the nose, and the little dealers follow suit on lower lines. But the American appears to be particularly open to swindle by Parisian or German exportations, and some of Mr. Ford's revelations on this account are very funny indeed. It is interesting to find a writer who has evidently the cause of American contemporary art at heart, of opinion that no attempts to advance it by organizing local exhibitions of the pictures of American painters have yet been of any use: the best men do not support them; many are non-resident, and have to struggle with the protection dues. American artists find their best appeal is made in the Salon, or the London Academy, or the exhibitions in Munich, or other European,

art centres. Of the twenty-four painters to whom our author somewhat pretentiously and affectedly dedicates his sketches the greater number are cosmopolitan in training. We rather suspect that Mr. Sheridan Ford is not free from the bonds of *clique* himself, but he has at any rate an attractive courage: he lumps the late productions of Muncacsy, Benjamin Constant, Makart, and Vereschagin, under one band of sensational atrocities, and hits off the 'nobleman' Sir John Millais as 'uniting a mediocre talent with the income of a prince and the pretensions of a Horace Vernet;' but has, on the other hand, the good sense to promise welcome to Lenbach's portraits, and to speak reverentially of the pictures of Mr. Watts, R.A. The brochure is published by 'Organized Art,' but whether this is a guild or a periodical we do not pretend to know. It can be had in London of Messrs. Putnam & Sons, King William Street; and we recommend its purchase to any reader who would enjoy a brightly penned *exposé* of the seamy side of the art-world, with a true ring in it of American humour and American penetration. It is too bad to pick out the plums, but it is irresistible to tell of the professional art appraiser of the New York courts, whose judgment was called on certain objects. This gentleman started by appraising himself, as knowing 'more about art than the President of the National Academy of Design.' A bust of Orestes was under examination: asked if Orestes was male or female, 'She was a female,' answered the appraiser. Questioned on the *Venus* of Milo, whether if cracked or without an arm the statue would be less valuable, answered, he had never seen a *Venus* of Milo 'unless complete.' Asked if he would have any opinion of a fine statue if cracked, said he would *not*. Asked how he estimated the value of a statue, said he '*sounded* it to see if it was good material.'

MR. W. S. CAINE, M.P., republishes (Routledge & Sons) his bright letters of travel contributed to the columns of the 'Barrow News,' the leading newspaper of the constituency he represents. His 'Trip round the World' with his daughter appears to have been made on the whole under pleasant circumstances, and with a cheery, as well as an intelligent, power of enjoyment. Mr. Caine is, of his century, 'go-ahead,' and predicts the advance of civilisation as the cure for the evils that nations are subject to. The book furnishes a great deal of practical information for a 'tripper' over America and Japan and India, and the sketches of people and manners are often graphically touched off. Anything like vivid and suggestive descriptions of scenery are not to be found; Mr. Caine is no word-painter in that sense; indeed, the greater number of people who publish their travelling experiences are notably deficient in the imaginative literary faculty on this head. But the profuse number of illustrations skilfully worked up from Mr. Caine's own sketches and photographs by Mr. John Pedder, or drawn, in case of buildings, by Mr. H. S. Dale, supply the deficiencies on this score very satisfactorily, and have often much charm of manner, while Mr. Caine vouches for their accuracy.

THE author of 'Alps and Sanctuaries,' Mr. Samuel Butler, fills up by 'Ex Voto,' the volume before us on the *Sacro Monte* at Varallo, the omission of Varallo Sesia from his earlier work. Rightly he judged that here was sufficient material to fill a separate volume, especially as the ground has been singularly little exploited by other writers. The art of this *Sacro Monte*, dramatic, often sensational, curiously compounded of plastic and pictorial, and marred by realistic detail for illusive effect, now repainted, decayed, or vulgarly restored, repels the ordinary observer who has not time, nor probably sufficiently trained vision, to perceive the remarkable qualities manifested in this strange guise. Mr. Butler with much patience, and with enthusiasm almost grotesque in its aggressive attitude, has found and set forth all that could be traced of the history of the famous sanctuary, and has set others on the track of such data as have escaped his own research; for example, the early editions of Caccia's work, 1565 and 1576. The story of the

foundation of the holy mount in pious imitation and remembrance of Jerusalem, the sacred city, and the Passion of our Lord, by Bernardino Caimo, of the order of Frati Osservanti, at the close of the fifteenth century, reads like a romance with a touch of supernaturalism quite in consonance with the spirit of the time. Mr. Butler shrewdly surmises that the real object in formation of this important sanctuary and place of pilgrimage in a comparatively out-of-the-way region, was to set up resistance to the tendency towards heretical doctrines from over the Alps, to which the robust semi-German population of the north Italian valleys inclined. Anyhow, the sacred mount which Caimo only lived to see begun, became a centre of religious art and focus of pious devotion, numbering the holy Carlo Borromeo among other illustrious pilgrims. The growth of the series of chapels, some forty-five in number, was gradual. The plastic figures in the earlier ones seem to have been of wood; in the course of years destruction and rebuilding went on, and the strangest fate befell the figures, groups being broken up, statues meant for one place and subject transferred to another, and so forth. The crowning touch in such free-and-easy interchange seems that told by Mr. Butler of two originally nude figures of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, which now do duty, clothed in plaster drapery, as Roman soldiers in the representation of the capture of Christ, Eve having, in addition, been furnished with moustache and beard. It is surmised that originally the chapels were to have been painted in fresco outside, and the plastic groups only to have occupied the interior. Eventually the terra-cotta figures formed part and parcel of elaborate compositions in which the background and more distant figures painted in fresco, combined to form an illusively imitative and actual tableau of the events in the sacred story. The central figures in the group of artists employed at Varallo Sesia in the sixteenth century were Gaudenzio Ferrari, who worked there at two distinct periods of his life; Tabachetti, whose original name was Jean Baptiste Tabacquet, hailing, according to the last account, from Dinant on the Meuse; Giovanni d'Enrico and his brothers, all Valsesians; and the unknown sculptors of the *Massacre of the Innocents*, be they chiefly Gio Ant Paracca or Michael Angiolo Rossetti. Mr. Butler is at pains to reinstate the claims of Gaudenzio Ferrari to much of the sculptured work as well as the frescoes of the Chapel of the *Crucifixion*, and also of the *Visit of the*

*Magi*: he does, moreover, a great deal of quite unnecessary special pleading for Ferrari, who, if underrated by Sir Henry Layard, has received full meed of praise from other critics, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Signor Moroni, and notably from Mr. J. A. Symonds, in an eloquent panegyric on the impetuous wing of the artist's imaginative flight. But it is on the discovery of Tabachetti, so to speak, that our author plumes himself—an artist whose claims to fame have been merged in those of the school of Gaudenzio Ferrari *en gros*. Among the collotype photographs which illustrate this volume are plates from the remarkable composition, the *Journey to Calvary*, containing forty-eight figures, which is Tabachetti's *cap' opera*, and one from a single figure known as *Il Vecchiello*, now one of a group in the *Descent from the Cross*, but conjectured to have formed part of another composition; and it must be confessed that the realism of all these figures is of a very masterly and remarkable order, though one may not be able to endorse Mr. Butler's highly-strung acclaim. It has been interesting, while reading this volume, to compare the author's criticisms with notes by the art writer and former contributor to the *Portfolio*, the late Mr. J. B. Atkinson, who carefully studied the art of this *Sacro Monte* in the year 1885. Of the Crucifixion Chapel he writes of the fresco background as in Ferrari's best manner, the plastic figures being inferior, agreeing here with Mr. Butler, as also in the case of the *Magi* Chapel, where the frescoes are noted as sketchy but 'painted in the true fresco method, broadly and simply; the style grandiose and showy, after Ferrari's manner.' The figures in the round are stated to be finely modelled, especially in faces, hands, and feet. Mr. Atkinson is strenuous, also, in note of the dramatic intensity of the *Journey to Calvary*, which our author assigns to Tabachetti. 'The paintings, though coarse and damaged, show Gaudenzio Ferrari's style in strength and dramatic show.' The horses and horsemen are very fine, the figures of a lady and child are beautiful. We quote this corroborative testimony from an accredited and impartial witness, partly because Mr. Butler takes up the cause of the art and artists of the *Sacro Monte* at Varallo Sesia in such an oddly aggressive spirit, associating his advocacy, moreover, with his peculiar theological bias, that the reader might be inclined to disregard the critical value of his estimate, and undervalue a book of genuine personal research written with vigour and freshness.















